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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MARCH, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Long-Awaited Story

A LITERARY event of the month that is of very genuine importance is the appearance before the public of the letters from Thackeray to Mrs. William Brookfield, that for some years have formed a part of the collection of the late Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia. At the time that this issue of the magazine is coming out this collection is being sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York City. Although these letters have been hitherto unpublished, their existence has always been well known to Thackerayans all over the world. They have been the basis of much interesting surmise. So long as these mysterious letters remained in obscurity they allowed the imagination of the Thackerayan free play. He could ascribe to them all sorts of indiscreet passages illuminating the intimate life of the great novelist. He could talk of them just as he talked of the real reasons that led to Thackeray's death, an unsavoury story which had its beginning in a banquet given in New York City during Thackeray's second visit to America. As a matter of fact, compared to the edifice builded up by imagination, the real letters are not so very astonishing.

• • •

One day in January, 1894, a little over thirty years after the death of Thackeray, a brief news item informed the world that Mrs. Thackeray had died in a *maison de santé* in the west of England. That Thackeray's widow had been living all that time was probably news to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, while a great number of persons with a respectable knowledge of *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond* had probably forgotten the fact that Thackeray had ever been married at all. In order to tell the story of the Brookfield correspondence clearly it is best to go back to the beginning, which, in this case, is the year 1836. On August 20th of that year, Thackeray, then twenty-five years old, was married in Paris to Miss Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe, of a Bengal regiment. The young couple lived first in Paris (see the "Ballad of the Bouillebaisse"), and afterward in London. In 1840, after the birth of their third child, Mrs. Thackeray became very ill. The illness eventually affected her mind, and after many hopeless months it was found necessary to place her in seclusion. And in seclusion she passed the rest of her days. Thus Thackeray, at the age of twenty-nine, became practically a widower. It was inevitable that a second woman should come to play a part in his sentimental life, and this woman was Mrs. Brookfield, the wife of the Rev. William H. Brookfield, whom Thackeray had known when an undergraduate at Cambridge. Jane Octavia Brookfield was the eighth daughter of Sir Charles Elton, the his-

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THE PARIS HOME OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE AND ISABELLA SHAWE THACKERAY JUST AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

torian, a niece of Henry Hallam, and a cousin of Arthur Hallam. She survived Thackeray by thirty-three years, and Mrs. Thackeray by two years, dying in London very suddenly of heart failure in 1896. Her only daughter—whose birth is recorded in the course of the correspondence—married the elder brother of Richmond Ritchie, husband of Anne Thackeray, the Lady Ritchie of to-day. Her son was Charles Brookfield, the actor. Mrs. Brookfield is believed to have been the model for Rachel, Lady Castlewood in *Esmond,* and while *Vanity Fair* was appearing in monthly parts. Thackeray wrote to her, "You know you are only a part of Amelia, my mother is another half, and my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup.*"

• • •

But before taking up these new Brookfield letters in detail, a word or two should be said about what may be characterised as the Thackeray humbug. In his introduction to *Pendennis,* Thackeray deplored the fact that since the author of *Tom Jones* died no English writer had been at liberty to depict, with his full power, a man, with all a man's weaknesses and subject to all a man's temptations. So the Thackeray humbug has seen to it that Thackeray the real man of flesh and blood, and selfishnesses, and irritabilities, has been kept very much in the background, while a lay figure is being dangled before the eyes of posterity. There has been any amount of sentimental twaddle about the "good grey head of Pall Mall." There has been much sloppy refutation of the theory that Thackeray was a cynic. The cue for that came from certain verses by Monckton Miles. A memorable line in the opening chapter of *The Newcomes* to the effect that at a certain time "Mr. Washington was leading the American rebels with a courage worthy of a better cause," has been made the basis of much disingenuous argument. Thackeray himself, with an eye to an American lecture tour, tried speciously to explain it away. He ascribes it to a young appren-

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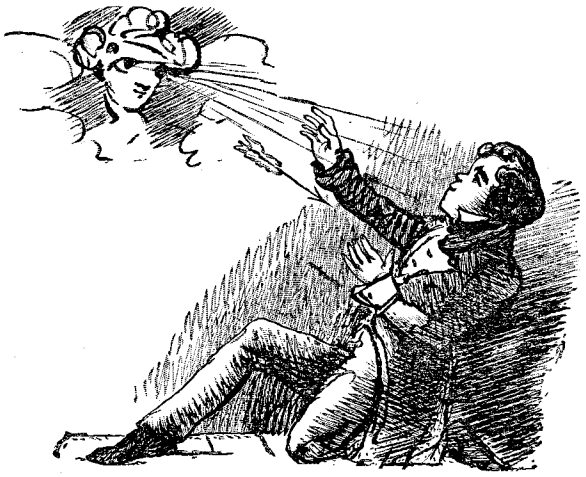

THACKERAY, SUSCEPTIBLE AT FIFTEEN AND FIFTY

tice coming to London between the years 1770 and 1780. "I fancy," he says, "the old society, with its hoops and powder—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury bench—the news readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George." Stuff and nonsense! He said it, he meant it, and as an Englishman it was to his credit that he meant it. Perhaps our countrymen of the fifties were unduly sensitive. Certainly no American of this generation resents the sentiment, but we all of us like and esteem Thackeray a little the less because of the evasion. The same disingenuous attitude has been taken in regard to the newly published Brookfield letters. These letters have been summed up as revealing "an hitherto unknown side of Thackeray's private character, of his pure yet passionate love for his ideal of beautiful accomplished womanhood, of his utterly unselfish nature and his great charity, in fact they disclose all that a man could confide to a beloved married sister in whom he had the utmost confidence." Another substantial stone added to the edifice of the Thackeray humbug.

The anecdote is recorded that, a little before the end, one of his daughters asked Thackeray which of his friends he loved the best. He replied: "Why dear old Fitz, of course, and Brookfield." In his later years he must have changed radically in his feelings, for in September, 1852, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Brookfield, but sent to the convenient Miss Perry—somehow Miss Perry suggests the sentimental Miss Frisbee of *Pendennis*—he wrote of that dear friend Brookfield as follows:

> The fact of your position makes it impossible to write almost. I am not to show that you are miserable. I am not to show that I think your husband is wicked and cruel to you. I am not to show that I think you know that you are unhappy and are treated with the most cruel tyranny. Nobody is to know anything of your misery. We are to go on grinning as if we were happy, because William's cough is certainly very bad, and he should not be disturbed in exercising his temper. . . . What hasn't she given up for that man? Youth and happiness and now her dearest friend—what a friend—and to what a man—a fellow that says to her face he ought to have married a cook and treats her like one. He'll do better now after this great shock and shows a great generosity on a great occasion. Good-bye;

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don't mind my cries and my rage. I shall be better soon.

• • •

Nor was his resentment directed at the husband alone. A week after the letter in which he suggested that Brookfield ought to have married a cook, and treated his wife like one, he sent another

I don't see how any husband, however he might have treated her, should be indifferent at the idea of losing it. . . . I'm sure that one or the other on their side were wrong in not dismissing me. . . . I wish that I had never loved her. I have been played with by a woman and flung over at a beck from the lord and master—that's what I feel. . . .

THE LADY IN THE CASE. JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD. FROM A DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

letter to Miss Perry, in which he did not spare the lady of his devotions—his "dear lady"—contending that he had been played with by a woman, and flung over at a beck from the lord and master.

I don't see how any woman should not love a man who had loved her as I did J.; I don't see how any man should not love a woman so beautiful, so unhappy, so tender;

I was packing away yesterday the letters of years. These didn't make me cry. They made me laugh, as I knew they would. It was for this that I gave my heart away. It is "When are you coming, dear Mr. Thackeray?" and "William will be so happy" and "I thought after you had gone away how I had forgot, etc.," and at a word from Brookfield afterward it is, "I reverence and ad-

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MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER MAIDS, TURPIN AND PAYNE.
FROM A DRAWING BY THACKERAY

mire him and love him with not merely a dutiful but a genuine love." Amen. The thought that I have been made a fool of is the bitterest of all, perhaps. . . . Good-bye. I wish it was my novel I'd been writing on all these pages.

• • •

But enough said of the ill-natured side of these letters. There are some of them that show Thackeray at his kindliest as a man, and at his best as a literary craftsman. After all, the scandal was not a great one. There was a certain amount of infatuation on Thackeray's part, discreet friendship and admiration on the part of the lady, and a natural jealous resentment—inspired by Hallam, for Brookfield left to himself was inclined to be complaisant—on the part of the husband. The whole affair recalls certain lines in Thackeray's own poem on "The Sorrows of Werther."

Charlotte was a married lady
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he pined and sighed and ogled
While his passion boiled and bubbled.
Till he blew his silly brains out
And by it no more was troubled.

Charlotte having seen the body
Brought before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Fortunately, there was no disposition to emulate the rash youth of Goethe's story. The world offered too many material comforts and compensations. Pall Mall was too pleasant, there was too much good cheer and amusing company at the Athenæum and the Garrick, for this was long before the time of the squabble with Edmund Yeats and the resulting embarrassing coolness between Thackeray and Dickens. One cannot avoid the suspicion, however, that Thackeray's Charlotte might have shown herself quite as self-possessed and unruffled as the lady of the verses. Grim tragedy might have left her figuratively slicing her bread and butter.

• • •

Thackeray seems to have met Mrs. Brookfield for the first time about 1839. One evening Mr. Brookfield unexpectedly took the novelist home to dinner. There happened to be nothing in the house but a shoulder of cold mutton, and the embarrassed hostess was obliged to send a maid to a neighbouring pastry cook's for a dozen tartlets. The first letter in the correspondence was one written by Thackeray to M. Cazati in Paris, asking the latter to do the honours of the French capital for Mr. Brookfield. A second letter, written in 1845, is equally unimportant. But the third, dated February 3, 1847, begins to have a decided bearing on the story. Thackeray had evidently spoken with too much enthusiasm, and in too public a manner concerning his regard for Mrs. Brook-

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field, and had been called to account by her husband. In explanation he wrote to Mr. Brookfield:

Under the confessional seal in the railway. . . . Her innocence, looks, angelical sweetness and kindness charm and ravish me to the highest degree; and every now and then in contemplating them I burst out into uncouth rapture. They are not the least dangerous—it is a sort of artistical delight (a spiritual sensuality so to speak)—other beautiful objects in Nature so affect me, children, landscapes, harmonies of colour, music, etc. . . . My dear old fellow, you and God Almighty may know all my thoughts about your wife; I'm not ashamed of one of them, since the days of the dear old two penny tart dinner till now. . . . 'Evins! Here is Wimbledon Station. Well, I have opened my bowels to you. Indeed, there has not been much secret before; and I've always admired the generous spirit in which you have witnessed my queer raptures. If I had envy, or what you call passion, or a wicked thought . . . I should have cut you long ago.

• • •

The letter written to Mrs. Brookfield in February, 1848, from Young Street, Kensington, has no apparent significance, but the one sent from Brighton late in the same year, probably a second sheet continuing a letter of the previous day, is one of the most charming and characteristic of the entire collection. On the first page of this letter is a small pen-and-ink sketch of Mrs. Brookfield in an attitude of prayer. The letter in part reads

. . . I didn't read Dickens, only the 20 first pages, not having time. My mother did though and was very much moved. She says there's something in it will affect you personally. Mind my copy is only a loan; and you must give it me back when we meet next year. . . . Nobody to console me, but positively the Miss Smith—the Miss Smith and the Sea; welcome, welcome thou story whisper!—the talk of the eldest Miss S. is almost as ceaseless. I have been out to buy the *Haunted Man* for the younger one, the pretty one who made me the purse. . . . I have written one page of *P-nd-nn-s,* but can't go on because it is very near post time. . . . No dear lady we will do better; we will love each other while we may here and afterward; if you go first you will kneel for me in Heaven and bring me there; if I, I swear the best thought I have is to remember that I shall have your love surviving me and with a constant tenderness blessing my memory. I can't all perish living in your heart. That in itself is a sort of seal and assurance of Heaven. . . . Say that I die and live yet in the love of my survivors? Isn't that a warrant of immortality almost? Say that my two dearest friends precede me and enter into God's futurity spotless and angelical, I feel that I have two advocates in Heaven, and that my love penetrates there as it were. It seems to me that Love proves God. By love I believe and am saved.

• • •

Then there is a letter fleering at doctors as incompetents—this was before his experience with Dr. Elliotson—and another written on shipboard at Dover late in January, 1849, which hints at complications. Apparently there has been another calling to account on the part of the husband.

How long is it since I have written to you in my natural handwriting? But having just completed another very sentimental letter to you in the other penmanship I think best to cancel it and tell you simply that I am so far on my road to Paris. . . . As I get older I will grow so polite, calm and elegant in my behaviour that I will never at least offend you by too much abandon. Shall I begin and call you Mrs. Brookfield again? Ah, no. I have not got to that, dear lady. You shall be my dear lady always to me and I will be your affectionate grandfather.

• • •

During the next year or two Thackeray was busy on the writing of *Pendennis,* and his letters at this time are full of allusions to the story and its characters. Once the writing was interrupted by a long, serious illness, his recovery from which he ascribes—in the Preface to *Pendennis*—to the skill and

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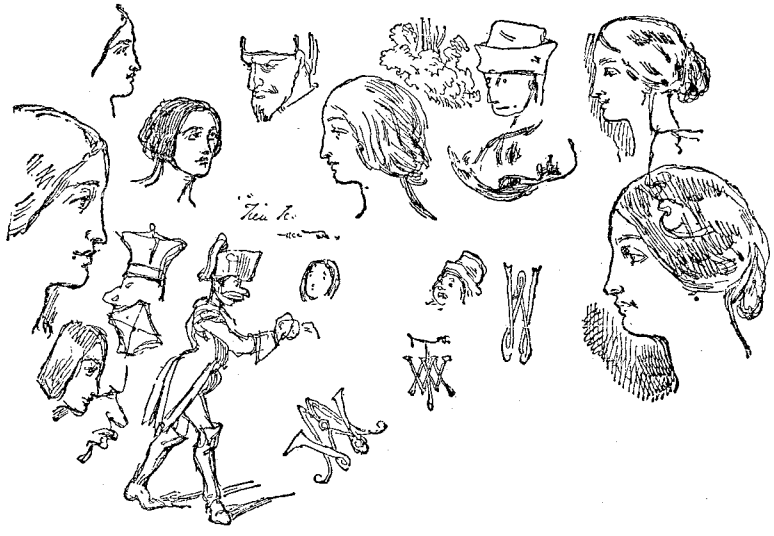
patient care of the aforementioned Dr. Elliotson. There are allusions to a Miss Gore, who claimed to have been the original of Blanche Amory, and a first reference to Miss Perry, who seems to have hinted at the novelist's infatuation. That that infatuation was becoming apparent to others is shown by the letter to Mrs. Brookfield, written January 3, 1850. Henry Hallam, Mrs. Brookfield's uncle, obviously did not relish the frequency of Thackeray's visits to his



A PAGE FROM THACKERAY'S SKETCH BOOK. SHOWING MRS. BROOKFIELD AND OTHERS

niece. What his attitude was is indicated by Thackeray's letter

> When H. Hallam spoke as he did to-night I'm sure he said what has been upon his mind for many months, that he was angry at my constant visits to you. But thank God, I have never concealed the affection I have for you. Your husband knows it as well as I do, and I think I have such a claim to the love of both of you as no relationship, however close, ought to question or supersede.

• • •

A great part of the year 1850 Thackeray spent in Paris. From there he wrote half a dozen times to Mrs. Brookfield, but these letters are, for the most part, on entirely impersonal matters. In one of them he tells of the President's ball and of the people that he met there:

> When I tell you, ma'am, that there were *tradesmen* and their wives present! I saw one woman pull off a pair of list slippers and take a ticket for them at the great-coat repository; and I rather liked her for being so bold. Confess now, would you have the courage to go to court in list slippers and ask the footman at the door to keep 'em till you came out? Well, there was Lady Castlereagh looking uncommonly 'andsome, and the Spanish Ambassador's wife blazing with new diamonds and looking like a picture by Velasquez, with daring red cheeks and bright eyes. And there was the Princess What-d'you-call-'em, the President's cousin, covered with diamonds too, superb and sulky. . . . The children went to church yesterday, and Minny sat next to Guizot, and Victor Hugo was there—a queer heathen. Did you read of his ordering his son to fight a duel the other day with the son of another literary man? Young Hugo wounded his adversary and I suppose the father embraced him and applauded him—and goes to Church afterward as if he was a Christian. . . . I am going to Gudin's to-night, being tempted by the promise of meeting

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Scribe, Dumas, Méry, and if none of them are there, what am I to do?

• • •

Another happy letter is the one he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield from Philadelphia in January, 1853, when he was on his first lecture tour in America.

At present I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc Dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition, I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all. . . . I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men, who fired into me, but a great favourite with the *monde,* there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. . . . I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of sixteen or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore. . . . There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding, and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare, and I was pleased to find myself pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read *Vanity Fair* twelve times. I paid her a good big compliment yesterday, about her good looks of course, and she turned round delighted to her friend and said *Ai most tallut,* that is something like the pronunciation. . . . One of the prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel together all the way alone—only, only, I'm not going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone; fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea. . . . I send my love to all who will have it, and my hand to William, whatever divides us, dear old times join us, whereof the memory can never be effaced, and out of which in the midst of present fever and unhappiness come constant running streams of old love and kindness.

• • •

Soon after this the direct correspondence came to an end, Mr. Brookfield having apparently asserted his authority as a husband. Thereafter Thackeray communicated with his "dear lady" through Miss Kate Perry and Mrs. Elliot, two sisters whom he had met at Brighton at the time that he was writing *Vanity Fair.** Mrs. Brookfield herself was not averse to using the same roundabout means of communication and had written a letter to a Mrs. Fanshawe about Thackeray, which Mrs. Fanshawe promptly sent on to the novel-

*An extract from Miss Perry's *Recollections of Mr. Thackeray.* "In the earliest days of our friendship he brought his morning work to read to me in the evening; he had just commenced *Vanity Fair,* and was living at the Old Ship Inn, where he wrote some of the first numbers. He often then said to me: "I wonder whether this will take, the publishers accept it, and the world read it?" I remember answering him that I had no reliance upon my own critical powers in literature; but that I had written to my sister, Mrs. Frederick Elliot, and said, "I have made a great friendship with one of the principal contributors to *Punch*—Mr. Thackeray; he is now writing a novel, but cannot hit upon a name for it. I may be wrong, but it seems to me the cleverest thing I ever read. The first time he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park, when he told me all about his little girls, and of his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about you and Chesham Place." When he heard this, and my opinion of his novel, he burst out laughing, and said: "Ah! Mademoiselle (as he always called me), it is *not* small beer; but I do not know whether it will be palatable to the London folks." He told me, sometime afterward, that, after ransacking his brain for a name for his novel, it came upon him unawares, in the middle of the night, as if a voice had whispered, "Vanity Fair." He said, "I jumped out of bed, and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.'"

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ist. Thackeray wrote back to Mrs. Fanshawe to inform her principal that even this roundabout correspondence ought not to be; "That her husband acting at this moment nobly and gently must be nobly and gently used, and until he authorised the correspondence none such must be." Yet two days later he was writing the letter quoted on a previous page in which he characterised the "nobly and gently acting" husband as a man who ought to have married a cook, following it within a week with the one in which he charged Mrs. Brookfield with having played with him and flung him over.

• • •

In a short time Brookfield and Thackeray were reconciled, the former attempted to apologise—though why he should have done so is a mystery—and Thackeray met him half way. Of this reconciliation Thackeray wrote:

This morning was spent in parleys and the inspector [a frequently used pseudonym for Brookfield] and I shook hands at the end, and I'm very thankful that the dear little heart is made tranquil on the score of our enmity at least. Friends, of course, we are not, but bear each other and in six months things may be better.

And again of Brookfield he said:

He is full of queer ceremonies, punctilios unheard of amongst men of a franker sort. He clings to the fancy that nobody knows anything about his interior; and I shall, of course, hold my wagging tongue and speak of his affairs as little as possible.

THACKERAY'S DAUGHTERS AND MAJOR AND MRS. CARMICHAEL SMITH. MRS. SMITH WAS THACKERAY'S MOTHER. FROM A DRAWING BY THACKERAY

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While the letters written to Miss Perry from New York in December, 1852, and from Baltimore in February, 1853, contain no allusions to the Brookfields, they are decidedly interesting to Americans, for the light that they throw on American life of that day, or rather, on that life as it appeared to Thackeray. It was all dollars and flattery, the people always exaggerating, and Thackeray a tremendous swell, who, however, was not going to make a book

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about it, because the goose was much too good a goosey to be killed. Of New York society he said:

It's the most curious varnish of civilisation. The girls are dressed like the most stunning French actresses, the houses furnished like the most splendid gambling houses. It's all gold and yellow brocade, and the little dandies are like little French shop boys, and the houses are all so new that the walls are not even papered, and on the walls in the midst of the hangings of brocade and the enormous gold frames and mirrors you see little twopenny pictures and coloured prints.

Then, two months later, from Baltimore:

Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia. I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilised as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literate company indeed. It is like Edinburgh for that—a vast amount of toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious, for it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties and have a daughter to get all the world to him. The society was comprenez. I went to a ball lately at the house of one of the veriest order of counter jumpers. I mean not pretending to be anything but the commonest man, making money out of a dry goods store and (and a great deal of money, too); covering his walls with gilding and damask and his table with foie gras, canvasback ducks and the best wines. And the society all came—the very best society.

• • •

In his letter from Richmond, dated March 3, 1853, Thackeray alludes to his trouble with the Brookfields and then goes on to tell of his fatiguing lecture to and gives his impressions of the conditions of the Southern negroes. Richmond impressed him as the merriest and most picturesque of American cities.

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder I have the courage to go on delivering them. . . . The negroes don't shock me, or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place, the merriest and most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charlestown—Shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows. I should like to give myself a week's holiday without my demd lecture tour.

That was the last letter in the correspondence from America, but not about

MR. THACKERAY'S IMPRESSION OF THE "DOWN-TRODDEN" SOUTHERN NEGRO OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

Americans. In July of the same year he was in Switzerland, engaged in the task of writing *The Newcomes* for Mr. Arthur Pendennis. Writing from Vevay, he records that the Americans had quite conquered Switzerland and the Rhine districts and that the hotels were as the Astor House. "How pretty almost all the women are; and the men how awful!"*

• • •

Finally, there is the letter about Mrs.

*This sentiment Thackeray imparted generously in his letters. Writing to Mrs. Baxter, of New York (*Thackeray's Letters to An American Family*, The Century Company, 1904), he said, "Among the one hundred thousand Americans at Vevay." And again: "There's such a crowd of Americans at this hotel. Almost all the women pretty,

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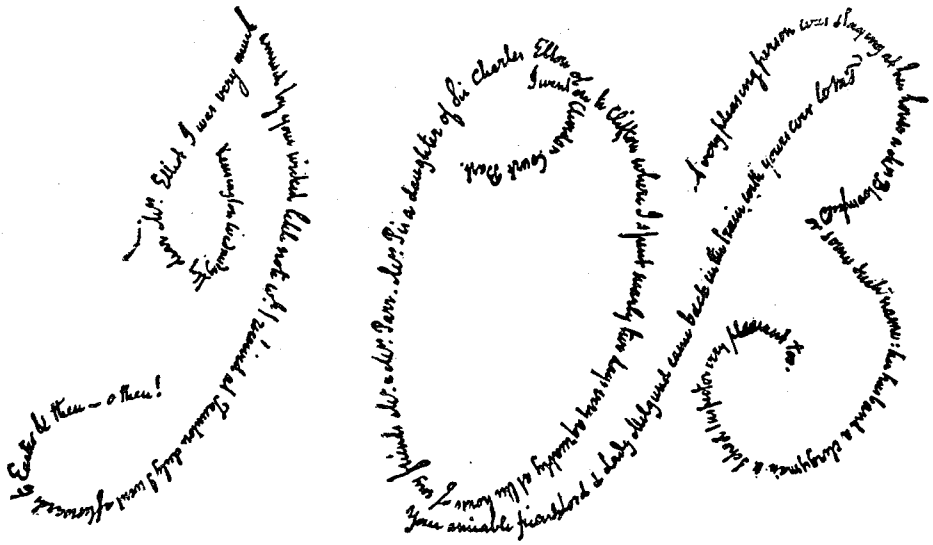

PERHAPS ANOTHER TRAIL IS SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE LETTER WRITTEN BY THACKERAY TO MRS. ELLIOT. TO SAY THE LEAST, IT IS CERTAINLY DISINGENUOUS. THE NOTE TAKES THE FORM OF THE INITIALS OF JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD. IT TELLS OF TWO DAYS SPENT BY THACKERAY AT THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. PARR, MRS. PARR BEING A DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES ELTON, OF CLEVEDON COURT. NOW, MRS. PARR AND MRS. BROOKFIELD WERE SISTERS. ALSO, THACKERAY HAD KNOWN BROOKFIELD SINCE THE TWO WERE UNDERGRADUATES TOGETHER AT CAMBRIDGE. YET, FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, IN THIS LETTER THACKERAY CHOSE TO BE MYSTERIOUS. HE ALLUDES TO MRS. BROOKFIELD AS A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE OF WHOM HE HAS NEVER BEFORE HEARD AND WHOSE NAME HE HAS DIFFICULTY IN REMEMBERING. HE SAYS: "A VERY PLEASING PERSON WAS STAYING AT HER HOUSE (MRS. PARR'S), A MRS. BLOOMFIELD, OR SOME SUCH NAME; HER HUSBAND A CLERGYMAN AND SCHOOL INSPECTOR, VERY PLEASANT, TOO."

Brookfield written from Paris in December, 1853:

I admire human nature in thinking of her. I think I am nearer her when away than when sitting by her, talking of things I don't feel—with poor Tomkin's [Mr. Brookfield] restless eye ever and again trying not to look at us. . . . It's happier that we should love each other in the grave, as it were, than that we should meet by sham chance, and that there should be secrets or deceit. When you see her preach this to her again and again. Many and many a time a friend of mine whispers me (he is represented in pictures with horns and a tail), "My good friend, a quoi bon all this longing and yearning and disappointment; yonder gnawing grief and daily nightly brooding? A couple of lies and the whole thing might be remedied. Do you suppose other folks are so particular?" Behold, there are four children put their innocent figures between the devil and me; and the wretched old fiend shirks off with his tail between his hoofs. Go and wipe away her tear, you dear kind sisters of charity. My girls, I suppose, see all about it; but they love her all the same. . . . When I was in England I went and reconciled myself with Mrs. Procter (only those pitchers when mended wont hold water any more) and with Higgins, who had been offended, too,

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some of the men so awfully vulgar. I read in the Stranger's Book:

NAME	COUNTRY	PROFESSION	WHENCE FROM	WHITHER GOING
Smith, J.	U.S.A.	Clergyman	Genêvre	Over the whole lot.

Fancy *Genêvre* and *"over the whole lot."* There it is in the Stranger's book.

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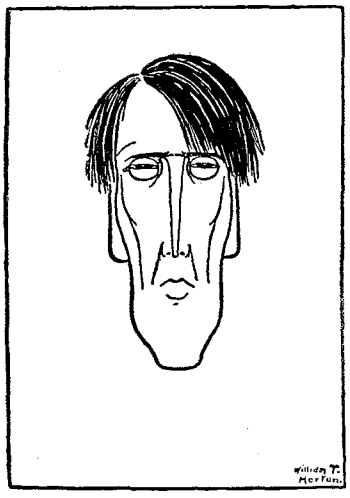

ANOTHER LECTURING VISITOR TO OUR SHORES

at my not going to him; and paid dutiful visits to all my step-father's relatives and my own; and bought a pretty house, 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, next door to Marochetti; and am to pay for it in three years, £700 a year or thereabouts. Whether we go to Rome or not is now undetermined, most likely not. I had some talk with another publisher about doing another kind of work, editing Walpole and writing a life of him. It rains money with me. I may make £5,000 pounds in the next year, think of that!

• • •

Fifty years and two months after the death of Thackeray and fourteen years after the death of Mrs. Brookfield the knowledge of the contents of these letters becomes public property. Where have these letters been all this time, who have had access to them, how did they find their way to this country, and into the possession of Major Lambert? According to the catalogue of the sale they remained in the possession of the Brookfield family until 1897. Then James Russell Lowell was the American Minister to Great Britain, and to his judgment Mrs. Brookfield submitted the entire Thackeray correspondence, asking him to take out any letters that he thought should not be published. Mr. Lowell did so with so much care and discretion that very little of a private nature was included in the *Collection of Letters of Thackeray* issued in 1887. Such is the version of the catalogue. But Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, a very capable and distinguished Thackerayan, tells another story. According to him these letters were never shown to Mr. Lowell, nor were they ever, as another tale had it, in the possession of Lady Ritchie, who sold the letters one by one. Certainly that does not sound like Lady Ritchie, and, as Mr. Dickson points out, it is not customary for a father to make his daughter the custodian of his love letters, nor is the lady who receives them likely to select the daughter for so delicate a duty.* Mr. Dickson's version, and it is the version that we heard years ago and have always held to be the true one, is that Major Lambert purchased the letters, directly or through an agent, from Mrs. Brookfield's son Charles. The letters submitted to Mr. Lowell were those that appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1887. The originals of these were bought in 1900 by Mr. Morgan at the Augustin Daly sale. The price paid was $16,200. To the unpublished letters Major Lambert clung tenaciously during his lifetime, and would listen to no proposition suggesting their publication. It was his pride that while Mr. Morgan owned the letters the public had read, he possessed the letters the public had never seen.

*As a matter of fact there is a letter to Mrs. Brookfield from Lady Ritchie that settles this question. Lady Ritchie wrote: "I am very glad to hear that you have made satisfactory arrangements for publishing your selections from my father's letters. I am, of course, unable myself by his expressed wish, to do anything of the sort. While I am glad to be spared the doubts and difficulties of such a work, I have often felt sorry to think that no one should ever know more of him. You know better than any one what we should like said or unsaid, and what he would have wished; so that I am very glad to think you have undertaken the work.

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More Stories of Stories

"The best story of American newspaper life that has ever been written," said Richard Harding Davis, himself the author of "Gallagher," of Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story." And that is an opinion that has been pretty generally endorsed in Park Row of New York, and in fact in every newspaper row in the United States. In view of which it was quite natural that "The Stolen Story" should have been one of the tales selected for incorporation in the *edition de luxe* volume that is being issued by the Authors League of America. Here is the story of the writing of "The Stolen Story" as told by Mr. Williams.

• • •

"The Stolen Story"

"The Stolen Story" was written in the autumn of 1896, just after I had left newspaper work, and some time before I had ceased feeling called upon to tell every one I met how interesting the life was. I had yet to learn that all experiences of life are interesting—far more interesting than I had been led to believe by books. Now, in my own case, quite personally, the life of a reporter had been just as hateful as it had been interesting, like the horrible but absorbing day I once spent in a dissecting room. So, rejoicing that the instructive ordeal was over, I took a bright, sunny room as far above the noise and dirt of the city streets as I could find—the one away up at the top of the Judson Memorial tower on Washington Square—and began to write stories about editors and reporters, pleasantly amazed to find how much I knew about them, and looking down benignly upon the world below like Herr Teufelsdröckh. I had been informed that true literary artists always look down upon the world. Well, "The Stolen Story" was the first of these little sketches of Park Row. (But not the best. The best was the last of the series and the least known. It is called "The Old Reporter.") The plot, I believe, was founded upon fact. Something of this sort once happened to some one, though who and where it was I never knew. I had not met the original of my hero, Billy Woods, up to the time of publishing his adventures, but since then he has introduced himself to me frequently in Paris, London and Rome, as well as New York, Chicago and San Francisco. He is a versatile chap; in Rome he was short and fat and blond, with a huge gold tooth. In New York he is usually long and gaunt and dark, with a Southern accent. Indeed, the only characteristic they all have in common is that, by a striking coincidence, each happens to be temporarily out of funds.

• • •

The most interesting thing to me about "The Stolen Story" is its own story. It, too, has had curious adventures and repeated recrudescences.

(1) It appeared as a plain short story in the "Fiction Number" of *Scribner's*, August, 1907.

(2) As the title story of the book of newspaper tales referred to, published by the Scribners in 1899.

(3) As the first of a series of syndicated stories in some of the newspapers.

(4) As a part of the second act and most of the fourth of a play of the same name produced by Mr. Savage in April, 1906.

(5) The same, revised and reproduced with a new company by the Schuberts in partnership with myself in 1906 and 1907.

(6) Previous to these interesting experiences, while waiting for a stage production, I "novelised" the drama and published it in *Smart Set* in 1905.

(7) This was published in book form by the Scribners in 1906. (The first, I believe, of the "novelised" dramas, which have since become a nuisance.)

(8) After the four-act play had run its course—two hundred performances in all—I was persuaded to make a one-act vaudeville sketch of it, which was produced in 1909 or thereabouts.

(9) And now, just when it seemed that at least the poor old overworked

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idea must assuredly be quite dead and decently buried in the two books referred to, in fading theatre programmes, in yellowing press notices, along comes an offer this very day, as it happens, from a moving picture firm to resurrect "The Stolen Story" through the quickening medium of the flashing films!

(10) And now, here it is again in this book! and very proud to be in such good society. This is the climax of its career—positively the last appearance (D. V.).

Unless, that is, it is turned into a comic opera or a narrative poem.

• • •

"Pigs is Pigs"

In 1899 Mr. Ellis Parker Butler was in Cleveland, Ohio, staying at a hotel, and from the lobby window he could see the signs of half a dozen patent medicine houses. He had an hour or two, waiting for his train, and the signs suggested writing a short skit with the advertising man as the humourous character. So he wrote "Mr. Perkins of Portland." Mr. Perkins punched holes in sticky fly paper and sold it as porous plasters. That skit appeared in the Lighter Vein department of the *Century Magazine* in 1900. In 1904, Mr. Butler was writing a number of short stories for Ellery Sedgwick, then editor of *Leslie's Monthly,* and Mr. Sedgwick suggested a series of "Perkins" stories. Mr. Butler did them. The editor of *Judicious Advertising,* of Chicago, saw these stories and asked for a series of the same sort, and as the first of the series Mr. Butler sent on "The Injudicious Advertising of Mr. Cyrus Bobbs." That was the story of a man who discovered among his pet guinea pigs a pair with lopped ears—a great rarity—and, knowing how prolific guinea pigs are, he saw a fortune ahead and began advertising lop-eared guinea pigs. By the time the money was pouring in, the lop-eared pair died without offspring.

• • •

Mr. Butler had clipped, from a Liverpool, England, newspaper, an anecdote about an Englishman who, returning from Africa with a tortoise, wished to carry it with him free of charge on an English train. Dogs, it seemed by the rules read by the Irish station master, were carried free, but the ruling of the Irish station master was "Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and squirrels in cages is dogs, but that there animal is an insect and must pay." Mr. Butler had this clipping in his purse one day when Ellery Sedgwick said, "Butler, one of the boys at the office was reading your *Judicious Advertising* story, and he suggested that you could make a story of a man who ordered guinea pigs or rabbits by express and then went away and left them on the express agent's hands." "So there," says Mr. Butler, "is the story! I wrote it, and rewrote it twice, and the third time I ran in the 'dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs' term, changing it to 'pigs is pigs.' " Experience with claims against transportation companies while working in a wholesale grocery out West, gave him the red tape idea. Ellery Sedgwick gave him the guinea pig idea, and, finally, some one in the *Leslie's Monthly* office gave the story its title of "Pigs is Pigs," for Mr. Butler had given it the rather insipid one of "The Dago Pig Episode." The story was published in the first number of the *American Magazine* (formerly *Leslie's Monthly*) in October, 1905, and in book form in April, 1906.

• • •

The Need of Change

No story of Julian Street's has called forth a keener response than "The Need of Change." The tale told of an American husband and wife travelling in Europe who fell in with an English clergyman and his wife. After two weeks of very pleasant acquaintanceship, the ways of the travellers parted, the English couple extending to the Americans a cordial invitation to visit them when they (the Americans) reached England. In the course of time the Americans found themselves in London preparing to accept the invitation of their companions on the Continent. The home of an Eng-

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lish clergyman and his wife, to their way of thinking, would be hospitable but limited, for the ideas of opulence and the cloth did not seem to go together. But to their astonishment, going forth expecting a cottage, and not even "a cottage with a double coach door," they found a castle. The resulting complications carried the tale through its whimsical course. As a matter of fact "The Need of Change" is, broadly speaking, true. Mr. and Mrs. Julian Street did meet "the Denbeighs" at a little hotel in the Austrian Tyrol. The name of the particular town was Cortina d' Ampezzo. There the four were together for ten days or two weeks. Later, in England, the Streets went to visit "the Denbeighs" in the latter's elaborate country place which happens to be in the county of Kent. Most of the details of the story are founded upon fact.

• • •

"The Mysterious Card"

A tale of ten years or so ago that stirred readers to exasperation was Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Mysterious Card." It dealt with the adventures of an American visiting in Paris, and a card, which while perfectly blank to his eyes, made him an object or horror when it was shown to others. Yet according to Mr. Moffett this story, which provoked so many letters of furious curiosity from persons who insisted on being told what was written on the card, came into existence in the most commonplace way. There was nothing mysterious in its creation, nor was there any particular effort made in its execution. It was not even written by hand, but was dictated quickly and carelessly to a stenographer out in Chicago where Mr. Moffett had been sent by *McClure's Magazine* to do some real detective stories drawn from the archives of the Pinkertons. Every day he would spend several hours talking with these celebrated detectives, and in the evenings, at Mrs. Stewart's theatrical boarding house on Wabash Avenue, he would narrate some of the thrilling tales for the edification of various actor friends. Thus Mr. Moffett found himself in a story-telling vein and, on one occasion, he improvised what was the nucleus of "The Mysterious Card" story. Having lived in Paris himself, in connection with his work on the New York *Herald,* he laid the scene of this wild fancy in the French capital. He told the story several times with increasing success, each time inventing some new detail to prolong the suspense. Then one morning, as he was doing his daily job of dictating detective copy to the stenographer, he suddenly paused and told the girl to take down a little thing that might be worth printing. And so between two paragraphs of a real detective story, there came into being, in about twenty minutes, the final version of "The Mysterious Card," which attracted more attention and aroused more discussion than all the serious and painstaking work that Mr. Moffett did in the next two years.

• • •

Mr. White Disillusioned

Mr. Stewart Edward White, back from Africa after having made lion marmalade of as many lions as were credited to the immortal Tartarin in the imaginative Press of the south of France, is now entertaining his friends with accounts of his exploits couched in the fine Tarasconian manner beginning "Once, you are to imagine, of an evening, out in the depths of the Sahara——." But Mr. White, in telling of his achievements, does not forget his humiliations. For example, he tells of a certain Jinks of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, where his vanity encountered one of the cruellest shocks. He had been told that a United States Senator had come to the Jinks for the express purpose of meeting him and of asking him a question. The information was naturally flattering, and he prepared himself to receive the expected compliment with at least the appearance of modesty. In the course of time the celebrities were introduced. The Senator was most effusive. "This,

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Mr. White, is an opportunity that I have been long awaiting. I have read your books, all of them, and there is one very serious question that I want to ask you. How on earth did you ever persuade anybody to publish the stuff?" On another occasion Mr. White was to be the principal speaker at a dinner given in New York City. When the time came for him to begin his address the Chairman rapped for silence. The signal was completely ignored by a number of merrymakers at the far end of the table who kept on with their talk and clinking of glasses. After repeated rappings had failed the Chairman became slightly exasperated, and called out peremptorily, "Here, you fellows at the end of the table, stop having a good time, and listen to White."

• • •

Gissing the Extraordinary

We refer again to Sir William Robertson Nicoll's *A Bookman's Letters,* this time on account of the chapter on George Gissing, which was provoked by Morley Roberts's curious *The Private Life of Henry Maitland.* The chapter is in many respects astonishing; and so was Morley Roberts's book, which was the true story of the life of George Gissing. Many persons have questioned the discretion of telling that story. But those who knew Gissing best, both as a man and as a writer, seem to think that he himself would have been the last one to have resented the telling. It is not a pretty story. It begins when he was a student, and a very distinguished classical student, in Owens College, Manchester. There, when a boy of less than eighteen, he formed relations with an unfortunate girl. He had to find money for her, and did so at first out of his scholarships. But in 1876 the students were much disturbed by a series of thefts in the common room, and from a locker room in which they kept their books and papers and overcoats. Books disappeared unaccountably, and so did coats. Money was taken from the pockets of coats left in the room. A detective concealed himself in a small room, and caught Gissing in the act of theft. There was naturally a tremendous uproar over the affair, and Gissing's academic career was ruined.

• • •

Then Gissing came to America, where he was very unhappy. He found an opening in some of the Chicago papers, but he made little headway. However, it was a beginning. He had written fiction, which was thenceforth to be the poor support of his life. He returned to London and married the girl for whose sake he had ruined himself. The poor creature had addicted herself to drink. Gissing did his best to reclaim her, and they lived together in squalid London lodgings. Often she was almost insane with alcohol, and their rooms were poor, foul, and dirty. For years this went on, Gissing earning by his pen just enough to keep body and soul together. Then he became tutor to Frederic Harrison's son, where he became acquainted with Edward Clood and others who were kind to him. It was a terrible time, but Gissing was able to talk about the classics, and to cook such stuff as his few weekly shillings could buy. Morley Roberts and he were both of them at that time in great extremity, sitting with their overcoats on, and doing their best to be cheerful. The two went on a trip to Eastbourne. Of what happened while they were there is told in the words of Morley Roberts:

> It was the next night that the great news came. In spite of the dreariest weather we had spent most of the day in the open air. After our dinner, which this time was more of a success, or at any rate less of a tragic failure, we were sitting hugging the fire to keep warm, when a telegram was brought in for him. He read it in silence, and handed it over to me with the very strangest look upon his face that I had ever seen. It was unsigned, and came from London. The message was: "Your wife is dead." There was nothing on earth more desirable for him than that she should die, the poor wretch truly being like a destructive wind, for she had torn his heart, scorched his very

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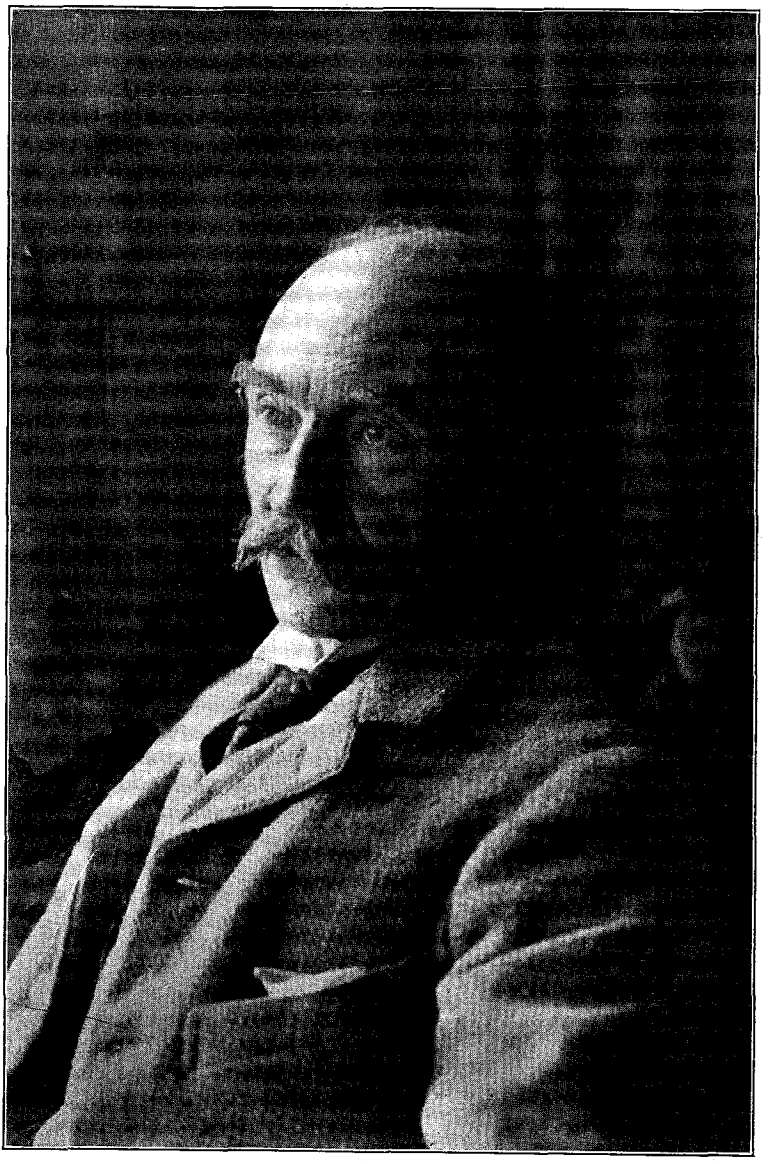
soul, and destroyed him in the beginning of his life. All irreparable disasters came from her, and through her. Had it not been for her he might then have held, or begun to have hoped for, a great position at one of the universities. And now a voice out of the unknown cried that she was dead.

He said to me with a shaking voice and shaking hands, "I cannot believe it—I cannot believe it." He was as white as paper; for it meant so much—not only freedom from the disaster and shame and misery that drained his life-blood, but it would mean a cessation of money payments at a



THE LATEST LITERARY BRIDEGROOM. MR. THOMAS HARDY WAS MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 10TH TO MISS FLORENCE EMILY DUGDALE. MR. HARDY IS SEVENTY-FOUR AND THE BRIDE ABOUT THIRTY

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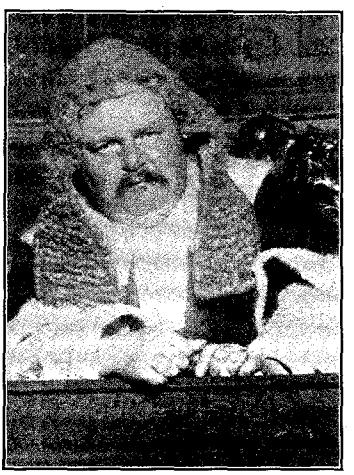
time when every shilling was very hard to win. And yet this was when he was comparatively well known, for it was two years after the publication of *The Mob*. And still, though his books ran into many editions, for some inexplicable reason, which I hope yet to explain, he sold them one after another for fifty pounds. And I knew how he worked; how hard, how remorselessly. I knew who the chief character was in *Paternoster Row* before *Paternoster Row* was



G. K. CHESTERTON AS THE JUDGE AT THE TRIAL OF JOHN JASPER FOR THE MURDER OF EDWIN DROOD. HE COMMITTED ALL PRESENT, EXCEPT HIMSELF, FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT

written. I knew with what inexpressible anguish of soul he laboured, with what dumb rage against destiny. And now here was something like freedom at last, if only it were true.

She was really dead, and she died in awful surroundings. It was a relief to her husband, but a terrible relief. When he was sure she was gone, he grieved for her, grieved for what she might have been and for what she was. But he was free. He was strangely quiet even in the first hours of his liberation. He went to the slum in the New Cut where she passed away, and said to Roberts: "My dear chap, she had kept my photograph, and a very little engraving of the Madonna di San Sisto, all these years of horrible degradation."

• • •

"One might have imagined," comments Sir William Robertson Nicoll, "that Gissing would have made some wise use of his freedom." By this time he had something of a reputation, and was moving among intellectual people. John Morley, then editing the *Pall Mall Gazette,* offered to use as much matter as he could supply. But it was hard for Gissing to do anything practical, and he did not change his manner of life. His work was appreciated by James Payn, and he found his way on very moderate terms into the *Cornhill Magazine*. He worked incessantly, writing three of his best books in seven months. His strange nature found unexpected satisfactions. He delighted in barrel organs; and loved all things that were redolent of oil and grease and fatness. Living among the lower orders, he hated them violently, and so far as he was a politician he was a rabid Tory. Poor as his condition was, this was probably the most prosperous period of his life. It was characteristic of the man that he should complicate matters by a second marriage, which was even more disastrous than the first. He had been feeling lonely, and he made the acquaintance of a girl in the Marylebone Road. He said to Roberts: "I could stand it no longer, so I rushed out and spoke to the very first woman I came across." The girl was quite respectable, and Gissing resolved to marry her if she would agree. Roberts pointed out to him that the results would certainly be disastrous, and that he would repent the step most bitterly. His mind recognised the truth of everything, but he meant to have his way. So in spite of all warning, he carried through his purpose and married the young woman "who was to be his second wife, to bear his children, to torture him for years, to drive him almost mad, and once more make a financial slave of him." In the words of Morley Roberts: "From the very beginning it seemed impossible that she could ever become in any remote degree what he might justifiably have asked for in a wife. Yet she was not wholly disagreeable in appearance. She was of medium height, and somewhat dark. She had not, however, the least pretence to such

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FOR THE PAST YEAR OR TWO CONTROVERSY HAS BEEN BUSY WITH DICKENS'S UNFINISHED NOVEL, "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD." HOW WAS THE STORY TO END? WHO WAS DATCHERY? WAS DROOD MURDERED? AND IF SO, WAS JOHN JASPER HIS MURDERER? MATTERS CAME TO A CLIMAX WITH THE TRIAL IN JANUARY, AT THE KING'S HALL, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, OF JASPER FOR THE MURDER. THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION, FROM THE LONDON "SKETCH," SHOWS THE EMINENT JURY WHICH RETURNED A VERDICT OF "GUILTY." THE FIGURES ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT (FRONT ROW) SIR EDWARD RUSSELL, W. W. JACOBS, PETT RIDGE, ARTHUR MORRISON, FRANCESCO BERGER, TOM GALLON, AND BERNARD SHAW; (BACK ROW) COULSON KERNAHAN, RIDGWELL CULLUM, WILLIAM DE MORGAN, JUSTIN HUNTLY MC CARTHY, WILLIAM ARCHER, AND THOMAS SECCOMBE. MR. SHAW, AS FOREMAN, SAID, "IF THE LEARNED GENTLEMAN THINKS A BRITISH JURY IS GOING TO BE INFLUENCED BY EVIDENCE, HE LITTLE KNOWS HIS COUNTRY"

beauty as one might hope to find even in a slave of the kitchen. She possessed neither face nor figure, nor a sweet voice, nor any charm—she was just a female. And this was she that the most fastidious man in many ways that I knew was about to marry. I went away with a sick heart, for it was nothing less than a frightful catastrophe and I had to stand by and see it happen. He married her on March 20, 1891, and went to live near Exeter."

• • •

Phillips's Posthumous Work

A striking example of literary industry is shown in the amazing amount of posthumous work appearing under the name of David Graham Phillips. Since his death early in 1911, four or five novels from his pen have been published, while the book that he counted on most of all, the longest book that he ever wrote, a story running to more than three hundred thousand words, still remains in manuscript form. The other day we called up the magazine which has been publishing Mr. Phillips's work serially, and the publishing house which issues his books, to ask about this novel. Neither magazine nor publishing house could speak with any degree of certainty. The story presents some rather serious problems. There was the intimation, however, that the tale might begin its serial course some time during 1914. Even the title to be used is still a matter of debate. Mr. Phillips had in mind two titles, one *Susan,* and the other *A Woman of the Streets.* The suggestion for the story came from certain statistics published a short time before Mr. Phillips's death, regarding the influx of refined young Southern women into the life of New York, so many of them fated to be swept under by the surge of city life. He wanted to know whether such a girl could, by her own efforts, struggle up, out of the depths, to a position of independence and social standing. But, like all Mr. Phillips's other books, *Susan* got its first impetus, not from

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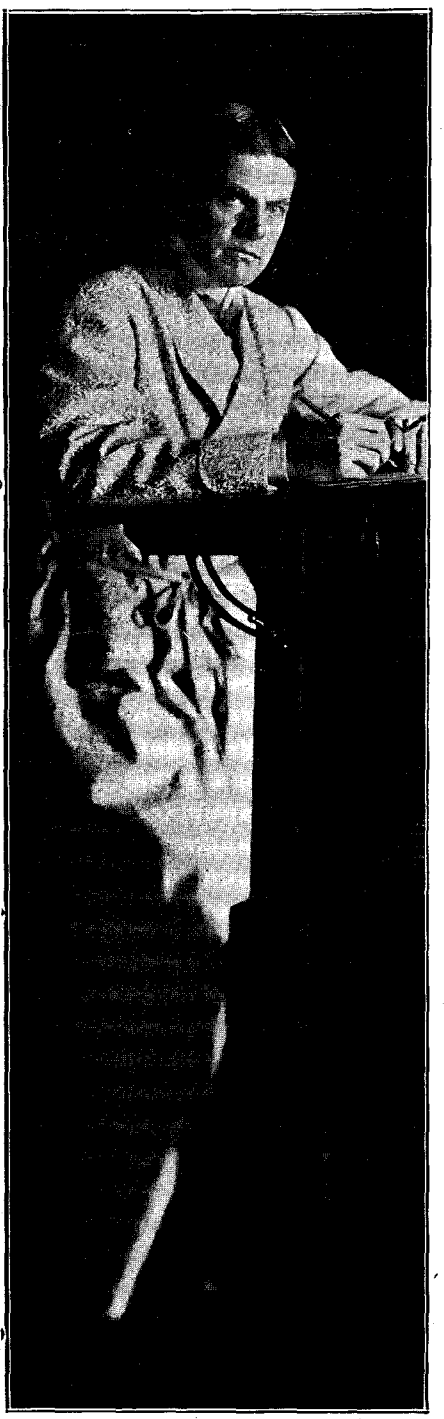

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

economics, but from a trivial incident—a passing glimpse of a young woman seated in a wagon. The story of that incident was told in THE BOOKMAN a month after Mr. Phillips's death and is worth repeating.

• • •

The incident in question occurred when the author was a lad of fourteen. It was in a Western town, where he chanced to be staying at the time; and the face of the young woman in the farm-wagon haunted him long afterward. It was a beautiful face, a face indicating breeding and culture, but it bore the stamp of dumb, hopeless tragedy. As he gazed at her, a gaunt, elderly man, rugged and toil-stained, with the hall-mark of the well-to-do farmer plainly legible upon him, climbed to the seat beside her, gathered up the reins and drove off. Mr. Phillips noticed how the girl shrank and whitened as her companion's shoulder touched her. He heard the girl's story afterward. She belonged to a family of local importance; but there had been a scandal, sordid, notorious, unforgettable. The girl herself was probably the one person in the community who did not know the facts. She could not understand why her people were shunned socially, nor why they welcomed the chance of providing for her by marrying her to an illiterate but prosperous old farmer who lived at a desirable distance from town. The girl's story has nothing to do with Mr. Phillips's book, but the suffering on her face was his inspiration after a quarter of a century.

• • •

W. L. George

Some enthusiastic admirers have found a flaw in Mr. W. L. George's paper "Who Is the Man?" that appeared in the February BOOKMAN. They contend that the paper was incomplete, holding that Mr. George himself should have been mentioned among the young English writers who have shown signs of potential literary greatness. Candidly, we think that these critics are a little

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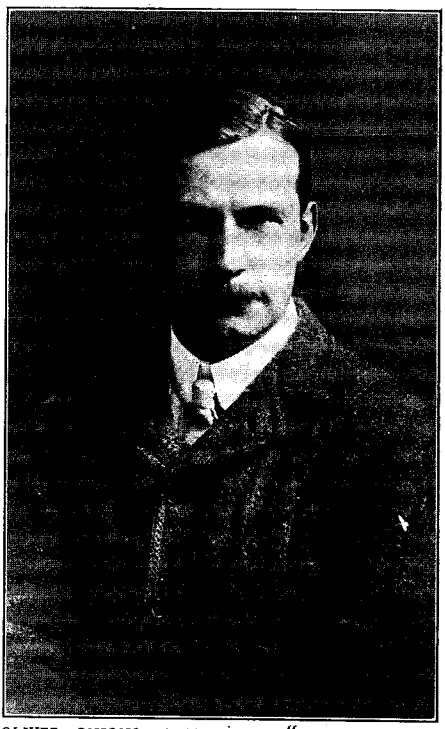
W. L. GEORGE

bit premature, and opinion based not on the quality of Mr. George's work, but on the quantity. There is no gainsaying the fact, however, that his is an exceedingly interesting personality, and that his reputation is likely to be considerably enhanced by the publication of his forthcoming *The Making of an Englishman*. Like Barty Josselin of Du Maurier's *The Martian*, W. L. George has had a kind of double nationality. That is indicated by the dedication of his book:

To the Small French Boy who in 1894 called me "John Bull" and to

The Young Englishman who in 1902 first addressed me as "Froggy."

Mr. George's *A Bed of Roses* was published in 1911 and *Until the Day Break* appeared last autumn. His forthcoming novel deals with a Frenchman who goes when but a boy to England to carve out his career. With his French customs and thought habits, he assails the uncompromising strongholds of the British business and social systems. Eventually his nature changes and begins to merge into the English character. Mr. George's writing career began when he left the University of Paris. Soon after (in 1902) he became London correspondent of the Paris dailies *Le Voltaire* and *La Politique Coloniale*. Out of this grew other news-



OLIVER ONIONS, AUTHOR OF "THE DEBIT ACCOUNT" AND "IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE." MR. GEORGE, IN HIS ARTICLE IN LAST MONTH'S "BOOKMAN" ON "WHO IS THE MAN," SAID OF OLIVER ONIONS, "A LITTLE MORE TENDERNESS, A LITTLE MORE BELIEF THAT MEN CAN BE GENTLE AND WOMEN SWEET, A LITTLE MORE HOPE AND SOME PITY; AND MR. ONIONS WILL ARRIVE." MR. ONIONS'S EARLY AMBITION WAS TO BE AN ILLUSTRATOR AND HE STUDIED ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON AND COLAROSSI'S IN PARIS, SKETCHING THE LONDON STREETS AND PARISIAN BOULEVARDS. HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH THE "QUARTIER LATIN," A STUDENT'S PAPER. HE WAS AN "ODD JOB MAN"—POSTER DESIGNER, ADVERTISER, AND SKETCHER AT DRESS REHEARSALS. HE WAS A WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR A WEEKLY PAPER FOR WHICH HE DREW SKETCHES UNTIL OUSTED BY THE HALF-TONE AND THE CAMERA. AT LAST, LIVING IN A TINY ROOM NEAR PUTNEY BRIDGE, COOKING HIS OWN MEALS AND MAKING A TABLE TO EAT THEM ON, HE WROTE "THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR," A SERIES OF SKETCHES OF THE MONEYED AND LEISURE CLASSES

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paper work, and he has served as special correspondent for various Paris and London papers in different parts of the world.

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Mr. Creelman Astonishes

Two or three weeks ago there appeared in the columns of the New York *Evening Mail* an entertaining and rather astonishing article from the pen of Mr. James Creelman entitled "Tolstoy's Lost Story." Mr. Creelman was good enough to take the world into his confidence and impart the information that in his last walk and talk with Tolstoy at Yasnia Poliana, the great Russian told him of a novel he had written which was not to be published until after his death. This novel was *Hadji Murad* (Mr. Creelman calls it *Hadji Moura*), "a picture of

JAMES CREELMAN

Russian cowardice and treachery, drawn from real life." Said Mr. Creelman:

Since that dramatic deathbed scene in the desolate little shanty at Astapeva, when the soul of the master of Russian literature passed out of the world, there has been no hint of the existence of a work which he believed would stir up his own people more profoundly than anything else he had written.

What has become of that last message of Tolstoy to mankind?

Is it possible that any one has taken the responsibility of silencing the mightiest literary artist of his age, of robbing the world of a great prose masterpiece because its author lies mute in the earth?

We are rather sorry to say anything to spoil Mr. Creelman's fine rhetorical flourishes. But in this case simple fact forces us to exonerate the Russian government. Instead of being a suppressed book, *Hadji Moura* is quite as accessible as, let us say, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* or *The Lady of the Decoration,* or *The Rosary*. The American edition of the book was published February 7, 1912, from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York.

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Brand Whitlock's Memories

In an early chapter of *Forty Years of It,* Brand Whitlock gives a glimpse of the old Whitechapel Club of Chicago, which numbered among its members such men as Peter Finley Dunne, George Ade, Ben King, Opie Reed, Alfred Henry Lewis, Frederick Upham Adams, Thomas E. Powers, Horace Taylor, Wallace Rice, and Arthur Henry. The club was founded late in the eighties, and during the ten years of its existence it was one of the most remarkable of all Bohemian clubs. It had its rooms in the rear of a little saloon in Chicago's "newspaper alley." For a time the club was nameless, but one afternoon a group was sitting in one of the rooms when a newsboy passed through the alley and cried: "All about the latest Whitechapel murder." Charles Goodyear Seymour paused with a stein of beer half lifted, and said: "We'll call the new club the 'Whitechapel Club.'" Admission to the Whitechapel was obtained in a peculiar way. An applicant for membership had his name proposed, and it was then posted on a bulletin board. He was on probation for thirty days, during which he had to be at the club at least five days of the week, in order to become acquainted with the members. Within that time any member could tear his name down,

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and that ended his candidacy. When his name finally came up for voting it required the full vote of the club to get him in.

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In those days Finley Peter Dunne was a clever newspaper man, but not yet the celebrity who carried the name of Mr. Martin Dooley of the Archey Road to every corner of the English-speaking world. "We were all reading Kipling at that time," records Mr. Whitlock, "and Dunne was so clever in adapting his terse style to the needs of the daily repertorial life that when one night a private shot a comrade in the barricks at Fort Sheridan, and Dunne was detailed to report the tragedy, he found it in every detail so exactly like Kipling's story "In the Matter of a Private," that he was overcome by the despair of having to write a tale that had already been told. He resisted the temptation, if there was any temptation, nobly, and wrote the tale with a bald simplicity that no doubt enhanced its effect. He had not then

SAMUEL MERWIN, AUTHOR OF "ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE"

ROSE CECIL O'NEILL, AUTHOR OF "THE KEWPIES; THEIR BOOK"

begun to report the Philosophy of Mr. Dooley, though there was a certain Irishman in Chicago responsive to the name of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Dolan, whom, in his capacity of First Ward Democrat, Dunne frequently interviewed for his paper without the cramping influences of a previous visitation on the Colonel, and these interviews showed much of the colour and the spirit of those Dooley articles which later were to make him famous. He already knew, of course, and frequently enjoyed communion with the prototype of Mr. Dooley, Mr. James McGarry, who had a quaint philosophy of his own, which Dunne one day rendered in a little article entitled "Mr. McGarry's Philosophy." The familiarity so wounded Mr. McGarry, however (he was a man of simple dignity and some sensitiveness), that Dunne thereafter adopted another name for the personage through which he was so long and so brilliantly to express himself.

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In the course of *Forty Years of It* Mr. Whitlock expresses some exceed-

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BRAND WHITLOCK AND A SMALL RELATION

ingly interesting literary opinions. Of Mr. William Dean Howells he says:

We owe Mr. Howells especially a debt in this land. He jeopardised his standing as an artist, perhaps, by his polemics in the cause of realism in the literary art, but he was the first to look about him and recognise his own land and his own people in his fiction; that is why it is so very much the life of our land as we know it and to me there came long ago a wonderful and consoling lesson, when in reading after him, and after Tolstoy and Tourgenieff, and Flaubert, and Zola, and Valdez, and Thomas Hardy, I discovered that people are all alike, and all like those about us in every essential.

• • •

For Joseph Conrad Mr. Whitlock's enthusiasm is boundless. He says:

I would not give *Lord Jim* for all the other sea tales that were ever written, not even if all the novels of Cooper and Scott and Stevenson and Dickens were thrown in.

• • •

The Democratic Spirit

Edwin Björkman in his introduction to the second series of the *Plays of Björnstjerne Björnson,* which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, tells of an American incident which left a decided impression on Björnson's mind. Björnson came to the United States in September, 1880, and stayed here eight months. He was constantly struck by our democratic spirit. One day he was taken to visit the Massachusetts State Prison at Concord, his host and guide being Governor John Davis Long. A convict, hearing of the presence of the chief executive within the prison, asked the privilege of a talk with him in order that he might appeal for pardon. This talk took place in the warden's office, and to Björnson's intense surprise and delight the first thing done by the Governor was to make the convict sit down on a chair close to his own. Björnson wrote home of this scene, adding some memories of a very different nature: King Oscar seated at a dining table while his host, Count Wedel—the country's foremost citizen of the time—was waiting on him without being permitted to sit down once during the meal; a cabinet minister keeping an official from his department standing for thirty minutes while delivering a report; and so on.

• • •

The Danger of Friends

Two or three years ago a young lawyer with some literary aspirations and very little practical experience in the business of writing, devoted certain leisure hours to the construction of a short story which was

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not absolutely devoid of interest and merit. In the course of time this story found its way to the hands of the editor of a magazine that made a specialty of fiction. The editor read it, and appraised it at its right value. He wrote the author, pointing out the improbability of a certain phase of the tale, suggested an easy way of eliminating the flaw, and making a reasonable offer for the serial rights of the story provided the suggested changes were made. The first feeling on the part of the author after receiving this letter was one of positive elation. It was his first story, the proffered price seemed to him a good one, he was on the point of replying with an appreciative acceptance of the offer—when he decided to take—advice.

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Now it happened that the lawyer numbered among his friends many writing men who had "arrived," and so it was to Mr. A. B., Mr. C. D., Mr. E. F. and Mr. X. Y. that he turned. "This is my story," he said to the first mentioned. "Blank of ———'s Magazine says that it is overdrawn and improbable in that place, wants me to change it, and offers me such a price if I will make the change. Now do you think that it is improbable, and don't you think that I should get more?" Now Mr. A. B. was an exceedingly polite man and an agreeable one. There was only one possible answer to such a question. "Improbable, my dear boy, not in the least, and I am sure that the story is worth twice as much as Blank offers you. Don't mention it, I am only too glad to be of any assistance." And he warmly returned his questioner's pressure of the hand. He was quite honest for the moment. He was not buying the story, nor was he confronted with the problem of selling it. So he was giving the answer that he thought would make for temporary happiness all round. Fortified by A. B.'s advice the young author sought C. D. Now, C. D. was neither excessively agreeable nor polite. To his interlocutor's story he gave scant attention or interest, but found a quick opportunity to impart the information that his own rate was ten cents a word, and woe to any one who had the impudence to offer him less. "The Dash people tried it last year, I don't think they will try it again in a hurry." Vague as was the impression the seeker for advice took away from this interview it added a little to his feeling of irritation against the offending editor Blank. He did not quite understand the purport of that ten cents a word talk, but it must have meant that somehow Blank was taking advantage of his inexperience. By the time the young author found E. F. and X. Y. the original tale had been quite forgotten. A. B. and C. D. had assured him that Blank's estimate of his story was ridiculous and the suggested price utterly inadequate. Did E. F. and X. Y. agree with A. B. and C. D? Of course they agreed. Like A. B. they were polite men and inclined to follow the line of least resistance. And they were not buying or selling the story. So having taken advice, the young author sat down and wrote to Blank in a vein of mingled indignation and sarcasm. "I have consulted in this matter Mr. A. B., Mr. C. D., Mr. E. F. and Mr. X. Y. I don't think you will be likely to question the soundness of their judgment. They are unanimous in pronouncing your criticism as childish and your suggested price as not worthy of consideration."

• • •

All that was two or three years ago, Blank was not brought to better terms by the letter, the expected appreciation from other quarters has not materialised, the manuscript is still a manuscript and nothing more, and the young author is still indignant when he thinks of Blank's letter of conditional acceptance. Also there are moments when he questions the sincerity of the advice given him by his experienced friends. There, however, he is wrong. It was the advice that he wanted—that polite, flattering, consoling, friend's advice which is responsible for more disappointments, heartaches, and misunderstandings than anything

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else, save the writer's own self-esteem. In the case quoted above, the advisers were men who, through experience, should have been qualified to judge. But in eight cases out of ten the harm is wrought by the indiscriminate endorsement of the unqualified. How familiar these endorsements are in the offices of magazines and publishing houses! "This essay was read by me before a meeting of the ——— ——— of our city. My friends all urge me to have it published in your magazine." "I have shown the manuscript of this book to Mr. ———, Mrs. ——— and the Reverend Mr. ———, all excellent judges. They assure me it has all the quality of *Alice in Wonderland*. In view of this, etc." "I am astonished at the ignorance which must have prompted your rejection of my ——— ———. It has been read by several highly literary friends, who pronounce it far superior, etc., etc." As has been said, how familiar the tone is and how hopeless to attempt to explain. That manuscript which friends find so like *Alice in Wonderland,* somehow is not quite Lewis Carrol's masterpiece; that story, constructed with the manner of O. Henry so conscientiously in mind, falls a little short of "A Municipal Document." But the voice that points out these slight discrepancies is interpreted not as the voice of friendship, but as the voice of hostility. "Those rejection slips will eventually tell me all that," says one candid free lance of many years. "What are friends for except to lie unctuously and flatteringly?" But that free lance, out of his experience, has learned to take flattery for what it is worth. "Of course, A. B. is right in his estimate. Of course that story of mine is exceptional, and the price Blank offers is quite inadequate. But—I have just cashed the cheque, and, after all, there is consolation in remembering that Murger sold *Scenes de la Vie de Bohême* for one hundred francs, and that some of Poe's best tales were bartered for five dollar bills. The path is not strewn with roses, but the work has its compensations. You see, I have reached that state of wisdom where I ask friendly advice, not with any idea of taking it, but for the sake of hearing pleasant words. There was a time when I allowed it to influence me. But that was a luxury I found I could not afford. It was too disastrously expensive. It meant too many priceless manuscripts at the bottom of my trunk, and too many unpaid bills.

A NOTE ON THE FORELOPER

BY J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON

READERS will doubtless remember the strange story of the "lost" Kipling poem, "The Foreloper," which was disinterred from a scrap-book and published in the BOOKMAN of February, 1909. It will be recalled that Professor Meany, whose account of the transaction finally elicited the poem, had written to Mr. Kipling himself, sending the six lines which he had discovered, and had received the surprising answer that the attribution of authorship was correct, but that the author could not remember when or where the poem first appeared. That extraordinary collection of errors and omissions, the *Kipling Dictionary,* threw no further light on the subject, nor did the inclusion of the poem, under title of "The Voortrekker," in the volume called *Songs from Books,* do much toward solving the mystery, for there its source is given as "Collected." And so the matter rested, though the solution of the puzzle, together with a deal of other interesting Kiplingana, was to be reached at no greater cost than a few hours' dusty work among the crumbling files of the newspapers of two decades ago. And the solution is as follows:

In 1892 Rudyard Kipling journeyed

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to the Orient, and back again, by way of the Canadian West, and in the course of that journey, at irregular intervals from April to December, he wrote eight letters of travel. Four of these were published in *The Civil and Military Gazette,* of Lahore, and these four seem to be the only ones known, even by title, to bibliographers. But the entire eight are to be found in the files of the London *Times,* and in this country, in the New York *Sun,* though from the fact that one which was reprinted in *Current Literature* is credited to "Syndicate Press" it is probable that they appeared also in other papers throughout the country. Being copyrighted they have been safe from the raids of pirates, but it is nothing short of astounding that these letters which, taken as a whole, are vastly superior to the earlier series in *From Sea to Sea* should have been lost sight of so completely. Besides the first draughts of two or three of his poems they contain descriptive passages of more than average excellence. "The Foreloper" headed the American publication of the seventh of these letters, which appeared in the *Sun* of Sunday, November 27, 1892, under the caption "What Rudyard Kipling Saw On His Way Back from Japan—With Something about Out-land Adventurers and the Boom Spirit of the Great West." In the *Times* of November 23d, it was published, without the poem, under the title of "Captains Courageous." (It is remarkable that the letters as printed in this country contain a number of poems and verses which are, with one exception, suppressed in the English publication.) With the exception of one word ("nude" instead of "rude" in the sixth line) the version printed in the BOOKMAN is identical with that in the *Sun.* As it is given in *Songs from Books* there are several verbal changes of doubtful merit. But the mystery of the "lost" poem is a mystery no longer.

The letters themselves deserve some further notice, first in regard to the poems included in them, and then for some of the descriptive passages. The first draft of one of the most famous of all the poems, the *Envoi* to *The Seven Seas* ("When Earth's last picture is painted"), closes the letter called "Half a Dozen Pictures" as printed in America, but is not in the *Times.* But "Buddha at Kamakura" closes "The Edge of the East" in both its English and its American form, and the same letter which is headed with "The Foreloper" contains also the first sketch of "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers." Besides these poems which subsequently were collected there are in the letters as given in the *Sun* two other poems, or rather a fragment and some verses. The fragment heads "Our Overseas Men" and its reputed source is "King Euric":

For hope of gain or sake of peace,
  Or greed of golden fee,
Ye must not sell your galley slaves
  That row you over the sea.

For they come of your blood, of your own blood,
  By your own gods they swear,
So you must not sell them overseas,
  Because they rowed you there.

The verses conclude the same letter, and form a sort of foot-note to a famous line in "Mandalay":

The stumbling block of Western lore
  Is faith in old arithmetics—
That two and two are always four
  And three and three make ever six,
Whereas, 'neath less exacting skies
Those numbers total otherwise.

Equality of A to B
  Is interesting—Greenwich way,
But does not for a moment predicate the like twixt B and A,
For East of Suez, be it said,
B is the sum of X Y Z.

It may be heat or damp or dew
  That warps the numbers, one to ten, so
And twists the alphabet askew
  Disproving Euclid and Colenso;
Or else there must be people who
Don't think as other people do.

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The first and last letters of the series deal with Vermont in winter and summer respectively, and from them are taken two passages which seem to accomplish perfectly that most difficult of all descriptive tasks,—making the reader realise fully a condition of weather widely different from the one he is experiencing at the time. The first is from the letter entitled "In Sight of Monadnock":

Thirty below freezing! It was inconceivable till one stepped out into it at midnight, and the first shock of that clear, still air took away the breath as a plunge into sea water does. A walrus sitting on a woolpack was our host in his sleigh, and he wrapped us in hairy goat-skin coats, caps that came down over the ears, buffalo robes and blankets and yet more buffalo robes, till we, too, looked like walruses and moved almost as gracefully. The night was as keen as the edge of a newly ground sword; breath froze on the coat lappels in snow; the nose became without sensation, and the eyes wept bitterly because the horses were in a hurry to get home; and whirling through air at zero brings tears. But for the jingle of the sleigh bells the ride might have taken place in a dream, for there was no sound of hoofs upon the snow, the runners sighed a little now and again as they glided over an inequality, and all the sheeted hills round were dumb as death. Only the Connecticut river kept up its heart and a lane of black water through the packed ice; we could hear the stream worrying round the heels of its small bergs. Elsewhere there was nothing but snow under the moon—snow drifted to the level of the stone fences or curling over their tops in a lip of frosted silver, snow banked high on either side of the road, or lying heavy on the pines and the hemlocks in the woods, where the air seemed, by comparison, as warm as a conservatory. It was beautiful beyond expression—nature's boldest sketch in black-and-white, done with a Japanese disregard of perspective, and daringly altered from time to time by the restless pencils of the moon. . . ."

And the second is from "On One Side Only":

. . . The rivers were patched and barred with sun-dried pebbles; the logs and the loggers were drought-bound somewhere up the Connecticut; and the grass at the side of the track was burned in a hundred places by the sparks from the locomotive. Men—hatless, coatless, and gasping—lay in the shade of that station where only a few months ago the glass stood thirty below zero. Now the readings were ninety-eight degrees in the shade. . . . In truth, it is a tropical country for the time being. Thunderstorms prowl and growl round the belted hills, spit themselves away in a few drops of rain, and leave the air more dead than before. In the woods, where even the faithful springs are beginning to run low, the pines and balsams have thrown out all their fragrance upon the heat and wait for the wind to bring news of the rain. The clematis, wild carrot, and all the gipsy-flowers camped by sufferance between fence line and road net are masked in white dust, and the golden-rod of the pastures that are burned to flax colour burns, too, like burnished brass. A pillar of dust on the long hog-back of the road across the hills shows where a team is lathering between farms, and the roofs of the wooden houses flicker in the haze of their own heat. Overhead the chicken hawk is the only creature at work, and his shrill kite-like call sends the gaping chickens from the dust bath in haste to their mothers. The red squirrel, as usual, feigns business of importance among the butternuts, but this is pure priggishness. When the passer-by is gone he ceases chattering and climbs back to where the little breezes can stir his tail plume. From somewhere under the lazy fold of a meadow comes the drone of a mowing machine among the hay—the *wherr-ao* and the grunt of the tired horses. . . .

The publishers' announcements hint that the new limited edition of Kipling which is now in course of publication is to include the *Letters to the Family*,—the record of the Canadian tour which he made about five years ago. If these later letters are to be given permanent form it is all the more to be regretted that the earlier series remains uncollected, for

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they give that first view of Canada with which his later impressions are contrasted. To one unfamiliar with these early papers portions of the *Letters to the Family* are scarcely comprehensible. Here, for instance, is a winter picture from the description of western Canada in the letter called "From Tideway to Tideway":

That next morning brought us the Canadian Pacific Railway as one reads about it. No pen of man could do justice to the scenery there. The guide-books struggle desperately with descriptions adapted for summer reading of rushing cascades, lichened rocks, waving pines, and snow-capped mountains; but in April these things are not there. The place is locked up—dead as a frozen corpse. The mountain torrent is a boss of palest emerald ice against the dazzle of the snow; the pine stumps are capped with gigantic mushrooms of snow; the rocks are overlaid fifty feet deep; the rocks, the fallen trees and the lichens together, and the dumb white lips curl up to the track cut in the side of the mountain, and grin there fanged with gigantic icicles. You may listen in vain when the train stops for the least sign of breath or power among the hills. The snow has smothered the rivers, and the great looping trestles run over what might be a lather of suds in a huge wash-tub. The old snow near by is blackened and smirched with the smoke of the locomotives; and dulness is grateful to aching eyes. But the men who live upon the line have no consideration for these things. At a halting-place in a gigantic gorge walled in by the snows, one of them reels from a tiny saloon into the middle of the track where half a dozen dogs are chasing a pig off the metals. He is beautifully and eloquently drunk. He sings, waves his hands, and collapses behind a shunting engine, while four of the loveliest peaks that the Almighty ever moulded look down upon him. . . .

And, finally, here is a passage about the North Pacific which shows us the genesis of a poem:

It [the North Pacific] holds very few pictures, and the best of its stories—those relating to seal poaching among the Kuriles and the Russian rookeries—are not exactly fit for publication. There is a man in Yokohama who in a previous life burned galleons with Drake. He is a gentleman adventurer of the largest and most resourceful kind—by instinct a carver of kingdoms, a ruler of men on the high seas, and an inveterate gambler against death. Because he supplies nothing more than sealskins to the wholesale dealers at home the fame of his deeds, his brilliant fights, his more brilliant escapes, and his most brilliant strategy will be lost among sixty-ton schooners, or told only in the mouths of drunken seamen, whom none believe. Now, there sits a great spirit under the palm trees of the Navigator group,* a thousand leagues to the south, and he, crowned with roses and laurels, strings together the pearls of those parts. When he has done with his kingdom down there perhaps he will turn to the Smoky Seas and the Wonderful Adventures of Captain ————. Then there will be a tale to listen to, for is it not written:

Away, by the land of the Japanee,
Where the paper lanterns grow,
And the crews of half the navies drink
In the house of Blood-Street Joe;
At twilight, when the landward breeze
Brings up the harbour noise,
And ebb of Yokohama Bay
Swings chattering through the buoys,
In Corstadt's Naval Dining Rooms
They tell the tale anew
Of an open sea and a running fight
When the Mistral took the Northern Light
And the Stralsund took the two.

Herein lies the peculiar interest of these letters. For, as many of the earlier Indian tales seem, on rereading, to be merely preliminary sketches for scenes in *Kim,* so in these impressions of travel we repeatedly find hints and pictures that later were used in some of the "other stories." They are the note-books of a great writer, and the note-books of such a one always repay study.

*The reference is, of course, to Robert Louis Stevenson.

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KIPLING'S INDIA

BY ARLEY MUNSON

Author of "Jungle Days," "The Experiences of an American Woman Physician in India"

IN THREE PARTS. PART I—ANGLO-INDIA

I

ON the map of India, draw a line from Lahore southeast to Lucknow; and another from Lahore east to Thibet; connect the ends of these lines. The enclosed triangle will give you what may be called Rudyard Kipling's Anglo-India—the India of Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver, of the Gadsbys and of Wressley of the Foreign Office, in a word, the India of the scores of men and women who flit across the scene in the stories that make up the greater part of *Plain Tales from the Hills, Under the Deodars,* and *The Story of the Gadsbys.* Also within this triangle will be found bits of the India of *Kim*—for it was in Lahore that we first found him, astride of a gun, and it was through Lahore Gate that he and the lama took their way southward in the search for the River of the Arrow and the Red Bull on a Green Field. But principally this triangle has to do with Anglo-Indian social life rather than native life. That is the subject of these first papers. Later, the scribe will attempt to take you off to the Borderland on the trail of Dravot and Carnehan of *The Man who would be King,* of Jakin and Lew of *Drums of the Fore and Aft,* thence through the country of Nick Tarvin of *The Naulahka,* and on through Burma and along the haunting road to Mandalay.

There are probably many thousand readers of Kipling who have at some time or other laid aside the particular book that happened to be in the hand at the moment and asked mentally, "Just what sort of a place is this Simla? To what place in Europe or America does it most nearly correspond? What is its life, what are its charms, and what the reason of its existence?" That question the present scribe will attempt to answer in a paragraph or two. And before Simla itself, comes the way to Simla. So suppose, for example, you are a tourist in India—like Pagett, M.P. of the verses, though with qualifications, for "Pagett, M.P. was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith." At any rate, your ship has left you at Bombay, and you are proceeding to Simla by the Punjaub Express.

It is April, the beginning of India's hot weather, when all Anglo-India migrates to the Hills. This is not the weather for travel on the Plains; the breezes stirred up by the rush of the train seem to come from the depths of a furnace seven times heated. But the Indian railway coach is arranged to give all the comfort possible to the hot weather traveller. The tiny dressing-room at the end of the compartment provides a cool, comforting wash whenever desired, and the double roof of the coach has a projection on both sides which acts as a slight shield from the sun. Heavy shutters and stained glass in all the windows modify the glare, while in one of the windows is placed a disk-shaped curtain of scented grass which can be revolved by means of a small handle and which at each revolution dips into a concealed basin of water. The air, cooled by its passage through the wet curtain, delightfully refreshes the interior of the coach. Then, too, you are almost sure to have your coach to yourself, so you may lounge as lazily as you please on the long leather-cush-

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ioned seats, which, with the addition of pillow and rug, make excellent beds at night. At almost any station you can obtain delicious tea and toast, or, by telegraphing ahead, a very good and substantial meal.

Scarcely thirty-three hours after leaving Bombay, you come to Umballa and change there for the branch line to Kalka, for Kalka leads to Simla, the beloved, "where," writes Kipling, "all things begin and many come to an evil end."

From Kalka, the little train creeps slowly upward, curving round and round the mountain for fifty-five miles. Below you and almost constantly in sight lies the tonga road glistening white in the sunshine. Groups of men and drove after drove of camels climb slowly up the steep path; while the mail-tonga dashes past them at a furious pace. Great cactus-trees appear everywhere; then at last the pines show dark and rich and green close beside you and speak of the higher hills. So you pass through your one hundred and third tunnel, and, seven hours from the time of starting you reach Simla pahar, seven thousand feet above the sea.

Only the Viceroy and a few other privileged ones may drive in carriages at Simla, but there is no lack of conveyances. At the Simla station, a dozen 'rickshaw *jhampanies* rush toward you, a merry, bantering group of men, each *jhampani* loud in praise of his own 'rickshaw and equally loud in denunciation of the 'rickshaws of his rivals. A ride in a Simla 'rickshaw is a thrilling experience. With two of the strong, bare-legged *jhampanies* pushing, and two pulling your overgrown "perambulator," you fairly spin along the smooth, narrow path. The *jhampanies,* delighted into greater recklessness by your gasps of fear and surprise, whirl you at break-neck speed around some sharp corner or down a steep path, until with an extra flourish they stop at your destination.

Peliti's Hotel is a charming place and you will do well to put up there during your stay at Simla. In general, you will find it much like other first-class Indian hotels. In the large bedrooms, bare of all but necessary furnishings, the open fireplaces and the absence of mosquito curtains show you that you are in the Hills. The comfortable sitting-room invites you to read and dream in the great chairs, and the well-ordered café is of never-failing interest, for here, in the groups of laughing, faultlessly dressed English men and women, you find your true Anglo-Indian. Among them, the barefooted Indian waiters, in white trousers, long coats, and turbans, with wide sashes of bright-coloured silk, flit noiselessly to and fro with a machine-like devotion to their duties. From the veranda of the hotel, there is a magnificent view of the Himalayas, the great peaks, dark with pines and deodars (the Himalayan cypress) sweeping off into space, range on range, until limited at last by the snowy mountains towering twenty-two thousand feet above the sea.

The air is fresh and bracing with just the touch of chill, which makes you glad of the warmth of a light jacket; and the wild roses and honeysuckle, the soft, green grass, and the fruit-trees of a temperate climate abound on every hand. But you cannot forget that you are in the Tropics, for, walking along the quiet paths, it is no unusual thing to hear a crash of branches overhead, as a huge grey *langur* drops from the trees to the ground and scampers away on all fours. And the birds, too, are of the Southland. Parrots, cockatoos and other harsh-voiced birds of brilliant plumage, and the sweet-voiced little köil charming the ear with its song.

The pleasant cottages of the Anglo-Indians, the shops, many of which would do credit to London's greatest shopping district, the public buildings, and the hotels, are placed on terraces, one above the other, all down the steep mountain-side. Many of these buildings overlook the Mall, the social and business centre of Anglo-Indian Simla. This is a broad road, like a great, treeless boulevard

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which slopes up from the Kalka tonga-road to the English church, the town hall, the post-office, and Jakko Hill, a thickly-wooded height rising a thousand feet above the town. From the broad road, five miles long, which winds around the base of Jakko, a branch road leads off to the higher Himalayas. Far to the north stands Elysium Hill and, six miles west of Jakko, at the opposite end of the town, are the grassy, treeless slopes of Prospect Hill and stately Viceregal Lodge, the summer home of the Viceroy, set well back in beautiful grounds. The various Vicereines have tried to make their Simla home as English as possible, and it might be England but for the presence of the grinning little Ghurkas, the Viceroy's Guard of Honour.

Viceregal Lodge occupies the finest view-point in Simla. Down below is a lovely little valley, Annandale, where the beautiful Annandale roses grow, and where the Simla sports are held; and somewhat apart stands Jutogh Hill, occupied by a battery of artillery. English men and women are everywhere, cantering through the Mall or under Jakko on horseback, or merrily greeting one another from their 'rickshaws. Occasionally you see Indians of high rank and always the Indian working people. Conspicuous among them are the Government chaprassis, with long scarlet coats and wide scarlet and yellow belts, the special chaprassi of the Viceroy being distingushed from the rest by the Viceroy's coronet and monogram embroidered on the breast of his coat.

II

In strolling through the town on the trail of the Kipling characters, you naturally begin at the Kalka tonga-road by which Mahbub Ali and Kim went up to Simla,

> the wandering road, climbing, dipping, and sweeping about the growing spurs; the flush of the morning laid along the distant snows; the branched cacti; tier upon tier the stony hillsides; the voices of a thousand water-channels; the chatter of the monkeys; the solemn deodars, climbing one after another with down-drooped branches; the vista of the plains rolled out far beneath them; the incessant twanging of the tonga-horns and the wild rush of the led horses when a tonga swung round a curve.

This tonga road was the scene of *As the Bell Clinks,* in which a lover tells of his thoughts and emotions and of how the tonga coupling bar gave him sage advice in regard to his courtship:

> It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—Suppose the maid be haughty—
> (There are lovers rich—and forty) wait some wealthy Avatar?
> "Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies twain perspiring!"
> *"Faint heart never won fair lady,"* creaked the straining tonga-bar.
> *"Can I tell you ere you ask her?"* pounded slow the tonga-bar.
>
> Last, the Tara Devi turning, showed the lights of Simla burning,
> Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.
> As below the Mall we jingled, through my very heart it tingled—
> The reiterated order of the threshing tonga-bar:—
> "Try your luck—you can't do better!" twanged the loosened tonga-bar.

In *An Old Song,* another lover brings this tonga road into his verse:

> So long as 'neath the Kalka hills
> The tonga-horn shall ring,
> So long as down the Solon dip
> The hard-held ponies swing;
> So long as Tara Devi sees
> The lights o' Simla town,
> So long as Pleasure calls us up,
> And duty drives us down,
> *If you love me as I love you,*
> *What pair so happy as we two?*

Under the tonga-office lamps at the end of the tonga-road, Mrs. Schreiderling met the newly arrived tonga of "The Other Man" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), who sat in the back seat very

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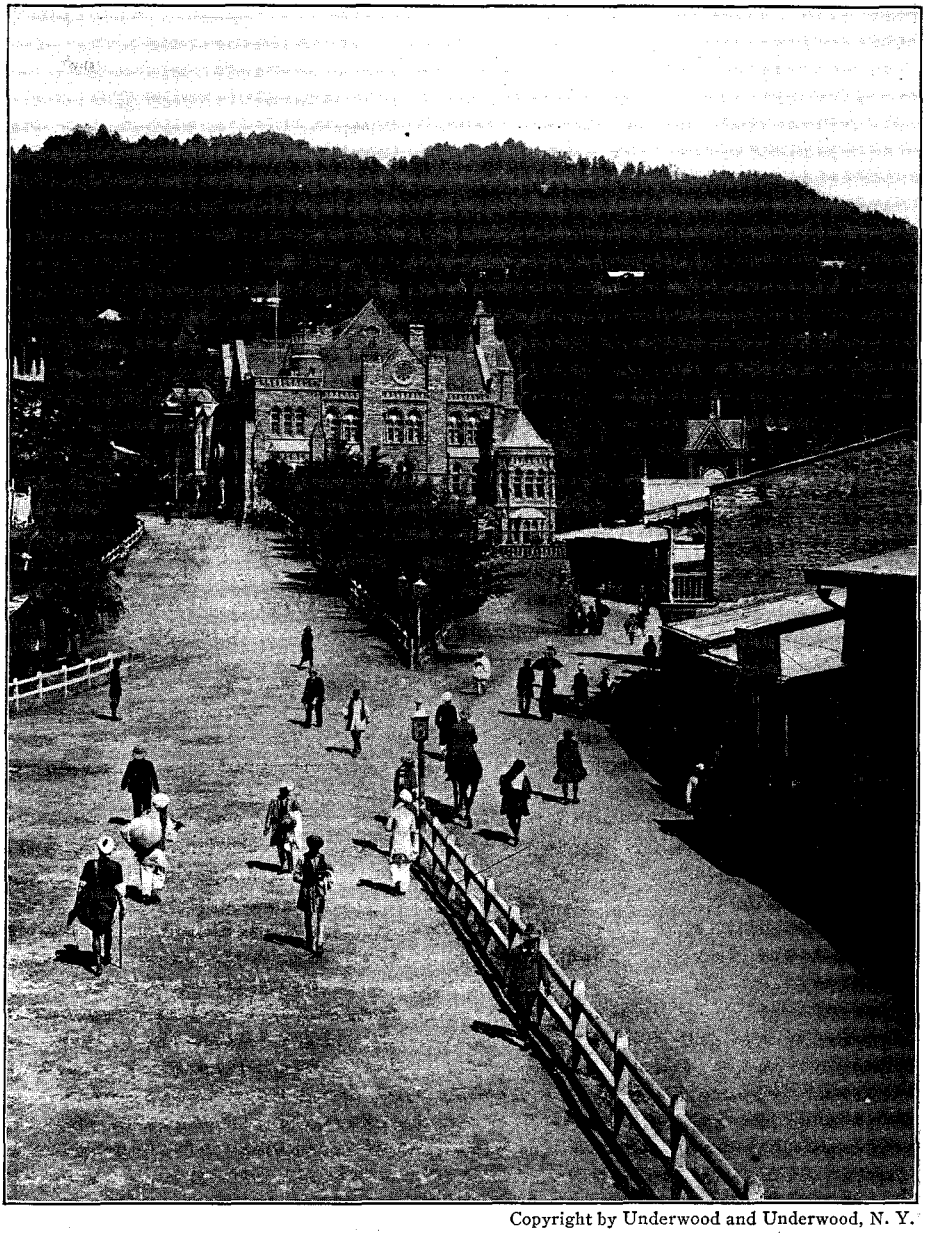

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THE HEART OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S ANGLO-INDIA. THE MALL AT SIMLA, WITH THE TOWN HALL IN THE BACKGROUND, AND JAKKO HILL BEYOND. THE THACKERAYAN IN PALL MALL OR RUSSELL SQUARE CONJURES UP THE GHOSTS OF THE PENDENNISES AND THE OSBORNES; THE DICKENSIAN IN THE BOROUGH HIGH STREET SEARCHES FOR SUCH STONES OF THE OLD MARSHALSEA PRISON AS EXIST TO RECALL THE FIGURES OF LITTLE DORRIT AND ARTHUR CLENHAM; THE BALZACIAN ON THE BOULEVARDS SEES IN IMAGINATION COUNTLESS CHARACTERS FROM THE COMEDIE HUMAINE. BUT FOR THE READER OF THE EARLY KIPLING THE SIMLA MALL SUGGESTS NOT TWO, OR TEN, BUT A HUNDRED MEN AND WOMEN, CAPTAIN GADSBY AND MINNIE THREEGAN, AND THEIR BEST MAN, JACK MAFFLIM, MRS. HAUKSBEE, AND THE TRIPLE INTUITION OF THE WOMAN, HER DEADLY RIVAL MRS. REIVER, MORIARTY, STRICKLAND OF THE POLICE AND MISS YOUGHAL, JACK PANSAY, KITTY MANNERING AND MRS. WESSINGTON OF "THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW," PLUFFLES THE SUBALTERN, BARR-SAGGOTT, MISS BEIGHTON, AND YOUNG CUBBON, TARRION, PEYTHROPPE, THE CUSACK-BREMMILS, AND OTHERS TOO NUMEROUS FOR MENTION.

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square and firm, with one hand on the awning-stanchion and the wet pouring off his hat and moustache, . . . — dead." Then off to the west and Viceregal Lodge, the scene of numerous Kipling tales. It was here that Mellish, the inventor, explained to the curious and half-amused Viceroy the wonders of "A Germ Destroyer" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), which so effectually broke up the entire Viceregal household.

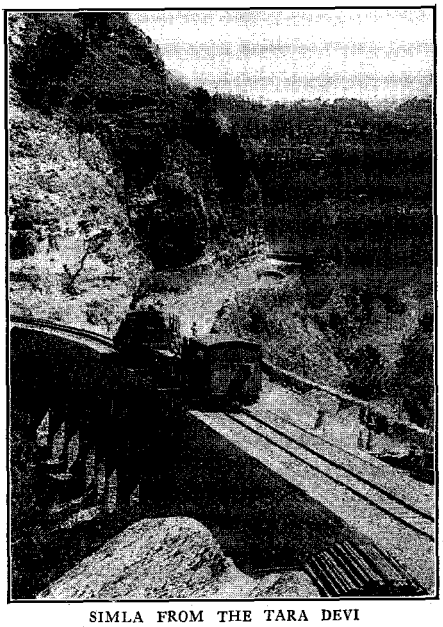
At Viceregal Lodge, Miss Haverley in "Only a Subaltern" (*Under the Deodars*), gave her heart to Bobby Wick, the young Subaltern who so thoroughly won the love and admiration of his men that when he drifted away "on the easy tide of Death," Private Dormer expressed the sentiments of everybody who had known Bobby Wick, in the emphatic words,

Bloomin' orf'cer? . . . Hangel! Bloomin' Hangel! That's wot 'e is!

The Supreme Legislative Council of India were sitting in state at Viceregal Lodge when little Tod of "Tod's Amendment" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) broke in upon their solemn deliberations with his wild appeals for them to help him control his goat Moti who was dragging Tod, much against his will, over the lawn and across the flower-beds. At a dance at Viceregal Lodge, you meet Mrs. Hauksbee, the "Stormy Petrel,"

a little, brown, thin, almost skinny woman, with big, rolling, violet-blue eyes, and the sweetest manners in the world, . . . clever, witty, brilliant, and sparkling beyond most of her kind; but possessed of many devils of malice and mischievousness.

She attended this special dance as the result of the clever forgery of her friend Tarrion of "Consequences" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), for whom she won favour and fortune by miraculously turning the wheels of the mighty East In-



SIMLA FROM THE TARA DEVI
LAST, THE TARA DEVI TURNING SHOWED THE LIGHTS OF SIMLA BURNING.
LIT MY LITTLE LAZY GLARING TO A FIERCER FLAME BY FAR,
"AS THE BELL CLINKS"

THE ROAD DOWN ELYSIUM HILL. IT WAS HERE THAT, IN "THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW," DR. HEATHERLEGH DECIDED THAT JACK PANSAY WAS EITHER MAD OR DRUNK. FOR FIVE MINUTES PANSAY, ON HORSEBACK, HAD BEEN TALKING THE COMMONPLACES OF THE DAY TO THE THING THAT WAS QUITE INVISIBLE TO OTHER EYES

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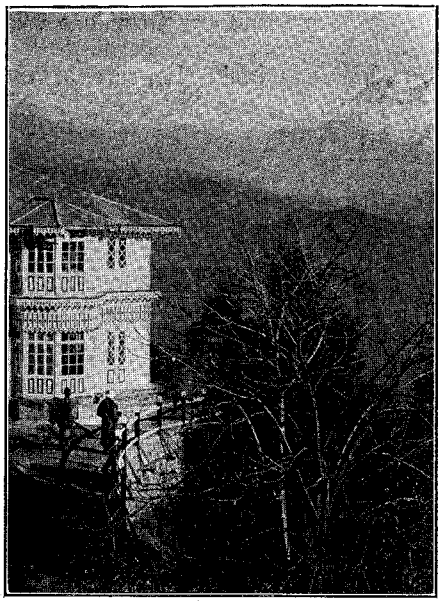
dian Government. "Three and—an Extra" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) tells of another dance which Mrs. Hauksbee attended at Viceregal Lodge when she struggled with Bremmil's wife for Bremmil's attention and was ignominiously defeated. Before you return to the centre of town, you must visit Annandale, always the sporting ground of Simla. In the days when archery used to be the favourite pastime there, Kitty Beighton of "Cupid's Arrows" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) shot her way out of her unsatisfactory connection with Barr-Saggott and into the happiness of true love.

Retracing your steps to the end of the tonga-road, you go down a slope to the Combermere Bridge, near the left railing of which Jack Pansay, staring with drawn, white face and horror-filled eyes, saw for the first time, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw,* "four jhampanies in 'mag-pie' livery, pulling a yellow-panelled, cheap, bazaar 'rickshaw," in which sat Agnes Keith-Wessington, her handkerchief in hand, her golden head bowed



THE HIMALAYAS FOR WHICH THE LAMA EXPRESSED HIS OVERPOWERING HOMESICKNESS IN THE CRY, "OH, THE HILLS AND THE SNOW UPON THE HILLS!"—"KIM"

"THE SOLEMN DEODARS, CLIMBING ONE AFTER ANOTHER WITH DOWN-DROOPED BRANCHES"—"KIM"

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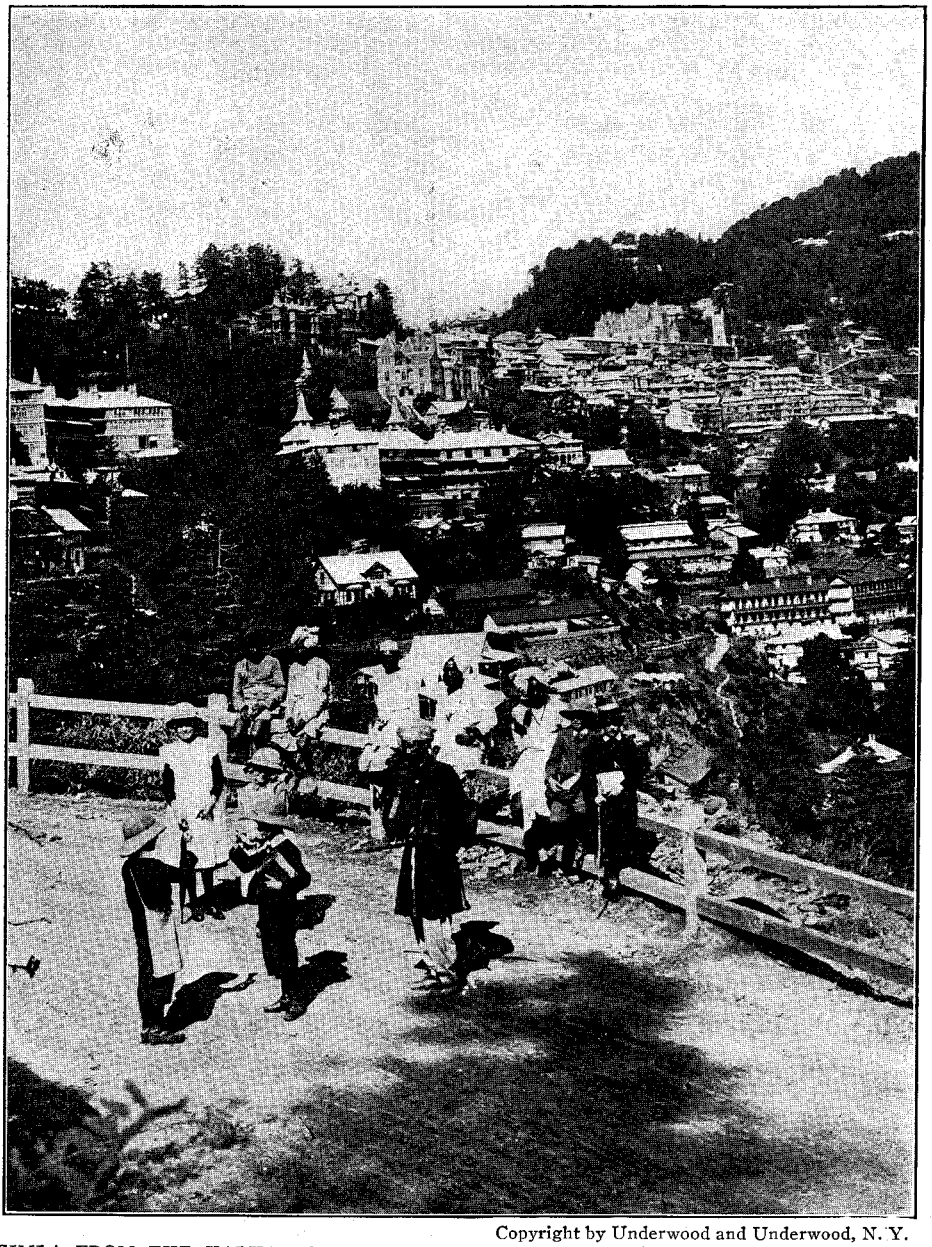
on her breast, and her tremulous voice pleading, "Jack, Jack, darling! It's some hideous mistake, I'm sure. *Please* forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again!" Peliti's Hotel is here and it was into Peliti's café that Pansay



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SIMLA FROM THE KALKA ROAD. OF THIS CITY OF THE HILLS THE KIPLING OF OTHER DAYS SAID, IN THE BEGINNING OF "THE EDUCATION OF OTIS YEERE," A TALE INVOLVING MRS. HAUKSBEE AND HER COMPLEX PHILOSOPHY: "HERE BEGINS THE STORY WHERE EVERY RIGHT-MINDED STORY SHOULD BEGIN, THAT IS TO SAY, AT SIMLA, WHERE ALL THINGS BEGIN AND MANY COME TO AN EVIL END."

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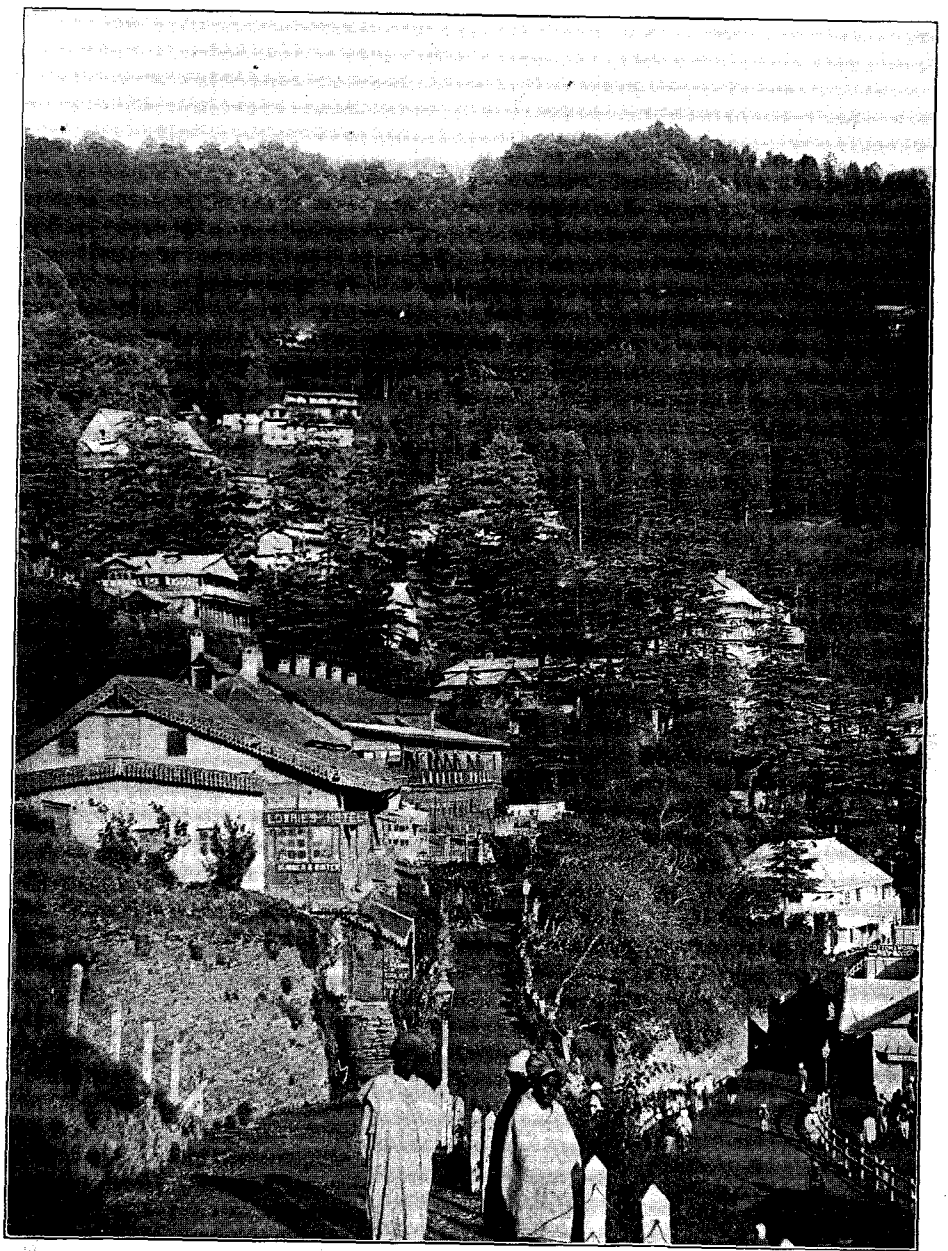

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SIMLA. THE HILLSIDE. HERE ARE THE COTTAGES OF THE ANGLO-INDIANS WHO ARE ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM THE HEAT AND DUST STORMS OF THE INDIAN DESERT. HERE WAS THE HOUSE OF MRS. HAUKSBEE, THE "STORMY PETREL," WHICH SHE SHARED FOR A TIME WITH MRS. MALLOWE. HERE, ON THREE-FOURTHS JACK BARRETT'S MONTHLY SCREW, REMAINED MRS. BARRETT, TO *CONSOLE THE OTHER MAN, AND TO MOURN HER HUSBAND'S* SUBSEQUENT DEATH AT QUETTA "FIVE LIVELY MONTHS AT MOST." HERE, TOO, IN THE PREHISTORIC DAYS, WAS THE *LITTLE HOUSE* OF DELILAH ABERYSWITH, "A LADY—NOT TOO YOUNG—WITH A PERFECT TASTE IN DRESSES, AND A BADLY BITTED TONGUE." ABOVE AND BEYOND ARE THE "WOODED HEIGHTS OF SIMLA" OF "THE MASQUE OF PLENTY."

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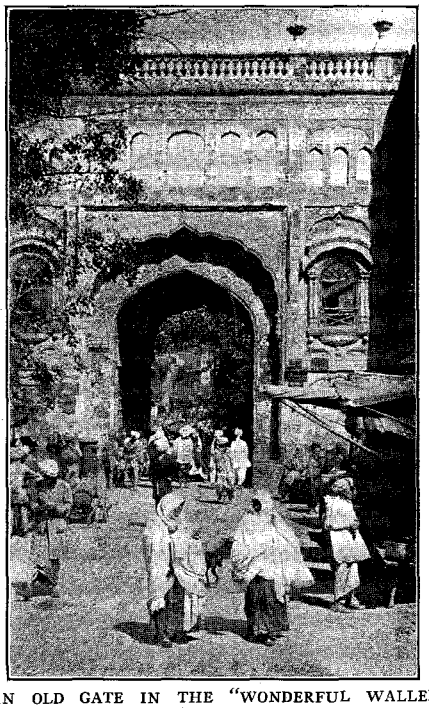
LAHORE. THE BAZAAR WHERE KIM, BY REASON OF HIS IRISH BLANDISHMENTS, AND HIS ROUT OF THE BRAHMINEE BULL, WON FROM THE LOW-CASTE VEGETABLE SELLER A WARM MEAL FOR HIMSELF AND HIS LAMA

rushed, half-fainting, to get the cherry brandy which should dispel the terrible illusion. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hauksbee and Mr. Bremmil of "Three and—an Extra" tiffined at Peliti's under the shocked gaze of the Simla public, while Mrs. Bremmil stayed at home turning over her dead baby's frocks and crying into the empty cradle. Just above is Hamilton's shop where Jack Pansay bought the engagement ring for Kitty Mannering. Now we are on the Mall, where Pansay used to walk beside the Phantom 'Rickshaw, deep in conversation with his "ghostly Light-o'-Love," "to the unspeakable amazement of the passersby." Mrs. Schreiderling, mourning vainly for her dead love, "The Other Man," "used to trot up and down the Mall on that shocking bad saddle looking as if she expected to meet some one round the corner every minute." On the Mall, "Wressley of the Foreign Office" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), "the known, honoured, and trusted man among men," lost his heart to Tillie Venner, "a frivolous, golden-haired girl who used to tear about Simla Mall on a high, rough Waler, with a blue velvet jockey-cap crammed over her eyes,"—the girl with a pretty lisp, the girl who did not understand.

The miraculous shop of Lurgan Sahib, Kim's mysterious friend, is on the Mall, with its collection of horrid and grotesque devil-dance masks and draperies, quaint ornaments, and Oriental weapons of war. Near the upper part of the Mall is the English church where Minnie Threegan, "Little Featherweight" (*The Story of the Gadsbys*), "not afraid with any amazement," was married to Captain Gadsby.

At the end of the Mall is the Post-office, where the Tertiam Quid ("At



AN OLD GATE IN THE "WONDERFUL WALLED CITY OF LAHORE," THROUGH WHICH KIM AND THE LAMA PASSED ON THEIR SEARCH FOR THE RIVER OF THE ARROW AND THE RED BULL ON A GREEN FIELD—"KIM"

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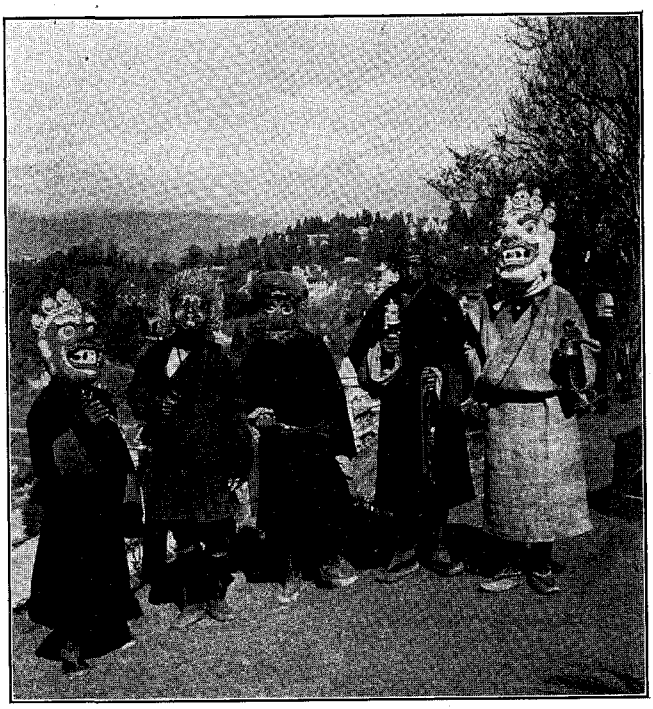
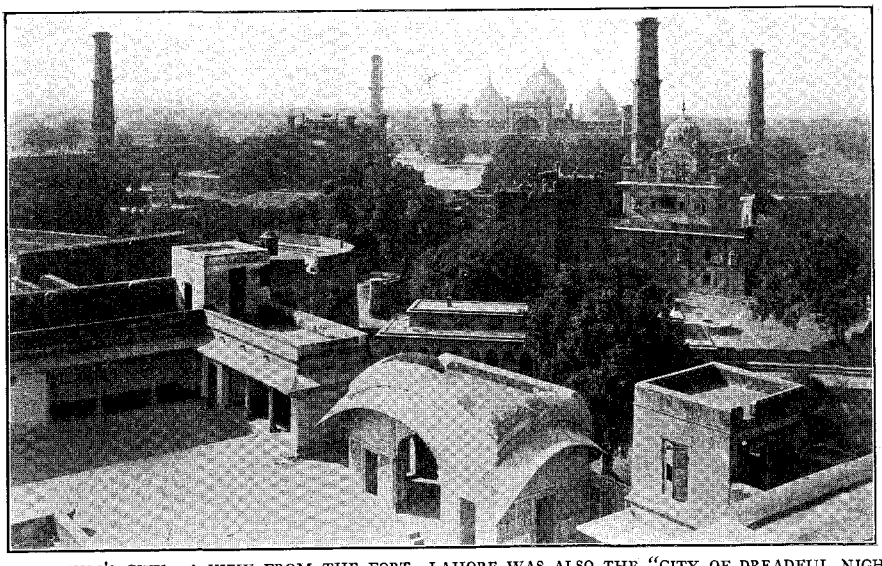


"TIBETAN DEVIL-DANCE MASKS . . . HORNED MASKS, SCOWLING MASKS, AND MASKS OF IDIOTIC TERROR"—"KIM"



LAHORE, KIM'S CITY. A VIEW FROM THE FORT. LAHORE WAS ALSO THE "CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

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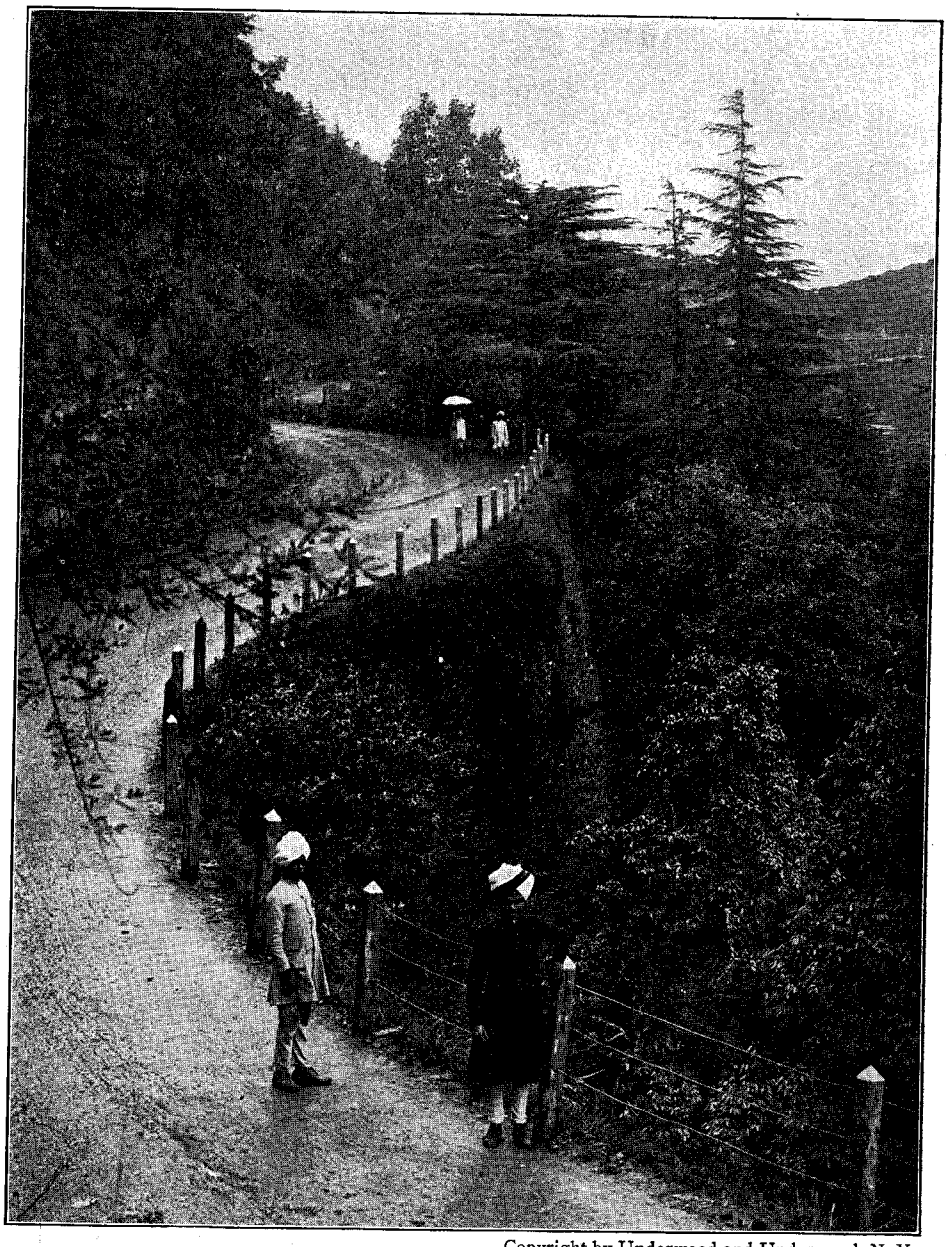

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JAKKO HILL. "DEODAR CROWNED JAKKO," THE HIGHEST OF THE SIMLA HILLS.

PRINCESS, BEHOLD OUR ANCIENT STATE
HAS CLEAN DEPARTED, AND WE SEE
'TWAS IDLENESS WE TOOK FOR FATE
THAT BOUND LIGHT BONDS ON YOU AND ME.
AMEN! HERE ENDS THE COMEDY
WHERE IT BEGAN IN ALL GOOD WILL;
SINCE LOVE AND LEAVE TOGETHER FLEE
AS DRIVEN MIST ON JAKKO HILL!

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.

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the Pit's Mouth") and the Man's Wife —"deadlily learned and evil-instructed" —used to mail a daily letter to the Man, "then stewing in the Plains on two hundred rupees a month (for he allowed his wife eight hundred and fifty), and in a silk banian and cotton trousers." Here on the Mall, Strickland, disguised as "Miss Youghal's Sais" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), begged his friend for a box of cheroots. This was our old friend Strickland of the Police, whom people did not understand and could not appreciate, who was "feared and respected by the natives from the Ghor Kathri to the Jamma Musjid," "a quiet, dark young fellow—spare, black-eyed—and, when he was not thinking of something else, a very interesting companion." Simla Club stands on a terrace just above the Mall. It was there that Strickland, after his scene with the General, rushed into the Club in the clothes of Miss Youghal's sais and galloped off again with half the Club's wardrobe on his back, to the house of "old Youghal" and happiness. The Colonel and Platte, the Subaltern, dressing in a hurry, exchanged the "Watches of the Night" at the Simla Club, whereby arose a complication of circumstances which gave Mrs. Larkyn, righteously indignant with the Colonel's wife, a chance to avenge the wrongs of her friends. At the Club you again meet Jack Pansay of *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*. Here, after the doctor's explanation of "fits," Pansay recognised the fact that for the rest of his natural life he would be among but not of his fellows.

"The Foundry," the cottage of Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe, also overlooks the Mall. From the veranda of "The Foundry" Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe looked down on the world of Simla and gossiped concerning "The Education of Otis Yeere;" and there, when the "education" was complete, Mrs. Hauksbee wept out her chagrin and disappointment into the sympathetic ears of Mrs. Mallowe.

In "A Second-rate Woman" (*Under the Deodars*), the story that gives us better than any other the noble, womanly side of Mrs. Hauksbee's nature in her patient nursing of little Dora—"The Foundry" figures again as the scene of little Dora's peril. With the child choking to death and her mother and Mrs. Hauksbee helpless with fright, the "Dowd" stepped in, administered the saving medicine with a cool head and steady hand, and received the remorseful embraces of Mrs. Bent and Mrs. Hauksbee. Over the teacups at "The Foundry," Mrs. Hauksbee, who saved young Peythroppe of "Kidnapped" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) from marriage with the "impossible" Miss Castries, again came to the rescue of a misguided youth, when she snatched Pluffles from the vampire hold of Mrs. Reiver, the woman about whom there was "nothing good unless it was her dress,"—the same Mrs. Reiver, by the way, who figures in the story "In Error" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), as the unconscious saviour of Moriarty.

III

Leaving the Mall, you come to Jakko Hill, guarding the town on the east. It was near Jakko, just below the Town Hall, that Kim met the Hindu boy sent to guide him to the house of Lurgan Sahib:

> Together they set off through the mysterious dusk, full of the noises of a city below the hillside, and the breath of a cool wind in deodar-crowned Jakko, shouldering the stars. The house-lights scattered on every level made, as it were, a double firmament. Some were fixed, others belonged to the 'rickshaws of careless, open-spoken English folk, going out to dinner.

All Simla rides round Jakko Hill. "L'Envoi" in "A Ballade of Jakko Hill" breathes of the spirit of social life at Simla as Kipling saw it:

> Woman, behold our ancient state
> Has clean departed; and we see
> 'Twas Idleness we took for Fate
> That bound light bonds on you and me.

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Amen! Here ends the comedy
Where it began in all good will,
Since Love and Leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

A favourite place for the appearance of the "Phantom 'Rickshaw" was the Jakko Road. Jack Pansay and Kitty Mannering were riding together round Jakko when, after Pansay's well-grounded hope of relief from "the Horror," he saw again the Phantom 'Rickshaw; dragged Kitty by the wrist up to where the Phantom stood; revealed, in the insanity of his terror, the whole story of his relations with Mrs. Wessington; and received Kitty's dismissal in the lash of her riding-whip across his face. It was on the Jakko Road, too, that Pansay begged the ghost of Agnes Wessington to explain the meaning of her endless persecution of him, and there he had his answer and walked by her side as he might have walked "by the side of any living woman's 'rickshaw, deep in conversation."

On the Jakko Road, you again meet with Mrs. Hauksbee. It was while her 'rickshaw loitered round Jakko that Mrs. Hauksbee in "The Education of Otis Yeere," preached to Otis Yeere the Great Gospel of Conceit. Mrs. Hauksbee was riding round Jakko with the Hawley Boy when she met the "Dancing Master" and the "Dowd," whose unkempt appearance inspired Mrs. Hauksbee, when next she saw her bosom friend, Mrs. Mallowe, to a vast amount of scornful wit. The Jakko Road also knew well the "Man's Wife" and the "Tertiam Quid" ("At the Pit's Mouth"); and Jakko Road overlooks the little English cemetery where the "Tertiam Quid" gazed down into the grave which was so soon to become his own, "nasty and cold—horribly cold." This Cemetery is the "cool rest-house down the glen," of "Possibilities,"

His place forgets him; other men
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
His fortune is the Great Perhaps
And that cool rest-house down the glen,
Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
Our mundane revel on the height,
Shall watch each flashing *'rickshaw*-light
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

The Cemetery figures again in "An Old Song," as "those grim glades below."

Where heedless of the flying hoof
And clamour overhead,
Sleep, with the grey-langur for guard
Our very scornful Dead.

Away off beyond Jakko, the snow-crowned Himalayas tell us of *Kim*. "Far and far in the hills," Kim and his mild old lama and Hurree Babu adventured, the lama always longing for higher and yet higher hills. "Oh, the hills, and the snow upon the hills!" was his yearning cry while the plainsmen tried in vain to keep pace with him as "with steady, driving strokes from the loins, he strode upwards."

On your way about Simla, you must not forget Benmore, once a ball-room, now a Government office, and loved by all long-time residents of Simla for old sake's sake. "The Lover's Litany" is a witness to this affection:

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-bye,"
Glamour, wine, and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity,
"Love like ours can never die!"

"The Plea of the Simla Dancers" expresses their plaintive indignation when Benmore was changed from a ball-room into a Government office:

Too late, alas! the song
To remedy the wrong;—
The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for their fate
But these tear-besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages
That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas! too late!

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And, regarding the dead comrade in "Possibilities," we read,

> Benmore shall woo him to the ball
> With lighted rooms and braying band;
> And he shall hear and understand
> "Dream Faces" better than us all.

Miss Hollis of the quiet grey eyes, suddenly released from the spell of "The Bisara of Pooree" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), learned at Benmore her terrible mistake and withdrew from her engagement to Pack. Benmore was still a ballroom when Strickland ("Miss Youghal's Sais") used to wait outside for Miss Youghal:

> Strickland's account of the agony he endured on wet nights, hearing the music and seeing the lights in "Benmore," with his toes tingling for a waltz and his head in a horse-blanket, is rather amusing.

On the road leading round Elysium Hill, Heatherlegh, "Simla's best and kindest doctor," first met Jack Pansay, who was talking to the invisible occupant of the Phantom 'Rickshaw, and down below the Ridge on which the English church stands, on the Blessington Lower Road, Agnes saved the lives of Pansay and the Doctor.

Climbing steeply downward below Jakko, you come to the Lower Bazaar, the Simla home of Mahbub Ali (*Kim*),

> the crowded rabbit-warren that climbs up from the valley to the Town Hall at an angle of forty-five. A man who knows his way there can defy all the police of India's summer capital, so cunningly does veranda communicate with veranda, alley-way with alley-way, and bolt-hole with bolt-hole. Here live those who minister to the wants of the city—jhampanis who pull the pretty ladies' 'rickshaws by night and gamble till the dawn, grocers, oil-sellers, curio-venders, fire-wood dealers, priests, pickpockets, and native employees of the Government; here are discussed by courtesans all the things which are supposed to be profoundest secrets of the India Council; and here gather all the sub-sub-agents of half the native States.

IV

Leaving Simla, and making your way down to the Plains, you again meet with memories of Kim at Lucknow, where Kim went "up to the Gates of Learning." Lucknow is the scene of the famous siege in the Mutiny, of which the ruined Residency, battered and torn, with the "banner of England" always flying from "the topmost roof," is a pathetic monument. The city, once the capital of Oude, is comparatively modern, with wide, beautiful parks scattered here and there and great buildings, richly ornamented—a city of kings, all green and white and gold. In the old days, the gates of the public parks were set with jewels, and one of the streets was paved with silver. The Great Imambara, in which stood the silver throne, bears witness to the magnificence of the Kings of Oude. The Great Imambara, built for a shrine in which to celebrate the Mahorum, the famous Mohammedan New Year's festival, is a most imposing structure, with vast halls of tesselated marble surrounding an open court. Another building, specially noticeable, is the Chutter Munzil, once the king's harem, now used as a Club House and Public Library, whose great domes look like golden umbrellas.

The native bazaars of Lucknow are thoroughly old-world and Oriental. The hot, narrow streets reek with the indescribable odour of native India, an oppressive but not altogether disagreeable combination of cheap tobacco, rancid butter, garlic, onions, currie powder, and cocoanut oil with roses, jasmine, spices, and musk. The shop-keepers lounge lazily amid their wares piled up on the floor of their little box-like stalls, and the gaunt pariah dogs sniff here and there in their occupation of city scavengers. A drive through Lucknow, seeing what Kim saw from his ticca-gharri, and we heartily endorse Kim's words, "a fair city—a beautiful city!"

> There is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish

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style than Lucknow, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or the top of the Imambara, looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil, and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the centre of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury, and shares with Delhi the claim to talk the only pure Urdu.

Travelling northward, still in the footsteps of Kim, you must stop at Lahore, for Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, was Kim's home and is also the "City of Dreadful Night." This old walled city with its thirteen massive gates has been of great importance since the early days of Hinduism and flourished magnificently during the reign of the Grand Moghuls. It is now the centre of art and learning of the Punjaub; the Punjaub University is there and the Central Museum and School of Art. Among the modern residences and public buildings, and the clanging tramcars of present-day civilisation, you find the ruins of ancient palaces and Hindu temples built before the Christian era; and splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture dating from the time of Akbar and of Jehangir. One of these buildings, now used as a church, was the tomb of Anarkali, a beautiful slave girl, who was buried alive by the emperor Akbar on the slight suspicion that she had been unfaithful to him with his son Jehangir, who afterward erected the tomb. Zam-Zammeh, the great gun which stands near the Art Museum, is one of the most interesting relics of those days of Mohammedan conquest, four hundred years ago. Lahore is a military command and the railroad station is built so that it may be used as a fort if need be.

Our first glimpse of Kim is playing king-of-the-castle atop of the gun Zam-Zammeh, that "fire-breathing dragon," the great green-bronze piece "which is always first of the conqueror's loot." Here he meets the lama, and here begins their pilgrimage. Close by, in the Art Museum, the lama and the curator of the museum, the original of whom is supposed to be Mr. Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father, discussed the wonders and beauties of the Buddhist religion, and Kim lay with his ear to the door to learn the mission of the lama. Near the outskirts of the city is the Mosque of Wazir Khan from whose tall minar the restless observer gazed out over Lahore City on a stifling August night.

Doré might have drawn it! Zola could describe it—this spectacle of sleeping thousands in the moonlight and in the shadow of the Moon. The roof-tops are crammed with men, women, and children; and the air is full of undistinguishable noises. They are restless in the City of Dreadful Night; and small wonder. The marvel is that they can even breathe. If you gaze intently at the multitude, you can see that they are almost as uneasy as a daylight crowd; but the tumult is subdued. Everywhere, in the strong light, you can watch the sleepers turning to and fro; shifting their beds and again resettling them. In the pit-like courtyards of the houses there is the same movement.

The pitiless Moon shows it all.

The bazaars of Lahore are much like those of Lucknow. It was in the Motee Bazaar that the good-natured, low-caste vegetable seller gave Kim his first meal for the lama. Far out near the railway station is the Kashmir Serai, the scene of Kim's first move in the Great Game, when Mahbub Ali bade him carry to Umballa "the pedigree of the white stallion." The Kashmir Serai is a

huge, open square over against the railway station, surrounded with arched cloisters where the camel and horse caravans put up on their return from Central Asia. Here were all manner of Northern folk, tending tethered ponies and kneeling camels; loading and unloading bales and bundles; drawing water for the evening meal at the creaking well windlasses; piling grass before the

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shrieking, wild-eyed stallions; cuffing the surly caravan dogs; paying off camel drivers; taking on new grooms; swearing, shouting, arguing, and chaffering in the packed square. The cloisters, reached by three or four masonry steps, made a haven of refuge around this turbulent sea. Most of them were rented to traders, as we rent the arches of a viaduct; the space between pillar and pillar being bricked or boarded off into rooms, which were guarded by heavy wooden doors and cumbrous native padlocks.

If, like Kim and the lama, you take a night train from Lahore, you come to "the fort-like railway station, black in the end of night," and see what Kim and the lama saw, "the electrics sizzling over the goodsyard where day and night they handle the heavy northern traffic," and the

> gigantic stone hall paved, it seemed, with the sheeted dead—third-class passengers who had taken their tickets overnight and were sleeping in the waiting-rooms. All hours of the twenty-four are alike to Orientals, and their passenger traffic is regulated accordingly.

then, when the train roars in, the sleepers springing to life,

> and the station filled with clamour and shoutings, cries of water and sweetmeat venders, shouts of native policemen, and shrill yells of women gathering up their baskets, their families, and their husbands.

* * *

Part II of Dr. Munson's series on Kipling's "India" will deal with the Borderland and the Desert. It will go over the roads travelled by the Man who Would be King, and his Companion, tell of the plain where Wee Willie Winkie rode to the rescue; of the battleground where the little drummer boys, Lew and Jakin, died while playing "The British Grenadiers," and where, inspired by their heroic death, the regiment came back to the charge to find that an Afghan attacked is far less dangerous than an Afghan attacking. It will tell also of the country of "The Strange Ride of Morrowbee Jukes," and of the scenes of "The Naulahka."

THE AMERICAN NOVEL IN GERMANY

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

For some years past we have been concerning ourselves eagerly, and with a certain amount of sensitiveness, with the reception given by the English public to our American literary endeavours, be it as novel or as play. It might prove interesting to go still further afield, and ask how our national literature fares at the bar of public opinion in countries where we have to overcome not only a difference in gods, but the greater obstacle of an alien tongue. When we present our wares to the criticism of another nation in the disguise of a translation, then comes the test of how much bears the universal appeal of true art, and of how much is sufficiently national to be instructive and enlightening, to bridge the gulfs of racial misunderstanding. By such a test we sieve out the residue of what, at home, appeals only to the fad of the moment and means nothing else. Therefore, the question as to how our American "best sellers" of this and yesteryear fare in Germany might prove not only interesting but instructive as well.

There are several points of view from which the investigation must be made. We must find out how the books which

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are favourites with American readers have met the approval of the German public when presented to them in the original English; and in what measure they have been best sellers when published in the German translation. Were we dealing with foreign books in America the first proposition would be a negligible quantity. For the English-speaking portion of our population read but few books in any foreign tongue. In Germany, however, the situation is a different one. With the oftentimes pedantic, but as a rule very useful, thoroughness for which that nation is famed, the Germans realise that the fiction of any language presents the most valuable method of learning it, at least for everyday use. They are active readers of fiction in the original English and also quite active buyers of it. They do not import foreign publications, particularly not American books of fiction, to any great extent. Our publishers have so little export trade to Germany that it hardly counts in the sum of their production. The German English-reading public is served mainly through the medium of the Tauchnitz edition, and the records of that enterprising firm furnish a reliable guide as to popular taste in Germany when it calls for fiction written in English.

That we Americans are comparative newcomers in the field is shown by the fact that four hundred and twenty-two English novelists are recorded on the Tauchnitz lists to sixty-seven Americans. But it is characteristic of a coming change that the proportion of American books is larger in the newest catalogues. In the Tauchnitz list—as well as in the lists of translations with which we shall have to do later—Bret Harte reigns supreme. "When in doubt play Bret Harte, with Mark Twain as second choice" would be the advice of one who knows the field to a publisher desiring to issue works of American fiction in Germany, either in the original or in a translation. Bret Harte and Mark Twain, with the Californian somewhat in the lead, are still "best sellers" in Germany to-day in any form. Tauchnitz reflects this in a list of forty volumes from the pen of Bret Harte, some of them having gone through several editions.

Next comes Mark Twain with twenty-five volumes, taking in the very latest books, including the "Essays" on Christian Science, and on Shakespeare. American humour of to-day and to-morrow is slow in making its way into Germany, but Mark Twain is always popular. There is no doubt that Mr. Clemens's residence of a season or two in Berlin, some fifteen or twenty years back, stimulated renewed interest in his books. His white hair and genial manner made him a conspicuous and favourite personality in literary and social circles. He became so much of a privileged character that he could say whatever he wished to about the German language without offending his many friends to whom that tongue is native. While there is little difference in popularity among the various works of Bret Harte, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* outdistance all the other Twain books as general favourites.

Louisa Alcott and Thomas Bailey Aldrich hold their own well, *Little Women* and *Marjorie Daw* being good sellers in the Tauchnitz edition. Marion Crawford and W. D. Howells have scored a success of esteem with the few works by which they are represented. But the experiment of introducing Mr. Howells in the original English to the German public has evidently not warranted any continuance of it since 1905. Ambrose Bierce is represented by one volume only, but Henry James has received more generous treatment. Gertrude Atherton leads among American women writers, as the Tauchnitz edition has published eighteen of her books. But no one of them has had the widespread popularity attained by *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The only serious rival to Mrs. Burnett's book has appeared in the last year or so in the person of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Kate Douglas Wiggin's charming heroine is rapidly winning the hearts of German readers

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both in the original English and in the translation.

Lafcadio Hearn has won serious attention and a fair measure of popular favour as well in Germany. Richard Harding Davis scores with *Gallagher,* both in the Tauchnitz sales and in German translations. The Williamsons are a new acquaintance for Tauchnitz readers. *My Friend the Chauffeur* appears to be the favourite. The late Frank Norris is represented by *The Octopus* and *The Pit,* while Jack London, much discussed, praised or reviled, appears with most of his later works in Tauchnitz. Another writer of yesterday, Richard Henry Savage, made for himself a good position in German favour and has a record of sixteen volumes in Tauchnitz. Edith Wharton is represented only by the *House of Mirth* and *The Fruit of the Tree,* and has not as yet been translated into German.

The popularity of a book in the Tauchnitz edition has a strong influence on its possible appearance, and also on its success, in a translation. When we come to consider the popularity, or lack of it, won by the German versions of American novels, we find some amusing contradictions. But they are contradictions under which German authors have to suffer also. There is a distinct and apparently unbridgeable gulf between what is considered "literature" in Germany and what is merely popular fiction. The line has not been drawn so definitely here and often a work of the latter class, through its great popularity, will command the attention of the literary critic. But the German species of the Genus critic is inexorable. The same literary journals which come out strong in praise of our classics, which give full meed of praise to Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe—which even to-day will print columns of serious discussion concerning Thoreau's *Walden*—these same journals turn with cold scorn from our newer writers. Until a few years ago American literature, in its modern form, began and ended with Bret Harte and Mark Twain as far as they were concerned. A short decade ago the writer of this article made a timid attempt to awaken some interest in the Berlin press and public for some of our newer writers. The attempt took the form of newspaper articles on Frank Norris, Gertrude Atherton and Hamlin Garland, just to mention a few. A translation by the writer of one of Mr. Garland's Middle West stories was published in a leading daily, and a native translator of ability, Mrs. Lise Landau, wife of the editor of the *Börsen-Courier,* was inspired to make a German version of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North.* But the effort was exerted several years too early. It would be much easier to do the same thing now. German literary criticism is slowly awakening to the fact that a number of newer American writers have already become popular with German readers in translation as well as in the original. The greater part of them have made their way through the medium of the various "Collections," published by a number of firms. These low-priced, paper-covered books, be they modern fiction or classics, are far and away the heaviest sellers in Germany. The little pink books of the "Reclam Universal Library" are known all over the world and their catalogue is a good list of the best modern and classical literature of all countries. The Kürschner and Hendel collections are a trifle more expensive and somewhat larger in form, but still come under the head of popular low-price editions. The Engelhorn Library makes a specialty of modern fiction. The American "best seller" works of fiction are sold to such a large extent through the medium of these Libraries that the few books published separately by other firms cannot compare in numbers or results with them. But there are a number of American writers who have proved sufficiently popular in Germany to induce publishers to issue some of their works in a more expensive form.

Chief among these, as well as in the popular Libraries, we find again Bret Harte. Thirteen of his works have been

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translated into German and some of them are in each of the collections, notably the *Argonauts* and several volumes of short stories. For, incidentally, it may be remarked that German readers like volumes of short stories and the German publishers are not afraid to issue them. There are seven or eight of the Bret Harte books published in more expensive editions, and even the Engelhorn Library, purporting to deal only in the very newest fiction, has published six or seven volumes of Bret Harte. Mark Twain, represented mainly by *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer,* can be found in the Reclam, Kürschner and Hendel collections, although the Engelhorn library omits them. But Mark Twain is as well represented as Bret Harte in higher priced volumes by leading publishers. *My Official Wife,* by Richard Henry Savage, made a striking hit some years ago and still sells well in the cheaper editions.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, under his German name of *Der kleine Lord*, succeeded in various styles of publication and is still a standby in the cheaper editions, being in great demand as a Christmas gift book. For the latter purpose, however, as well as in general popularity, *Rebekka vom Sonnenbachhof* (which is *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* in her German dress) is running *Little Lord Fauntleroy* a close second, is in fact leading in the list of sales for the last year. The German public has taken these two classics of childhood to its heart with equal affection. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ben Hur* still find favour in the cheaper editions, in form for use in schools, and as Christmas gift books at a low price. The Lew Wallace book has been gaining recently on its older rival. *Gallagher* has been well liked in its German garb, and of books of a more recent date we find *My Friend the Chauffeur,* by the Williamsons, and *In the Bishop's Carriage,* by Miriam Nicholson, praised and recommended. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, Anne Warner, and J. L. Vance are represented with one work each in translation in the Engelhorn Library. This same collection in its latest announcements promises more of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's books and also a German version of *Dawn O'Hara* by Edna Ferber. Lafcadio Hearn has been translated, and the seven or eight of his works which have appeared in the German version have received much attention. Marion Crawford is represented largely by *The Primadonna,* and there is no trace of any translation of a Gertrude Atherton book except the abovementioned *Senator North.* Edith Wharton is as yet unknown to that portion of the German public which does not read English, and O. Henry is an undiscovered country. But Jack London is being much discussed just at present. The interest taken in his work by the well-known German novelist, essayist, lecturer—(and ever so many more things)—Ernst von Wolzogen, has aroused public attention. Tauchnitz has published all the later works, and three volumes, *The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf,* and *Sons of the Wolf,* have appeared in German translations. Opinions are divided, but *The Call of the Wild* (*Wenn die Natur Ruft* is its German title) seems to find favour apart from the discussion concerning Mr. London's latest books. The late Friedrich Spielhagen, called the Father of the modern German novel, was much interested in newer American fiction. He contributed something to its popularity by his own charming translation (under the title of *Daphne*) of Julien Gordon's *A Diplomat's Diary.*

There is one form of literary endeavour which figures very largely in the lists of German publishers, both in higher priced and cheaper editions, to which America has as yet contributed very little, although there are signs that the turn of the tide has come. This is the printed play. Germany reads plays—yes, really!—reads them with eagerness and buys the books almost as much as it buys novels. When American publishers and American writers begin to trust the American public in this respect, they may begin to figure as largely in the lists

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of published dramatic works as they do now in the lists of novels. At present the Reclam Library, the largest collection of printed plays in low-priced books, has just three American works on its list. *Two Men of Sandy Bar,* by Bret Harte; *Miss Hobbs* and *The Stranger,* by Jerome K. Jerome, are the lone sentinels. Which reminds us that we have not mentioned the fact that Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* is a large seller in Germany both in the English and German version. The general reading public in Germany seems to be as little influenced by the dictum of the literary critic as it is anywhere else. But credit is due to the work of several German journalists living in America who, for a number of years now, have been writing sympathetic criticisms of newer American literature to German magazines and newspapers and have helped much to bring about a better understanding of what we are doing here. The late Udo Brachvogel, and Mrs. Amelia von Ende have done much in this respect. There has always been, however, a respectful and serious consideration given to non-fiction literature in Germany, from whatever nation it may come. Some of our own good sellers have been much read there. As this article is pledged to deal largely with works of fiction there will be no lingering on the other kind. Just to mention one case, however, it is perhaps somewhat characteristic of two of our Presidents, that, both in the English original and in German translation, Theodore Roosevelt is represented by *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter,* but Woodrow Wilson is best known through his book, *The New Freedom.*

GLIMPSES OF THE MOTHER LODE

BY ROBERT FULTON

In the summer of nineteen hundred and twelve a mining venture led the writer into the heart of the Sierras where Bret Harte and Mark Twain made common ground so many years ago. There lies the Mother Lode, the scene of the greatest activity and excitement in the "days of '49," to-day unknown to the tourist and forgotten by the newspapers. The way lay across the hot valley of the San Joaquin and through the rolling foothills,

Green where the pines fade sullenly away.

A picturesque railroad swings across the plains and through the canyons, forking at "Jimtown" to reach Sonora on the south and Angels Camp on the north. Table Mountain was crossed just as evening fell and the descent to the Stanislaus began. The forest grew denser and soon twilight came, although the mountain tops were still in sunshine. At Melones there was a highland welcome, and after a night in the heart of the old mining region, morning came with its views of famous mining camps on every hand. It was not difficult to imagine the adventurous multitude that invaded these solitudes two generations ago, almost in a night changing the primeval wilderness into a scene of unparalleled industry and enterprise. They were a strange and motley crew, but they had blood and brains and grit. All the conditions were new, the home ties loosened, the conventionalities broken up. The scholar rubbed shoulders with the labourer and so near to nature were they that each took the other at his true value, regardless of antecedents.

Among the throng that visited the early camps there was, perhaps, no one who viewed the activities with keener eye than Bret Harte. In his story entitled "How I Went to the Mines," he gives a vivid account of his early experi-

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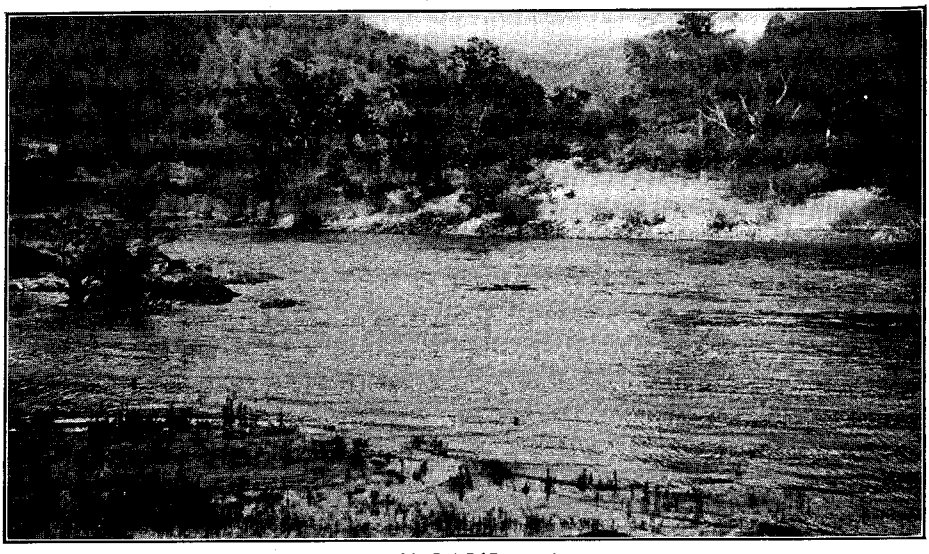

SANDY BAR, 1913

ences and in his introduction to his works he says:

> The faith, courage, vigour, youth and capacity for adventure necessary for this emigration produced a body of men as strongly distinctive as were the company of Jason.

And in his introduction to Volume II:

> I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has, perhaps, seen. The setting itself was heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic, snowcapped peaks against a sky of purest blue. Magnificent pine forests of trees which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged canyons, sharp declivities and magnificent distances. Amid rushing waters and wildwood freedom an army of strong men in red shirts and top boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth.

It is a mark of his genius that this homesick youth should have been able, in such a brief space of time and under such conditions, to absorb so much of the life of the times and of the spirit of the Argonauts. Certainly no man ever before stumbled upon an unworked mine so large and so rich. Calaveras had all the characteristics of pioneer times—plus. In the first place it had the richest ground in all the mountains and in the next it lay almost directly opposite the Golden Gate through which the tide of immigration surged. Men swarmed in from every corner of the globe, and they possessed all the adventurer's traits, good and bad. If any member of this red-shirted army had prophesied that in the ranks were those who, in after years, would sit in the seats of the mighty and others who would reach high social distinction, his words would have fallen lightly. Yet members of "The Society upon the Stanislaus" did become eminent as statesmen, as philanthropists and as men of wealth and power, as well as authors and poets.

The central point from which to contemplate the Mother Lode is the mining town of Melones, adjoining Robinson's Ferry, an ancient landmark, now replaced by a handsome concrete bridge across the Stanislaus. There, within a radius of a dozen miles, lie Sonora, Table Mountain, Jimtown, Roaring Camp, Sandy Bar, Columbia, Tuttletown, Angels Camp and other places made familiar in the writings of Twain

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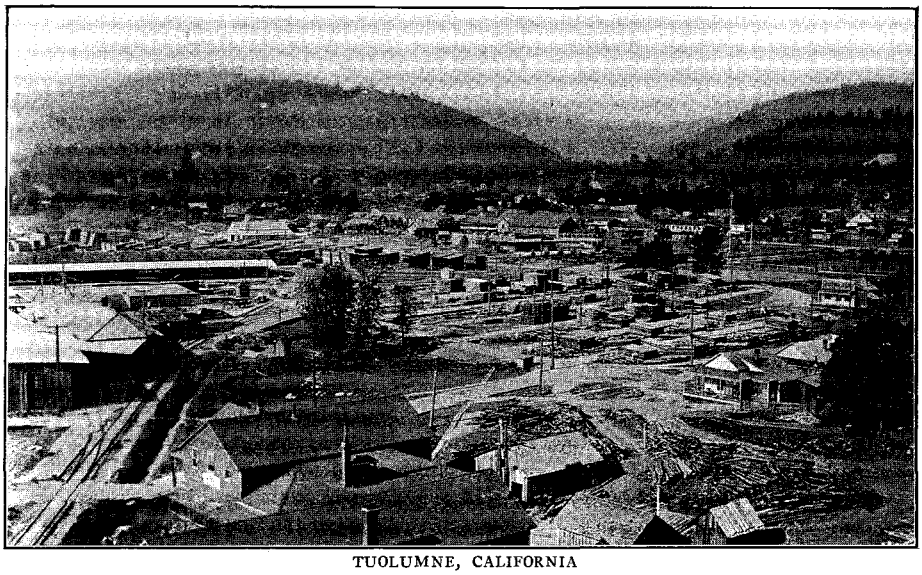

TUOLUMNE, CALIFORNIA

and Harte. The writer's errand was not so absorbing as to obscure liking for their books, and no devotee of Wordsworth ever toured the English Lakes with more zeal than he climbed up and down the hills where the two young men gathered so much rich material in the days of their apprenticeship. At that success was only partial. The most earnest efforts failed to find the little country school taught by Bret Harte. He may have disguised it as "Smith's Pocket," the home of M'liss and her father. Harte could hardly qualify as Mr. Twing, who gave up his duties in the circus in order to become assistant to the pretty teacher of the Pine Clearing school, where the Pike County boys were in mutiny, nor as Mr. Ford of Cressy's band of assorted lovers.

An old railroad folder advertised Coppertown, now Copperopolis, as the scene of his pedagogical labours. There is a tradition that he taught at Tuttletown and it is said that he clerked in a store, kept by an uncle. The old stone building still stands beside the village street adjoining the residence occupied by the man who built and owned the store as long as it was used for that purpose. Following this clue led to the discovery of the oldest inhabitant in the person of Mrs. Swerrer, the widow of the storekeeper who has lived since 1857 upon the premises. She insists that Bret Harte never taught school in Tuttletown, never clerked in the store and never spent an hour in that village. Steve Gillis, another pioneer, substantiates her statements. He thinks that Harte taught one summer in the northern part of Calaveras, somewhere above Angels and crossed the Stanislaus for the first time when he came to take the stage on leaving the mountains.

Another account is that Harte walked from the valley to Sonora and opened a school. It is easy to see how confusion might arise over the comings and goings of young men like these, in a strange country where their stay was short. Even in an old settled community it would be difficult to trace any certain newspaper writer or a school teacher with the wandering foot.

Harte's writings are no great aid. Much of their geography is obscure. Dow's Flat seems to be mythical, and the same is true of Red Gulch, Monte Flat and Madrona Hollow. Peppermint Creek tumbles down the eastern slope of Table Mountain, but the name

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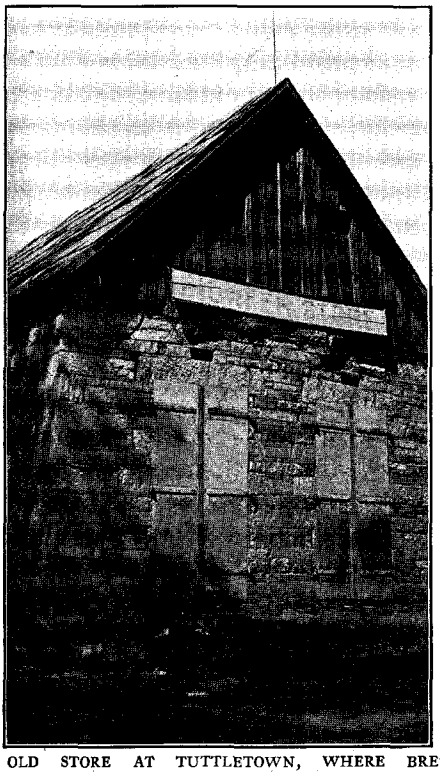
did not lend itself to literature, so it went into the discard along with Hog Mountain, Dogtown, Rawhide, Mormon Creek and Hell Hollow, all within hail. Roaring Camp stretched along the Stanislaus for a couple of miles above Robinson's Ferry, but has disappeared entirely. Poker Flat, where Harte sent the party that froze to death in the snow storm, lies among the orange groves ten miles below Robinson's Ferry and is now known as O'Byrne's Ferry. Bostwick Bar lies half way between the two. Simpson's Bar was over the ridge on the Tuolumne, Sandy Bar was on the Stanislaus three miles below Robinsons. Both have vanished. No road, no house, no sign of life appears. The bed of every stream was crowded with "Bars," many of them very rich in gold. As they were dug over or as floods drove by, they were swept away or torn to pieces. They had all sorts of names, which were frequently changed. Sandy Bar, for reasons which can be imagined, was known as "Deadman's Bar" after the night "When the Waters were up at Jule's," and others lost their titles upon slight occasion.



OLD STORE AT TUTTLETOWN, WHERE BRET HARTE DID NOT SELL GOODS

Columbia was at one time the third largest town in California, and was talked of for the State capitol. It was the centre of a very rich gold region with over twelve thousand inhabitants. It now has about three hundred, with marble quarries as its leading industry. In a pamphlet written by Henry Wood, a forty-niner, the author says,

> Columbia was the prettiest camp I have seen in the mountains. Groves of pine trees all around the place and at night camp fires scattered everywhere, the miners resting after the day's work (that is the steady portion) in groups of five or six, telling over their trials and hardships either coming around the Horn or across the plains, while in the business portion of the town the great excitement seemed to centre around the gambling tables. The large blue tent was the attraction and Chris Lillie, the prize fighter, could be seen dealing faro or monte with all the grace of a professional.

There was a Poverty Flat in Calaveras County, between Moquolumne Hill and San Andreas, and it was there no doubt that the Lily

> Went down the middle with the man that shot Sandy McGee.

Fiddletown, Fideletown in the revised version, is in Amador. Angels Camp is on the map with good mines right under the town, machine works, prosperous homes and the usual proportion of saloons. It was in one of the latter that Ben Coon gave Mark Twain the story of the Jumping Frog. It had been told before in State papers by Sam Seabough, but it attracted little attention until Mark sent it East. The Camp was next heard from when a human skull was found nicely imbedded in the gold-bearing gravel a hundred and forty feet beneath the surface. "The Calaveras

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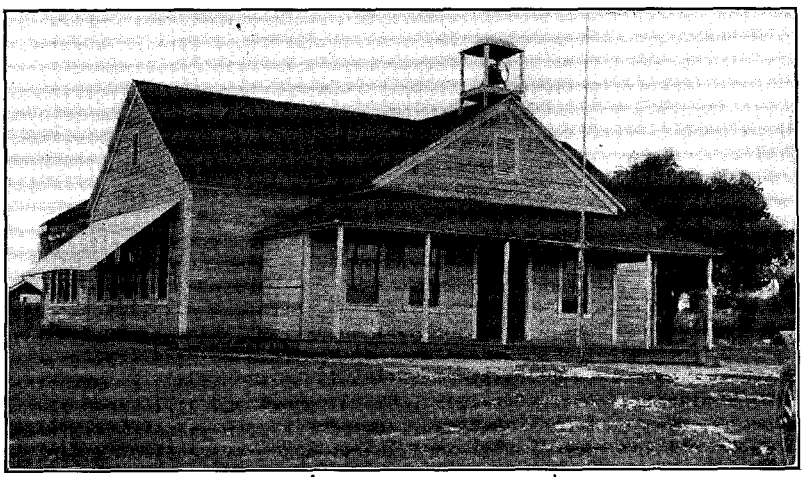

BRET HARTE'S HIGH SCHOOL AT ANGEL'S CAMP

Skull" proved a veritable bone of contention to the scientific schools. If it had been proven that it was deposited with the geologic drift all the established theories as to the age of man upon the earth would have been upset. The dispute waxed furious and learned men were sadly puzzled. Not so the poet, however. To him all was clear, and he closed his "Address to the Pliocene Skull" with these words spoken by the skull itself:

Which my name is Bowers and my crust
was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calayeras County;
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri.

Local gossip says the skull was planted to discredit Dr. J. D. Whitney, the State Geologist. It seems that he had made enemies by interfering with the plans of some resident financiers who were floating wild cat stocks. The skull was stolen from the office of Dr. Kelly, a physician of Angels, and carried to the spot where it was found by Ben Coon and a miner named Scribner. Dr. Whitney escaped the trap by classifying the gravel in which it lay, but not the skull. All students now agree that the Calaveras skull could not have belonged to a tertiary man and it never would have attracted much attention but for the fact that two immense teeth, half a foot across, had been found in the gravel on Texas Flat shortly before, thus connecting the gravel beds with prehistoric life, in the popular mind. The skull is now in the Peabody Museum.

Sonora is very real and entirely modern. It is the county seat of Tuolumne and has been famed from the first for its beauty of situation, handsome homes and shady streets. It was settled very early in the history of the State, almost entirely by Mexicans, who claimed that they dug gold there before Marshall went to Coloma to find it.

Table Mountain is a remarkable feature of the landscape, a thin ridge running south from Columbia for a dozen miles. It was thrown up, or rather thrown down, when the river system was entirely different from the present one. Its flat top is accounted for by the theory that a stream of molten lava flowed along the bed of an ancient river and as it cooled, the floods were turned aside and ages of storm and earthquake, wind and frost wore down the country on either side, leaving this big black mass five hundred feet high above the surrounding hills. The gravel in the old channel beneath has been mined out by means of tunnels, shafts and drifts, with rich returns.

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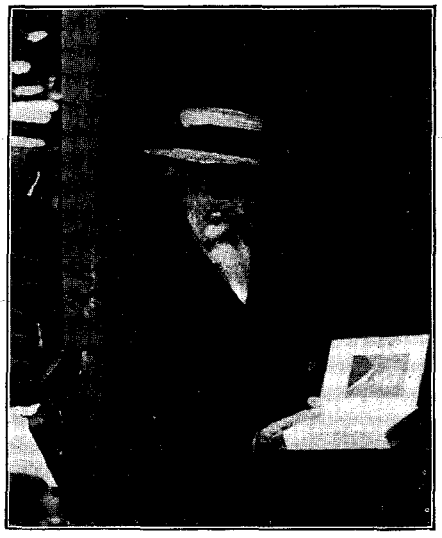

STEVE GILLIS, OF JACKASS HILL, IN 1912. PISTOL IN THE PICTURE IS ONE CARRIED BY MARK TWAIN IN THE MINES

To see that classic centre as it is today the writer made a trip to the top of Jackass Hill, upon the invitation of young Mr. Gillis, of the family that gave us William, the friend of Bret Harte, Steve, the friend of Mark Twain, and Truthful James, the friend of both. The Hill rises directly from the south bank of the Stanislaus on the Tuolumne County side, with Carson Hill opposite in Calaveras. Both are crossed by the Mother Lode and are peppered with gold mines, large and small.

> It was August the third
> And quite soft was the skies

and instead of climbing the slope on foot after the manner of the olden time, the journey was made up a graded road in a rubber-tired runabout behind a fine young thoroughbred raised on the range. The crest of the hill commands a fine view, ridge after ridge toward the valley and snowy fields on the East. A few groves of fine oaks and an occasional pine remain of once abundant forests. William Gillis was found on a well-tilled fruit ranche which he has dug out of the chapparal, and Steve a mile north of him giving all his attention to his pocket mine, which had broken into a rich deposit. They are a jolly pair. The writer knew them in Nevada, and while they are older now, the years sit lightly upon them and they did not take the visit seriously.

Both were in the old Virginia City crowd which boasted Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Joe Goodman, and Daggett. Steve was the youngest of all, but was the leader in most of their pranks. Among his other offences he pleads guilty to writing his share of the duets which he and Mark sang lustily, standing before a mirror swinging their arms and stamping their feet, when all the neighbours wanted to sleep. In the ensuing talk, Steve said, "I thought the world of Mark Twain and we were the best of friends, but I did not bring him luck. I was always mixed up with the wrong side when he had any trouble. I was his second in Virginia City when he challenged Laird, and though they did not fight we had to leave Nevada in a hurry to avoid the stringent laws against duelling adopted as a sequence to the Broderick-Terry duel. We reached San Francisco all right, but had not been there long when I butted into a bar-room fight on the weaker side. The bruisers were favourites with the police, so I was arrested. Mark put up a bond for my appearance, and I did not go to jail, but I jumped my bail and returned to Virginia City. Jim was in town and took Mark to Calaveras with him, and thus it happened that Mark found Jackass Hill. Then it was I who fixed up the job to rob Mark after his lecture at Gold Hill, Nevada. I supposed that one who joked as much as he did could take a joke, but when he found that the whole thing was a hoax he got very angry. He finally forgave the others, but swore he never would forgive me, and he discharged Dennis McCarthy, who had been his agent up to that time. A few years ago he sent me a complete set of his works as a token of forgiveness.

"Mark got many a tale during his four months' stay at our camp. Jim had

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MRS. CARRINGTON'S CABIN. SHOWN TO STRANGERS AS MARK TWAIN'S

a great talent for fiction and 'The Jaybird and the Acorn,' 'Dick Baker's Cat,' 'The Burning Shame,' and still others were his. Dick Stoker, who lived in the cabin with Mark and Jim, made his second appearance as 'Dick Baker' in *Roughing It,* and Ruef Williams, a neighbour, was 'Scotty,' who so ably managed 'Buck Fanshaw's Funeral.'"

Albert Bigelow Paine visited Steve in 1907 and took the following message to his old friend: "Tell Sam that I'm going to die pretty soon, but that I love him; that I've loved him all my life and I'll love him till I die. This is the last word I'll ever send to him." This deeply touching expression must have brought vividly to the minds of these two friends, now old and grey, days spent together in their young manhood and the changing times in which they lived so long. Fickle fortune enabled Steve to throw off his ailments and was alive and well in the month of May, of the year 1913, years after Mark Twain was borne to his grave.

The Gillis boys were born in Mississippi. James N., the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte's books, and "the Sage of Jackass Hill" to Mark Twain, reached San Francisco the day before Christmas, 1849. and lived among the mines until his death in Sonora in 1907. His education was above the average and his natural talents, literary taste and abundant sense of humour would have made him a name if he had devoted his life to letters. In his biography of Mark Twain, Albert Bigelow Paine says that one day, long after he left the mountains, "Mark fell to talking of Jim Gillis, dwelling particularly on his astonishing faculty for improvising romances in endless grotesque yarns, with no guide but his own fancy."

Jim was, in fact, the typical pioneer; free of speech, easy in manner and generous to a fault. His door was always open and when Bret Harte was passing by on his way to the Coast Jim invited him to spend the night. He was half sick and said he had no money, but Jim insisted and he stayed for several days. When he took his departure the big-hearted forty-niner pulled a twenty dollar gold piece out of his pocket and handed it to him saying, "Take this and pay it back when you can." In later years nothing angered Jim so much as to be dubbed "Truthful James." He insisted that J. W. E. Townsend, a roving newspaper man, who, by the way, deserves a chapter to himself, was the man Harte had in mind. Speaking of those happy weeks, Mark Twain, in *Roughing It,* says:

We lived in a small cabin on a verdant hillside, and there were not five other cabins

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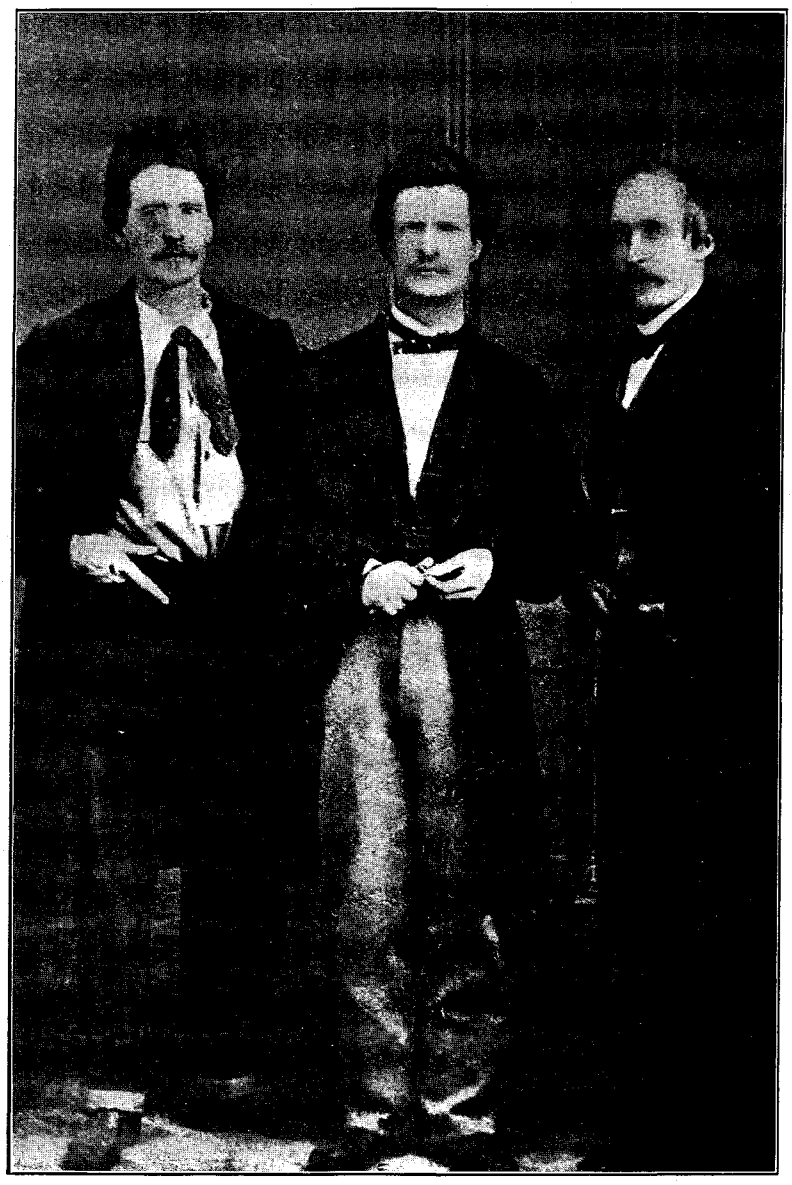
in view over the wide expanse of hill and forest. Yet a flourishing city of two or three thousand population had occupied this grassy solitude during the flush times, and where our cabin stood had once been the heart of the teeming hive, the centre of the city.

The cabin was of rough boards and battens set on end. It was broken down many winters ago, though it is still



A GROUP TAKEN IN 1864. MARK TWAIN IS IN THE CENTRE. ON THE LEFT IS A. J. SIMMONS, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, NEVADA LEGISLATURE. ON THE RIGHT, WILLIAM H. CLAGGETT, LATER UNITED STATES CONGRESSMAN FROM MONTANA

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J. W. MACKAY U. S. GRANT, JR. GENERAL GRANT GOV. J. H. KINKEAD
MRS. M. G. GILLETTE MRS. U. S. GRANT MRS. J. G. FAIR COL. J. G. FAIR
YANADA
GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY AFTER COMING OUT OF THE BONANZA MINES

sought after by relic hunters. Steve Gillis recently encountered one such with a scantling upon his shoulder which he insisted came from the old cabin and would not be convinced to the contrary, though it was in reality from Mrs. Carrington's ruined home. He closed the conversation with the remark, "Nobody will know the difference. I'll cut it up into toothpicks and sell them for two bits apiece."

Steve and William Gillis came to San Francisco in 1852, and when the mines were discovered in Nevada both went there to work at their trade as printers. For a long time William was foreman on the *Territorial Enterprise* job office. Steve was equally at home in the editorial room, the composing room or at the case. His long years on morning newspapers confirmed his habit of late rising, and to this day he writes or reads until two o'clock in the morning, when he goes to bed and no one sees him again before eleven.

Without any pretence at wisdom Mark Twain and Bret Harte put a great deal that is of permanent value into their books, and the discriminating reader may get from them as correct an idea of a country and its people, of its scenery and its history as he would from the study of much more pretentious literature. In his preface to *Roughing It* Mark said:

> Yes, take it all around there is quite a good deal of information in the book. I regret this very much, but really it could not be helped: information seems to stew out of me naturally, like the precious ottar of roses out of the Otter.

Harte claimed that in only one instance did he draw upon his imagination for a character. However that may be, he certainly put a good deal of impossible geography before his readers. He seemed to regard the names of county seats and mining camps as of no more importance than the names he gave to the gamblers and prospectors who adorned his pages. So long as the characters were true to life and the scenery fitted to their adventures, nothing more was desired. In this he differed from Mark Twain, who drew his geography much more carefully.

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DISCORD IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

It is seldom that we receive from a theatrical performance an impression that satisfies our sense of harmony. The elements that go into the making of an acted play are so many and so diverse that it is very difficult to blend them all into a composition that shall be free from any discord. The function of the stage-director has often been compared with that of the leader of an orchestra; but this comparison makes no record of the fact that it is immeasurably more difficult to produce a play than to conduct a symphony. What would the public think of the performance of a symphony if twenty of the instruments were out of tune, if half a dozen of the violinists played in different keys at once, and if a dozen of the other musicians paid no attention to the tempo of the leader? Harsh words would undoubtedly be spoken; and the conductor would be permitted to resign. Yet an impression that is precisely analogous to this is produced by more than half of the performances in the leading theatres of New York. Why is it that the public tolerates this arrant lack of harmony? One reason is that the majority of theatre-goers never notice it; and another, and a better reason, is that the minority of theatre-goers may probably suspect how very, very difficult—in the present state of the theatre in America—is the task with which the stage-director is confronted.

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a certain play be perfectly constructed and perfectly written. In that case, the final work of art has, at the most, been only half completed. Next, the piece must be perfectly cast: that is to say, a group of actors must be tactfully selected, each of whom is not only capable of playing his own part in conformity with the author's intention but is also able to assist all the other actors to achieve the best possible effect with the parts that are allotted to them. The members of the company must not only act well, as individuals, but they must also act together, as contributors to a collaborative work of art. A single performance that is out of key may disrupt the harmony of the entire composition. But, supposing that this perfect play be perfectly cast and perfectly acted, it may still fail of its effect unless it be perfectly staged. A red curtain hanging behind a pink evening gown, a misdirected spot-light that casts emphasis upon an insignificant detail, some minor incongruity of furniture, or any of a myriad other trivial details may introduce a discord that will utterly disrupt the illusion of the play.

It would be impossible to deny that the average performance in New York is less harmonious than the average performance in London or Paris or Berlin. The main reason, of course, is that the American theatre is conducted with a less sincere regard for art than the theatres of the foremost European nations. But another reason should be mentioned also, in justice to the half dozen American stage-directors who really care for art and try their best to call it into being. This reason is that our stage is more cosmopolitan than that of any European country. Nine-tenths of all the plays produced in France are set in France, are written by French authors, and are acted by French actors; but only a bare majority of the plays produced in America are written and acted by Americans. Our stage is very hospitable to plays from other lands. Those imported from Great Britain are usually performed for us by British companies; but all other European plays must be translated and must be played by native actors who find it very difficult to transform themselves into Frenchmen or Ger-

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"THE NEGLECTED LADY"

"The actors fall to quarrelling in earnest and become more noisy than before. The owner of the building comes down to put them out. As he enters, the husband seizes his wife by the throat and shakes her like a rat."

mans or Norwegians. But not only are our plays selected from a dozen different countries, but our actors, also, are recruited from many different climes. We have upon our stage many American actors who always talk American and many British actors who always talk British; we have a few actors, trained either in America or in Great Britain, who talk the standard language which betrays no locality of origin,—that rarely heard language which is known as English; and we have several foreign actors who speak British or American with a French or German or Russian intonation. From such heterogeneous elements as this it is very difficult to coördinate a harmonious performance.

In the present paper, in which attention is confined to plays produced in New York within a single month, it will be necessary to consider productions that are set in Russia, Spain, Wales, Persia, and Scotland, as well as in America. The Welsh play, having been written by a Welshman and acted by a company of Welsh players, produced a harmonious impression; but into all the other pieces set in foreign lands, innumerable discords were introduced by American actors who were required to attempt the impossible task of stepping off their own shadows.

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

A notable instance of this incongruity is offered in the performance of *The Yellow Ticket*. The action of this melodrama is assigned to Russia; but the piece was written by an American who lives in London. An English gentleman is played by a Scotchman, Mr. David Torrence. One Russian nobleman is played by an American, Mr. John Mason; and his nephew, another Russian nobleman, is played by a British actor educated in France, Mr. Julian L'Estrange. Mr. Emmett Corrigan, speaking American, plays a Russian police official; and Miss Florence Reed, speaking English, plays the Russian Jewish heroine. A secondary female character is represented by Miss Elaine Inescort, who speaks British. Mr. John Barrymore, playing an American newspaper correspondent, is required to speak

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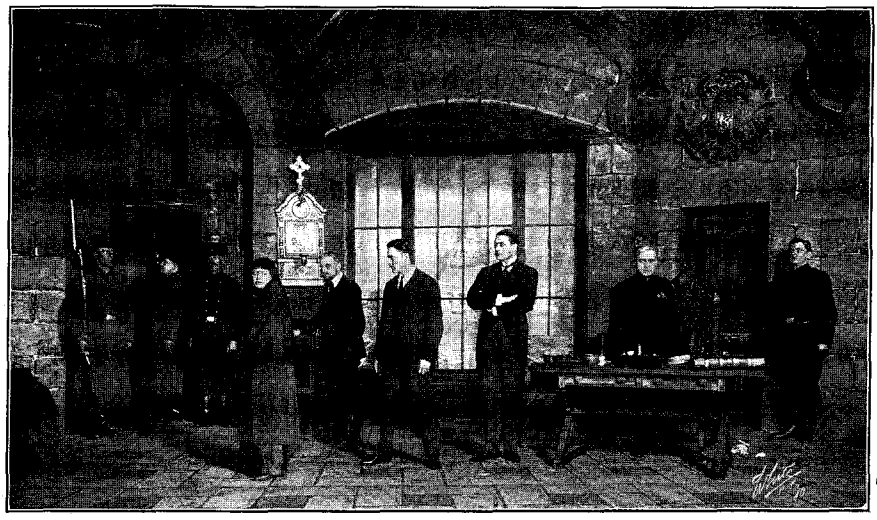

"THE YELLOW TICKET"—ACT III

"The scene is set in the bureau of the 'Okrana,' or Secret Police." A Russian Jewess, who has murdered the Baron Andrey in defence of her virtue, is arraigned before a police official; and an American newspaper correspondent pleads with him to set her free.

lines that were evidently written in London. Here we have a cast of extraordinary competence, for each of these actors is an artist in his line; and yet the result of their concerted efforts is necessarily inharmonious, because they cannot possibly combine their very different styles to produce an impression of Russia, or of any other single country of the habitable globe. Yet these actors are so popular, because of past appearances for which they were properly cast, that the production of *The Yellow Ticket* crowds the theatre every night and is applauded by a public that never notices the many incongruities of the performance.

The play itself is very bad. It starts out with a well-made act that gives promise of an interesting melodrama; but instead of growing better as it goes along, it grows progressively less good, until it peters out in a chaos of absurdity. The second act is borrowed from that well-known passage of *La Tosca* in which Floria murders Scarpia; and this reminiscence of an "old, unhappy, far-off thing" seems less impressive than the first act, in which Mr. Morton was apparently endeavouring to tell a new story in a new way. But the third and last act of this highly successful melodrama is the most incongruous of all. The scene is set in the bureau of the "Okrana," or Secret Police. The presiding officer is Mr. Emmett Corrigan,—an excellent actor, who finds it somewhat difficult to assume the name of Monsieur Zoubatoff. Before him is arraigned Miss Florence Reed—one of the few good actresses in America—who is appearing as a Russian Jewess. In defense of her virtue she has slain Mr. John Mason—that is to say, the Baron Scarpia, called on this occasion the Baron Andrey; and the Baron's nephew, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, who wears the name of Count Nikolai Rostov, would like to have her sent quietly to Siberia. But in comes Mr. John Barrymore, playing an American newspaper correspondent. He would like to marry the murderess; and he therefore threatens to scandalise the world by sending to his paper a detailed account of the circumstances of the Baron's death unless Mr. Corrigan will set the lady free. The Russian police official is staggered by this threat. Thereupon the telephone rings; and we are informed that the American Ambassador

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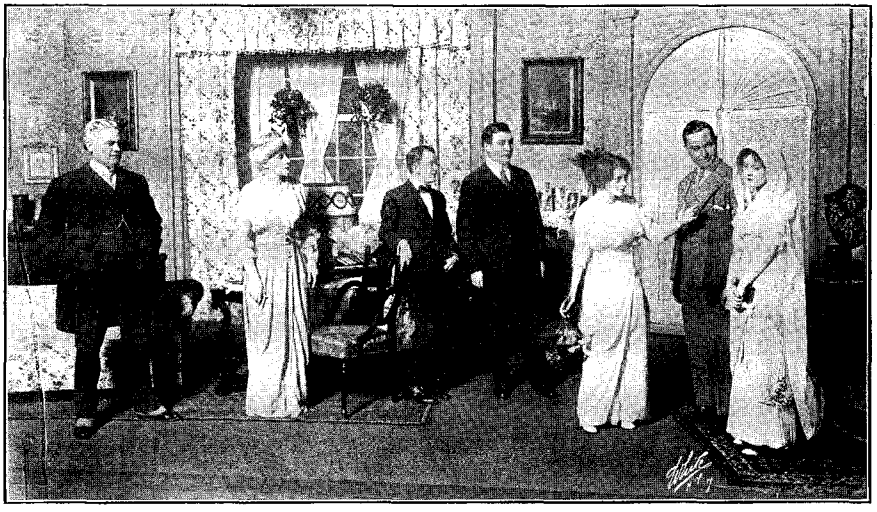

"YOUNG WISDOM"—ACT III

"The comedy is closed with two marriages which seem eminently satisfactory to the audience, and with a general renunciation, on the part of all of the adventurers, of the half-baked philosophy of youth."

insists that Mr. Barrymore shall have his way. This brings about the happy ending. The Jewess is released, and promises to marry the American gentleman who has taken so much trouble to save her from Siberia.

"MARIA ROSA"

Maria Rosa, which was written by Angel Guimera, the author of *Marta of the Lowlands,* must have been a good play when it was originally acted in the Catalan dialect by a cast of peasant players; but it has suffered many subtractions on its long journey to the public of New York. First of all, it was translated into pure Castilian by Don José Echegaray; and, since an essential point of the play is that only one of the characters can read and write, the dialogue must have sounded less convincing in literary Spanish than in the local dialect of the original. Echegaray's version has now been translated into English by Wallace Gillpatrick and Guido Marburg; and by this process the flavour of Guimera's writing has still further been diluted.

The piece has been incongruously cast. One actor talks British, as a Spanish gypsy; and two actors talk the dialect of New England, as Catalan labourers. Miss Dorothy Donnelly is strenuously American in the part of the heroine; and Miss Maude Odell speaks that jolly language of the music-halls which is difficult to catalogue. The leading rôle is played by M. Lou-Tellegen, a Greek born in Holland, who has hitherto acted only in French. His enunciation of English is admirable, but he intones the language as if it were French. M. Lou-Tellegen has been trained in the traditions of the Théatre Sarah Bernhardt, and he plays this illiterate Catalan labourer precisely as if the part were Ruy Blas. His performance is as absolutely French as Miss Donnelly's performance is American; and neither of these artists is able to suggest the local Catalonian atmosphere that Guimera was trying to evoke.

It is therefore very difficult to estimate the value of this play. What is shown us in the theatre seems utterly unreal; and yet it was apparently the purpose of the dramatist to produce an impression of crude and stark reality. The husband of the heroine has been convicted of a murder, of which she knows him to be innocent, and dies in

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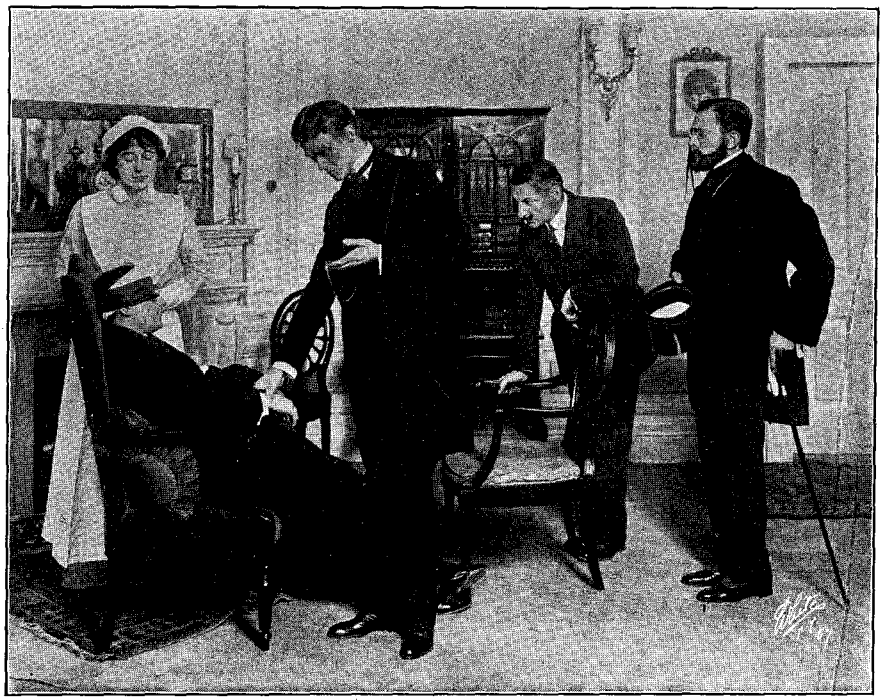

"THE KISS IN THE DARK"

"A girl, in a fit of jealous rage, has flung a bottle of vitriol into the face of her lover, putting out his eyes and horribly disfiguring his face."

prison. She is faithful to his memory; and it is with a sort of moral horror that she gradually finds herself falling in love with his best friend, Ramon. This man submits her to a continual besiegement of the senses and subtly argues away her religious scruples against a second marriage. At last she succumbs to him and marries him. At the wedding-supper Ramon drinks too deeply. The heady wine gets the better of him; and, left alone with his bride, he boasts that it was he who had done the murder and contrived to have his friend convicted, so that he might marry Maria Rosa. The heroine grabs a carving-knife from the table and stabs him dead.

"CHANGE"

The Yellow Ticket never made us feel that we were really in Russia, and *Maria Rosa* never made us feel that we were really in Spain; but *Change* really made us feel that we were in Wales. This play was acted by an imported company of Welsh players; and their performance was by far the most harmonious that has been witnessed on the New York stage for many, many months. The acting of this company was so simple and sincere, so real and true, that many of the newspaper reviewers thought that it was not acting at all and described it as "amateurish." It is rather sad to remark that, in the vocabulary of newspaper reviewers, this charming adjective has lost its original meaning of "loverly."

Change is the first work of a new author, Mr. J. O. Francis. From much of his dialogue it seems safe to predict that his name will not long remain unknown. To this piece was awarded the prize offered by Lord Howard de Walden for the best Welsh play by a Welsh author; and it was well received when it was produced by the Stage Society at the Haymarket Theatre in London. It

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"A HARD MAN"

"Desiring to avoid the scandal of a court-martial, the general hands the prisoner a pistol and tells him to go out and shoot himself." The traitor is his own son.

was not well received in New York. Many of the reviewers complained because the characters, being Welsh, did not seem to be American. "Why should we take any interest in Welsh working-people?" was their remark. Even so, many Americans have recently wondered why the late J. Pierpont Morgan should have taken any interest in Raphael and Rembrandt,—neither of whom ever painted a tired business man.

Another complaint that was registered against this play was—to state it in the clearest terms—that the plot was less important than the characters and the action was less interesting than the dialogue. One might as well complain of Keats, because poetry meant more to him than medicine. Doubtless many an apothecary would look upon the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* as a truant waste of time; but it is not necessary to consider art from the point of view of the apothecary. It is the first principle of criticism that a work of art should be judged in accordance with the intention of the artist. In *Change,* this new writer, Mr. J. O. Francis, has allied himself deliberately with that already well-established school of British realists who set character above plot and dialogue above action. A man is not to be sneered at because he chooses to set to work in accordance with the principles of Stanley Houghton, John Galsworthy, Githa Sowerby, and St. John Ervine, all of whom have written great plays; nor is he to be condemned for his evident unwillingness to insert a scene from Sardou into the fabric of his drama.

What Mr. Francis gave us was a sincere and sympathetic study of a dozen people, each of whom had a mind of his own and all of whom were worth knowing. Their interrelations with each other resulted inevitably in a crisis which, though not objectively theatrical, was deeply and poignantly dramatic. The dialogue was a luxury to listen to,—it was so absolutely real, so simply yet so eloquently human.

The theme of this play is the tragedy that results from the distressing fact that the elder and the younger generations can never understand each other. This theme has frequently been discussed in

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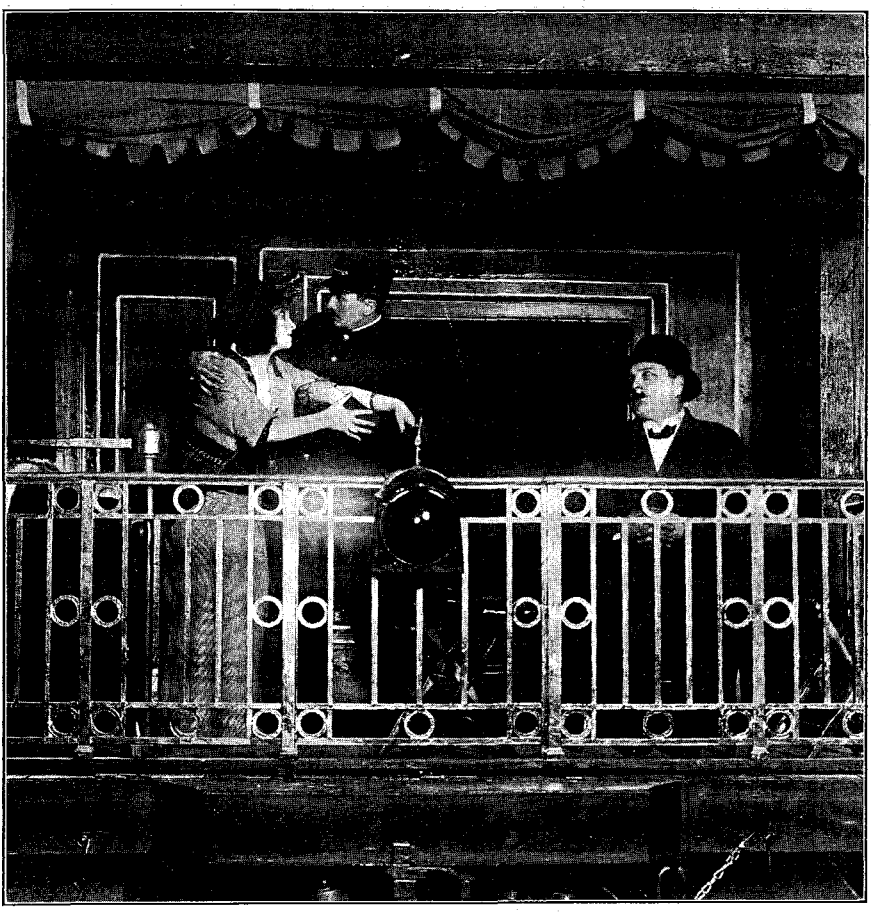

"IT CAN BE DONE"

"When, having locked the door into the car and disarranged her dress, the adventuress shrieks aloud and tells the conductor that the man has attempted to assault her, he merely calls the conductor's attention to the fact that the ash has not yet fallen from his long cigar."

the theatre in the last few years; but it is none the less new on that account, because there can be nothing either new or old about a theme which is eternal. The special poignancy of *Change* arises from the fact that, though the author stands apparently on the side of the younger generation, he has been scrupulously fair to the older people of the play and has presented their case with a sympathetic insight which is utterly unprejudiced.

It is always a concession to surrender to the mood of impatience; but it is difficult not to be impatient with that apparently incurable provincialism of our reviewers and our public which resulted in the failure of this play. *Change* was a beautiful composition, and it was beautifully acted; for Beauty *is* Truth, Truth Beauty—whatever the apothecaries say.

"OMAR, THE TENTMAKER"

It is difficult to criticise *Omar, the Tentmaker,* because a critic should always know what he is talking about, and, as this panorama is unrolled, the spectator wonders more and more what it is all about, until his wonderment

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lapses utterly into a mood of desperation. Either this play is about nothing, or else it is about so many things that one cannot possibly receive from it a coherent and harmonious impression.

Omar, the Tentmaker was written by Mr. Richard Walton Tully, who came near to making a good play in *The Bird of Paradise*. It purports to narrate the life-history of the Persian poet. The narrative is protracted through a period of sixty-three years and is arranged in five scenes. The plot is excessively intricate, and before we reach the middle of the play we no longer know nor care what any of the characters is doing. These characters are merely puppets, and reveal no recognisable relation to life. A harrowing discord is induced by weaving many of Fitzgerald's quatrains, with their rhythm ruined by elisions and interpolations, into the fabric of the author's pedestrian prose. One can easily imagine what Old Fitz would have said if he had listened to this dialogue.

The play has been lavishly produced by Mr. Wilfred Buckland. Mr. Buckland was formerly associated with Mr. David Belasco, and he has done his work in the Belasco manner. The first act, which exhibits a Persian garden at the sunset hour, is exceedingly beautiful and is admirably lighted. The production as a whole is excellent, according to its kind; and it seems a pity that it should have been wasted on a text that is devoid of meaning.

"KITTY MAC KAY"

Kitty MacKay, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, represents an evident attempt to combine the appeal of *Peg o' My Heart* with the appeal of *Bunty Pulls the Strings*. It is one of the least original comedies of the present season; and, undoubtedly, this is the main reason why it is one of the most successful. The majority of theatre-goers laugh most easily at what they have grown used to laugh at in the past.

It is unnecessary to summarise the story, because everybody is familiar with it under its usual title of *Cinderella*. Cinderella's cottage is placed in Scotland, so that the actors may talk with a Scottish burr; and the prince's palace is placed in London, for the sake of contrast. The period is set in 1860, in order that the performers may wear the same sort of costumes that caught the popular eye in *Bunty*.

Though *Kitty MacKay* is devoid of value as a representation of life, it is entertaining as a fabric of the theatre. The dear old puppets and the dear old situations still amuse. Much of the dialogue, though obviously artificial, is genuinely humourous; and there is one actress in the company—her name is Margaret Nybloc—who gives a truthful and a beautiful performance.

"THE DEADLOCK"

It is not difficult to understand the failure of *The Deadlock,* a sincere and moving play by Margaret Turnbull. This piece was solidly constructed: the characters were true to life: and the dialogue was written with an earnestness that arrested and retained the attention of the audience. But the author made the mistake of choosing what Mr. William Archer has called a "blind-alley theme."

The hero, a young Roman Catholic, has been married to a Protestant woman before a Justice of the Peace. His father, who is a fanatical adherent to the doctrines of the Church, believes the young man to be living in a state of sin and deems it his duty to destroy the marriage. At a time when his son is separated from his wife by circumstances which need not be detailed, the old man contrives to convince each of the married lovers that the other is dead. The hero subsequently becomes a priest; and the heroine, under an assumed name, becomes a famous singer. She has a little boy, born a few months after her separation from her husband.

The play begins when the husband and wife meet face to face and discover that the old man has lied to them. The hero is now entangled in an intolerable situation. He is ordained a priest of the

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Church; and if he renounces his religion we must condemn him. He is also a husband and a father; and if he forsakes his wife and child we must despise him. There is no exit from this blind-alley which will not involve an act of moral cowardice that must set the audience out of sympathy with the hero. For this reason, the play could not possibly succeed and ought not to have been written.

"YOUNG WISDOM"

In *Young Wisdom,* Miss Rachel Crothers has written a very satisfying comedy, in which she satirises the dangerous tendency of very young people to tangle their minds up with ideas which they are not yet sufficiently mature to comprehend.

This play was written for Miss Mabel and Miss Edith Taliaferro, and the two leading characters are sisters. The elder sister comes home from college with her head seething with "advanced" ideas of love and marriage. One of these ideas is that people should live together before getting married, in order to test their adaptability to each other. Her younger sister is about to be married to a harmless young man whom she has known all her life; and she now persuades him, much against his will, to elope with her so that they may put into practice the theories that have been preached to her. But this elopement afflicts the elder sister with a consternation that had not been dreamt of in her philosophy; and, dragging along a young man whom she has been holding at arm's length because of her lack of faith in marriage, she dashes in pursuit of the younger and more impetuous pair. All four are reunited in a farm-house that is inhabited by an artist who looks upon life with the sagacity of a more extended experience; and this artist leads the truant girls home to their distracted parents. The comedy is closed with two marriages which seem eminently satisfactory to the audience, and with a general renunciation, on the part of all of the adventurers, of the half-baked philosophy of youth.

It is unnecessary to add that the dialogue of this play is sincerely and naturally and beautifully written. It was written by Miss Crothers.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

It is a pleasure to record that the present bill at the Princess Theatre is by far the best that has yet been offered at this institution. In particular, the management should be praised for having renounced that ambition toward indelicacy which was manifested in several of the earlier productions. The catchword, "Come and blush," has been discarded from the advertising of the house. Each of the five little plays that constitute the present programme is interesting in its way; and the moods are so diverse as to afford the audience an enlivening impression of variety.

The Neglected Lady was adapted from the French of Max Maurey by Roi Cooper Megrue. The scene is set in a flat in the Bronx. The action opens with a violent altercation between a husband and his wife. This is interrupted by the intrusion of the janitor, who tells them that they are disturbing the other tenants. They then explain to the janitor (and to the audience) that they are actors, and have merely been rehearsing a scene in a play. After the janitor has gone, they fall to quarrelling in earnest and become even more noisy than before. The owner of the building comes down to put them out. As he enters, the husband seizes his wife by the throat and shakes her like a rat. The landlord considers himself a connoisseur of acting; and he is so delighted with this scene that, instead of evicting his tenants, he engages them to repeat the exhibition of marital infelicity at an entertainment he is planning for the following week.

The Hard Man, by Campbell MacCulloch, tells an anecdote that is constructed according to the formula of Guy de Maupassant. A British general in the Soudan has captured a traitor who, disguised as an Arab, has sold information to the enemy. Desiring to avoid the scandal of a court-martial, he hands the

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prisoner a pistol and tells him to go out and shoot himself. As the shot rings out, a newspaper correspondent asks the general who the prisoner was. "My son," he answers.

The Kiss in the Dark, by Maurice Level, is a study in crude horror, imported from the Grand Guignol. A girl, in a fit of jealous rage, has flung a bottle of vitriol into the face of her lover, putting out his eyes and horribly disfiguring his face. Under a pretence of forgiving her, he lures her to his rooms. Then he grabs her and deliberately pours acid into her own eyes, so that she may suffer the same agony that he has suffered. All of this is acted on the stage; and the effect is sufficiently horrible to startle the most sophisticated theatre-goer.

This exhibition of unmitigated savagery is followed by a quiet little idyll, by C. M. S. McLellan, entitled *The Fountain.* We find ourselves in a park in Paris that is lighted by "the first timid tremblings of the dawn." A forlorn old rag-picker flings faded flowers into the basin of a marble fountain that is surmounted by a female figure. He confesses to a gendarme that he had once been an artist and that his lost love had sat as the model for this statue. Then he falls asleep; and, in his dream, the statue comes to life and assures him that she is waiting for him in the future life. The play closes when the rag-picker awakes and wanders forth to gather more faded flowers on the boulevards.

It Can Be Done, by Lawrence Rising, is cleverly staged on the back[illegible]m of a Pullman car. A night exp[illegible]rac-ing at full speed from Rochest[illegible]uf-falo. A man who is carrying [illegible]e sum of money in his pocket is ass[illegible] an adventuress who seeks to ro[illegible] He is aware of her intention, and cl[illegible] defends himself against her tricks. W[illegible] having locked the door into the car [illegible] disarranged her dress, she shrieks alo[illegible] and tells the conductor that the man ha[illegible] attempted to assault her, he merely calls the conductor's attention to the fact that the ash has not yet fallen from his long cigar. But, at the last moment, we are a little disappointed when the adventuress picks his pocket in the most commonplace way, as he is entering the car to get off at Buffalo.

It would be possible to indicate artistic flaws in all these little plays; but each of them is entertaining at the time, and the general effect of the programme is unusually satisfying.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY—A POET OF THREE MOODS

BY MILTON BRONNER

Some men take as much pains to avoid fame as others display in the effort to court it. These super-modest authors send forth their writings as if by stealth. They issue tiny booklets of verse in extra-limited editions that fall into few hands and reach few readers' eyes. Gordon Bottomley, a young English poet, is one of those who have very successfully avoided the gentlemen of the press. For sixteen years he has been writing verse and most of his books have come from obscure publishers who took no steps to enhance his reputation. You will not find his name in *Who's Who,* that compendium so careful to enumerate all the English army colonels, and the country vicars, and the sprigs of nobility.

All that can be vouchsafed after diligent inquiry is that Bottomley was born in February, 1874, at Keighley, a small manufacturing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In this region he presumably still dwells in a rustic home, for in

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one poem he speaks of living in the North in an

———old small house
'Twixt laurel boughs and apple boughs.

Now, it seems to us, that Bottomley is one of the most important of the younger poets, a writer who has studied and absorbed the culture of widely-varied lands, who has wooed the lyric muse and who has written some very fine blank verse. He is a poet of three moods. Indeed, his work is easily thus classified. There is the grey mood for his Icelandic studies, the white mood for England, and the rose mood for Italy.

I—GREY

Nothing gay has come out of Iceland. The sagas, so remarkable a manifestation of literary power in an era when much of Europe was producing nothing worthy of mention, are dour things as is the land itself. Perhaps there are sometimes blue skies and waving crops during the short summer, but one thinks of Iceland as a country of grey skies, grey fields, grey mountains, a land where—

Night is a winter long: and evening falls.
Night, night and winter and the heavy snow
Burden our eyes, intrude upon our dreams,
And make of loneliness an earthly place.

Once more to quote Bottomley—

This little land is no more than a lair
That holds too many fiercenesses too straitly,
And no man will refuse the rapture of killing
When outlawry has made it cheap and righteous.

In the case of John Masefield, at least, Mr. Bronner proved a true prophet. In a letter accompanying the present article Mr. Bronner writes, "Bottomley is another of my unknown English poets, concerning whom I have been writing for you. You will remember you used my paper on Masefield, in which we predicted great things for him, long before any publication on either side of the ocean devoted any consideration to him. I firmly believe that in time Bottomley, too, will be heard from.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The sagas are records of these fiercenesses. They tell of a time before the Christian era in Iceland, prior to the year one thousand, a time when chieftain killed chieftain and made "atonement" by paying for human lives with pieces of silver, or by suffering banishment for a small term of years. Murder was apparently the usual thing; the cause of it often trivial; the punishment equally so. Occasionally in the case of a Helgi, a Gisli, a Grettir The Strong, a Gunnar, we find some man so defiant as to decline to make atonement; so in love with his own land as to refuse to be banished from it for even a short time; and then we have a record of his narrow escapes, his fights, and his final downfall, when it was lawful for strong bands to cut him down, or to burn him in his house.

The most famous of these stories is found in the saga which deals with Njal, but which tells exhaustively of the life of Gunnar. It is an unusually coherent tale with some unusual dramatic touches. Gunnar is depicted in his manly beauty and strength, and his unwillingness to take human life. Nevertheless, he is shown almost constantly in turmoil and battle. We see his wooing of Hallgerd, who as a little maid was denounced by a kinsman for having "thief's eyes." And here are the great final scenes in Gunnar's life when his enemies close in on him and he fights his last battle, perhaps the greatest in saga literature. Particularly vivid is the moment when his bowstring is cut and he asks his wife for strands of her bright hair that he may repair the damage. She refuses, reminding him of the time he struck her in the face. The strong man says he will not ask twice for a little thing and fights grimly and silently then until he is cut down.

It was this story of Gunnar, as told in plain nervous English by George Webbe Dasent, that fascinated Bottomley. Out of it he made his remarkable one-act tragedy *The Riding to Lithend,* whose title is the same as one of the chapters in the saga of Njal. Indeed, in

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many places Bottomley has employed almost the very words of Dasent's version. But he has done far more than tamely to copy the prose narrative. He has made a compact, high-strung, swiftly moving human tragedy out of the episode. He has taken the bare bones and clothed them on with tragic beauty. He has invented incidents that explain the action, as the saga does not. He has invented whole groups of people. He has made of Hallgerd a very woman instead of the lay figure the saga for the most part depicts her. As we see her in the play she is an ardent Icelandic Helen:

Dead men have told me I was better than fair,
And for my face welcomed the danger of me;
Then am I spent? Must I shut fast my doors
And hide myself? Must I wear up the rags
Of mortal perished beauty and be old?
Or is there power left upon my mouth
Like colour, and lilting of ruin in my eyes?

Or once again with superb pride:

I am a hazardous desirable thing,
A warm, unsounded peril, a flashing mischief,
A divine malice, a disquieting voice:
Thus I was shapen, and it is my pride
To nourish all the fires that mingled me.
I am not long moved, I do not mar my face,
Though men have sunk in me as in a quicksand.
Well death is terrible. Was I not worth it?

And this Helen—who has already cost two husbands their lives—makes a great lover of Gunnar. Her beauty inspires him too:

I like you when you bear your head so high;
Lift but your heart as high, you could get crowned
And rule a kingdom of impossible things.
You would have moon and sun to shine together.
Snow-flakes to knit for apples on bare boughs,
Yea love to thrive upon the terms of hate.

It is Gunnar's infatuation that leads to his fate in the play. When the curtain rises, he is already an outlaw, subject to murder at the hands of any hardy enough to try it. All this is explained by a group of housewomen Bottomley created. They serve as a foil for Hallgerd. They spur her on to mutiny and revolt. They urge her to leave this outlawed husband. And they are the means of revealing just what is in her heart,—pride in her beauty, bitter memory of the blow given her long ago, and yet, at the same time, love of Gunnar's strength and joy in his great fighting qualities.

Then comes another original phase of the play. During the stormy night, when the nerves of the household are racked by fears of what avenging bands may come, there is a knocking at the door, and there is finally admitted a group of three grisly jades, dirty, weather-beaten, streaming with rain-wet clothes. Nothing less than crude, stark lines that remind one of Rodin's sculptures will do in describing them. Gunnar says of them:

I think no mother ever suckled you:
You must have dragged your roots up in waste places
One foot at once, or heaved a shoulder up—

To which one of the crones, explaining their hard life, replies:

——in the harder wastes we stand upright,
Like splintered rain-worn boulders set to the wind
In old confederacy, and rest and sleep.

They are at once human and supernatural. They are weak old women and at the same time suggest the Norns. They add to the feeling that a terrible fate is impending for the head of this house. Then, of course, comes the great fight with which in the main the saga story of Gunnar ends. However, Bottomley adds a very fine scene. In his finale, when Hallgerd has fled, Gunnar lies bleeding and his mother is left alone to mourn. Here we have a more human and pathetic note than is found anywhere in the sagas, one of the finest pas-

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sages to be found in modern plays, displaying as it does the depth and the tenderness of mother love:

Gunnar, my son, we are alone again.
O, they have hurt you . . . but that is forgot.
Boy, it is bedtime; though I am too changed,
And cannot lift you up and lay you in,
You shall go warm to bed—I'll put you there.
There is no comfort in my breast to-night,
But close your eyes beneath my fingers' touch,
Slip your feet down, and let me smoothe your hands:
Then sleep and sleep. Ay, all the world's asleep.

It is not necessary to say, as did Lascelles Abercrombie, himself an accomplished poet, that in this drama Gunnar is a symbol of man fighting with his fate. All the cloudy talk about symbols can well be dropped. We have here the dramatic story of a man who was a great fighter and a great lover; whose passion for a wonderfuly beautiful woman kept him tied to his native land; and who met his death battling to the last, with the bitter knowledge in his heart that his love has been thrown away on one who never had and never would understand. It is not a play that lends itself to actual production, but it makes a wonderful impression upon the sympathetic reader. The same may be said of his other drama that owes its inspiration to Northern sources—*The Crier by Night.*

The mood in which the poet works may best be illustrated by a striking quotation from it:

No joy ever sank deep enough for singing;
Trouble and all the sorrowful ways of men
Must stir the sad unrest that ends in song;
Joy seeks but peace and silence and still thought,
But those who cannot weep must sing for ease
And in the sound forget the thought that smote it.

The theme of the play is simple enough. Hialti, a Northman, and Thorgerd, his wife, have an Irish bondmaid, Blanid. Thorgerd is a terrible vixen who hounds the thrall. Hialti, milder-mannered, resents such treatment, with the result that the maid loves him and the wife perceives this and redoubles her ill-treatment. In the depths of despair, Blanid calls up from the sea a mysterious figure, labeled "A Strange Old Man." Faust-like, she makes a bargain with him. He is to take the soul of Hialti, after which he can claim hers. Mysterious voices are heard in the night. Hialti goes forth to tender aid and never returns. Then the strange old man calls for Blanid, who fears him and repents of her bargain. She clings to Thorgerd's skirts for protection. Even ill-treatment seems better than the dreadful and the unknown. The curtain falls as the distracted maid goes out into the night, a prey to the supernatural.

The play is a curious production. It owes its sombre colour to the influence of the Icelandic sagas. It owes a certain slant in its treatment to the Celtic school. There are lyrics that would not have been written had Yeats not written. There are lines that admirably define the Celtic spirit as where Thorgerd scornfully refers to:

Your songs of faery and nameless kings
And things that never happened long ago—

to which Blanid aptly replies:

Things need not happen that they may be true;
Although impossible they may be true—
The things that matter happen in the hearr.
All earthly truth is true but for a time,
Whilst ages may be altered by one dream—
The things that matter happen in the heart.

Celtic, too, is the pagan outburst:

Nay, but I touch toward my joy at last,
And Christ and all His Saints go out like candles
When mass is said and the priest's cup is wiped.

Now what makes these two poetic plays remarkable is not only their swift movement, their power to induce an

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eërie feeling in the reader, their ability to set forth a character in a few lines, but also the verses themselves, sombre, drenched with melancholy, and displaying a uniform greyness of tone in keeping with the theme:

The wind is all the souls of those sad dead
Who will not enter Heaven for love of earth,
And hither and thither surge to find the gate
They see and know not on its new strange side;
For they have learned too much to be let back—
Ah, some have learned too much before they die.

II—WHITE

England finds Bottomley in lyric mood. He dreams most often, one is tempted to say, of moonlight and lilies, of snow and of white-garbed maids. At times he achieves a very felicitous lyric or passage, but he also shows his weakness. He has often a faulty ear for rhymes. He is often too impatient to stick to that labour of the file, to do that little more which means perfection. He shows, too, his literary models, especially in his *Hymns* to touch, to form and to imagination. Here we have the rugged lines, the obscure passages that we find in some of the odes by George Meredith, by Patmore and by Francis Thompson.

But these derivative things are not the whole of or even the main part of *Chambers of Imagery*, issued in two small paper-covered books.

Every man "lives in the dark in the chambers of his imagery," and the chambers adorned by Bottomley's fancy are, to say the least, beautiful. There are rustic scenes where we behold English girls actively engaged at shearing time. We see the patient shepherd plodding across snowy fields at lambing time. We behold all the signs of an eager spring and hear a lover draw his lesson therefrom. There are little bursts of music in night and morning songs that celebrate the flitting of birds or that exclaim at the weariness of the wailing wind, or that moralise over famous, fair ladies. dead long since. But the best of these pictures taken from rustic England is the bird lyric, "Netted Strawberries":

I am a willow-wren:
I twitter in the grass on the chimney-top;
The apples far below will never drop
Or turn quite bright, though when

The aimless wind is still
I stand upon the big ones and I peck
And find soft places, leaving spot and speck
When I have munched my fill.

Apples and plums I know
(Plums are dark weights and full of golden rain
That wets neck-feathers when I dip and strain,
And stickys each plumy row),

But past my well-kept trees
The quick small woman in her puffy gown,
That flutters as if its sleeves and skirts had grown
For flying and airy ease,

Has planted little bushes
Of large cool leaves that cover and shade and hide
Things redder than plums and with golden dimples pied,
Dropping on new-cut rushes.

At first I thought with spite
Such heady scent was only a flower's wide cup;
But flower-scents never made my throat close up,
And so I stood in my flight.

Yet over all there sways
A web like those revealed by dawn and dew,
But not like those that break and let me through
Shivering the drops all ways.

Though I alight and swing
I never reach the things that tumble and crush,
And if I had such long large legs as a thrush
The web would tangle and cling.

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Certain designs by C. H. Shannon take the poet in fancy to an England that is an enchanted garden, an England seen with Maeterlinckian eyes. One centres the attention upon an old house amid the trees, silvered by the summer moon. There are mysterious night sounds and one beholds a group of fair, tired girls asleep on the floor, presumably guarding a bride, who is wakeful and who ponders over the free beautiful nights that have been hers. Shannon calls his various designs "The White Watch" and the poet thus responds:

Apple boughs lie in the eaves,
On windless nights the apple leaves
Chirp against the window panes
Slightly as a mist that rains.
Apple boughs lie on the roof;
Feet of more than one dove
(Doves asleep) stir at nights
Among the leaves as dark alights.
Summer nights, ah, summer nights
When she set the casement wide
With fingers like the leaves outside—
Like a moonbeam her white arm
Reached to winy apples, warm
As her bed already coddling:
While all the time she heard the lulling
Of the river sinking by,
Saw London's light pulse up the sky
Like darkness filtered pale and thin,
Like London's sound that hummed therein;
Lonely footfalls sounded thin
In the street below the wall.
Will you make so lone a call,
Summer nights to come no more?

It would be easy to point out certain flaws in rhyme and rhythm, to prove that he often has a defective ear, but, after all, he does secure a certain effect upon the reader. One is made aware of the white magic of the night, of the purity of this girl, of the whiteness of her dreams.

Bottomley is not what one would call a poet of the gracious and the fanciful. The Austin Dobson touch is alien to him most of the time. However, occasionally he displays a lightness of tone that relieves his more serious work. In most cases, singularly enough, this is in connection with art subjects.

"A Venezian Detail" is a charmingly jocular consideration of the problems a painter faced when he portrayed two angels sitting by the Virgin. The other deals with "Tanagret" and is worth hearing:

Dear lady of a tomb,
Her ashes' thin grey bloom
Wrinkled your frills with hue
Who once was you.

A lover of women tall
Made you so slim and small
To keep the shape and whole
Height of a soul.

O, madam, madam, please
I would cherish your little knees
Because she laughed at stir
Of silk on her.

Curved body of light earth
Filled for unending birth,
Your mastering god's hand-tips
Gathered your lips.

Dead fingers felt it sweet
Such bosoms to complete;
I desire to touch such tulles,
Turn women to jewels,

Hint skirts of pale large shawls,
Pompeian parasols
Grown unexpected hats,
Stroke women as cats—

It trances that a bland
And momentary hand
Should leave both hidden flesh
And its silk mesh.

An opaque amber death,
Dusty as with old breath,
Joins me with past things now,
Lady, in you.

His strongest things in these books are in blank verse and each dramatic in a sense. In "Babel" we have a striking picture of the builders of that famed tower, ending up with a description of their confusion of tongues. Here Bottomley has dared a very unusual device.

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He has portrayed in actual words his conception of the gradual loss of coherent speech by the workmen, until in the end they speak mere gibberish.

"The End of the World," like a certain recent Russian novel, pictures the passing of life on the earth. It tells of a globe that has grown cold and that is being blanketed with endless snow. Slowly but surely sign after sign of life is blotted out. The verse has a movement and variety that suggest the quiet falling of snow—soft, sure, and steady.

III—ROSE

Italy has never ceased to attract Englishmen. In every century from the Elizabethan period down there have been great poets and prose artists whose inspiration was derived, at least in part, from the golden land. Bottomley, too, has had his Italianate spell. Indeed, one is tempted to say that like a young Pater, gifted with song, he has treated of the very man the famous essayist and critic discussed so eloquently in a memorable chapter of his book on the Renaissance. "A Vision of Giorgione, Three Variations on Venetian Themes" is, so far, Bottomley's magnum opus. Here he has concentrated most of his love of beauty and the arts. Here he discourses upon painting and music. Here he has inserted his most successful lyrics,—songs filled with the real renaissance spirit. Here his blank verse is displayed at its best, suffused with colour, musical, varied, and flexible. Here, as everywhere in his blank verse plays, he shows his ability to write lines with a cunning repetition of phrases that gives a genuinely lyric touch to blank verse:

The sky's last rose falls into the water;
It sinks and melts and, melting, sinks once more.
The far bell tilts, and a stale star or two
Left over from last night blink like the bell.
A ceaseless fountain of flies is rising and falling—
They are as still as one more dimness falling
On the last water where my heart feels falling . . .
O, falling, falling, till the world is done.

It is in this play that he shows to the full his power to evoke a picture in a few keen, poignant lines:

A very fingered lady who shows thumb-marks
Where many men have skipped her pages.

And again:

There's midnight's Adriatic in her eyes,
I'll put its heaving passion in her heart.

In giving his version of the fate of Gunnar, Bottomley was somewhat hampered by the facts. Fortunately for the creative spirit of the true poet, the data in Giorgione's career are few and far between. We get almost all we really know about the personal Giorgione in two paragraphs from old Vasari: "He was of extremely humble origin, but was nevertheless very pleasing in manner, and most estimable in character through the whole course of his life. Brought up in Venice, he took no small delight in love-passages, and in the sound of the lute, to which he was so cordially devoted, and which he practised so constantly, that he played and sang with the most exquisite perfection, insomuch that he was, for this cause, frequently invited to musical assemblies and festivals by the most distinguished persons.

* * * * *

"At this time he fell in love with a lady, who returned his affection with equal warmth, and they were immeasurably devoted to each other. But in the year 1511 it happened that the lady was attacked by the plague, when Giorgione also, not aware of this circumstance and continuing his accustomed visits, was also affected by the disease, and that with so much violence that in a very short time he passed to another life." Bottomley takes these few lines and out of them weaves, shall we say a rich arras picture on an old rose background?:

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A company of shadowy presences
With fluttering gowns and lifted odorous hair,
Gowns hued like faded roses as though we walked
Under the light of some lost long-dead moon
Mid olives faint, uncertain grey and green.

The painter is shown in three episodes of his life—"A Concert of Giorgione," "A Pastoral of Giorgione," and "The Lady of Giorgione." The important thing is his meeting with that Lady Ilaria who was to stir him to the depths. We behold him when he gets his first glimpse of her in the dimly-lit concert room; we see him a-maying with a gay band of pleasure-seekers; and we close with the divine moment when, under a summer moon, the poet-painter is given the benison of her first deep kisses. And over all these scenes there plays that real spirit of the renaissance,—"love while you may, for old time is still a-flying."

Giorgione is shown as the skilled musician, the magic painter, the impassioned lover. These phases of him alone mattered. The arts and love aroused his eloquence. Hear him discourse upon music:

Ah, in the end we never come quite near
Ripe music's rippling rounding into rest.
Never the subtlest interfused wan colours,
Where varying hues are fainting undistinguished
Like mulberries and cream upon the palate,
Can meet like notes that clasp for happy chancing
And die within each other's loosening arms.
Though sound and sense lapse into a plangent poem,
Flowing in rainbow-foaming syllables,
Yet music adds another, ne'er worded grace,
And godhead holds no mightier difference.

Or turn to painting. Would you learn how weary Renaissance artists became of clerical rule? Hear Giorgione explain his distaste over the compulsion to paint saints and ever again saints, this full-blooded Venetian who so loved human sights and scenes:

If I must limn a lady in blue robes
To strike the dominant among grey meadows
And sigh a cadence from her burning hair,
Why should I have no choice yet but Our Lady,
When I had liefer limn my lovely lady
And never need to call her Mary Virgin
To win the populace to look on her?
Did not the Paphian trail robes of bright water
And ripple her sapphire skirts a league away
In her Thalassian theophany;
And is she less a goddess than the other?
Or is she less worth splashing with costly colour?
If I would jewel a garden for the sake
Of cooling some white lady's flushed carnations
When she has slipped her vesture, faint with heat,
It is not needful that the rainbow riot
Which echoes from the lady's gleaming shoulder
Be outraged into an annunciation,
The girl austered into a pallid angel.

And finally hark to him as he expounds his love-philosophy:

We have no time to wrangle how to love,
We have no time for anything but love,
No time, no time, for all men die too soon.
Sweet, sweet, and sweet, life is one poignant kiss
Earth gives to each man's spirit as it passes
From unknown places to unaccustomed light:
Sweet, sweet, and sweet, I bid you take life's counsel;
Your brow or side-turned cheek you would not offer—
Life says "the mouth"; abandon then your mouth.
For if we kiss, we kiss, whoever dies,
And if we love, we love, whate'er the way.

We dare affirm that in these three passages, so eloquently written by the young English poet, there is more of the real Giorgione than is to be found in any formal biography, more of the real man than is to be found anywhere outside of his few authenticated paintings.

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Also we dare affirm that the lyric with which this paper closes is as genuine an expression of renaissance thought and feeling as has been written in our time—haunting, musical, and all pagan:

Helen dwelt in old Troy city
All to sow the sad brave ditty
Of the wearifullest pity
Men have ever wrought;
Yet her years were long and painless,
All her lovers left her gainless,
Smiles she gave and grey eyes rainless,
Right good was her lot.

In her dim blue woollen cloaking
Slipped she through the may-dew's soaking
Till her little hands fell knocking
Nigh the well-house stair;
In a hawthorn's light she pondered
While dark dew her gleam-feet laundered:
Paris knew not that she wandered,
So he did not care.

Helen was the dearest lady,
Woodbined with deep tresses shady,
Eyes a-calling, arms a-ready,
Ever stirred men's verse;
Yet the highest king to-day
Liefer with my hands would play
And his mouth to mine would lay
Liefer than to hers.

THE WEAKEST SPOT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

WITH apologies to the genial Autocrat, it may be said that in the building of novels, as well as of chaises, there is always somewhere a weakest spot, and that if authors could only emulate the cleverness of the immortal Deacon, the simple remedy would be to make the weakest spot as strong as the rest. No one will dispute that the ideally perfect construction is where all the elements are nicely balanced, where plot, characters and environment have their relative proportion of attention, where the human interest is not outweighed by the moral or ethical central idea, nor dialogue neglected for the benefit of description. In theory this nicety of adjustment sounds very pretty and plausible and rather easy, like making cake: so much flour, so much sugar, so many eggs, etc., mix and bake. But in practice the author almost never gets his quantities quite right, some ingredient or other is sure to be measured out with too lavish a hand, and some other ingredient equally sure to run short, perhaps be wanting altogether,—as, for instance, the occasional highly important leaven of a sense of humour.

The difficulty, of course, is that this question of relative proportions of the elements which go to make up fiction is not one which may be reduced to a formula, like a chemical compound; so many molecules of plot, so many of character, so many of environment; you cannot even say that a certain fixed proportion goes to make the religious or political or historic novel, and a certain other proportion, the detective story and novel of adventure. It all depends upon the individual story, it is a matter of instinct,

*Angel Island. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Children of the Sea. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Witness for the Defence. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Old Mole. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Appleton and Company.

The New Dawn. By Agnes C. Laut. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

From the Angle of Seventeen. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

All Men are Ghosts. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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something inborn and next of kin to genius, to feel the mood of the story so keenly and surely as not to have a single paragraph out of key. In some stories the importance of the plot predominates, in others the importance of certain characters, while occasionally we find a story in which the emphasis seems to be laid, and rightly so, on environment, the effect of climate and atmosphere and propinquity upon one or more individual human lives. Yet it is easy to imagine two closely parallel stories, in each of which the plot is the main question of interest, while the environment must be treated altogether differently in the two cases. Suppose, for instance, that the characters are all New Yorkers, working out their personal problems in the familiar setting of their city life; they do not waste their time staring upward at the Metropolitan Tower or, the Flat-iron Building, they do not marvel at the din and turmoil of crowded thoroughfares, — and consequently an abundance of description, no matter how well done, is likely to be an intrusion on the author's part, for it is out of tune with the lives and thoughts of his characters. But suppose that this self-same group of people were taking a winter trip up the Nile, although their personal problems still remain independent of foreign complications; in this second case a far larger element of scenic description would be not only permissible but essential, because the strangeness of it would be constantly present in the thoughts of the characters themselves, breaking in upon their intimate hopes and fears and in a measure colouring all their words and actions.

And similarly, there can be no working rule laid down as to the number of lines and pages of conversation that the reader has a right to expect in a volume of specified length. Aside from the author's prerogative of deciding for himself how much of his story he chooses to quote directly from his characters' lips and how much he prefers to give in oblique oration, the question of relativity again comes in: just how talkative are a given set of characters, and is it normal for them to be pouring out their inmost interests in an unstemmed flood? Now, if they belong to the higher social strata that have made conversation a fine art, the type of men and women whom it is Mr. Henry James's peculiar province to portray, and who are adepts at the trick of exchanging ideas by what they avoid saying rather than by what they say, the whole problem is entirely different from that offered by a story dealing with the peasantry, men slow of thought and whose few words are an effort.

It does not follow that a novel is negligible if it lacks that nicety of adjustment of which we have been speaking. There has been many a serviceable one-horse shay that broke down before the arrival of its centenary. Every experienced reviewer remembers scores of volumes,—and has forgotten scores of others,—in regard to which he has found himself indulgently writing that "although possessing little or no plot, it was altogether so charming in other respects . . . ;" or that, "although deficient in characterisation and atmosphere, yet the strength of its unusual plot saves it;" or again, "here is a book that should not be missed, if only for the charm of its woodlands and its sunsets." Yet all such appreciations are really in the nature of veiled criticisms. The Milo Venus, mutilated as she is, is worth a thousand ordinary and unblemished statues, yet if we are honest with ourselves we do not try to make a virtue of her defects.

Accordingly it is well to keep a keen outlook for the weakest spot, especially when a volume appeals to us to a more than usual extent. The weakness may be a comparatively small one, something that we are quite likely to overlook; and yet it is often this weakness which makes the difference between the fiction that is ephemeral and the fiction which endures.

"ANGEL ISLAND"

It is only natural to give *Angel Island,* by Inez Haynes Gillmore, the advantage of position in the current instalment of books, because it was the im-

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pression left after reading it of some defect lurking below the surface, that suggested the foregoing line of discussion. There can be no question that Mrs. Gillmore's new volume is a very unusual experiment, an impressive and rather daring allegory, yet treated in a vein of such poetic imagery and shown through such a rainbow mist of shimmering light, that one scarcely realises until sober second thought that it says things in regard to feminism which it would not be easy to say in print in any less indirect way. Briefly, *Angel Island* is a story of five shipwrecked sailors thrown on a remote island in mid-ocean, an island inhabited by women of a superior race, whose feet are too delicate to tread the earth and who glide through space, borne aloft on wonderful, iridescent wings, intertwining in the mazes of an aerial dance of indescribable beauty. Told at second hand, the mere epitome of this story conveys an impression of sheer absurdity, cheap and tawdry. But the curious thing is that Mrs. Gillmore achieves her effect; she carries conviction with her, she hypnotises us into believing in the reality of these super-women, half birds and half angels. And her initial trick is as simple as it is effective: the shipwreck has been a peculiarly terrible one, and she spares us not one detail of its ghastly horrors, nor of the dazed, stupid, half insane maunderings of the five survivors as they slowly struggle back to consciousness. Then, little by little, through the eyes of these men, not yet sure whether they are alive or dreaming, we begin to catch distant glimpses of strange, flying creatures,—and before we realise it, we are in full fairyland, believing as we have not believed since our early days of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. Of course, Mrs. Gillmore's allegory is fairly obvious: woman is but little lower than the angels, with a winged soul that raises her to a height unattainable to man; and men are all alike, in spite of surface differences; there is the primitive, cave-man type, that believes in employing cave-man methods, wings or no wings; there is the man with a thin veneer of chivalry, who would temporise; and there is the scholar and theorist, who will admit as an abstract proposition, that women should have their rights,—but one and all, when it comes to the personal question of the woman they happen to want, find themselves converted to cave-man methods. Such, at least, is the course followed by the strange drama enacted on Angel Island. And when the women have been captured and shorn of their bird-wings, Mrs. Gillmore's allegorical comment on woman's nature is that they are content; they miss the airy freedom of their former flights, but they accept the new burdens and restraints, and their one revolt comes later when the fierce mother instinct is aroused in defence of their children; when, as the author symbolises the idea, the fathers wish too soon to clip the wings of their daughters. There are many other ideas and arguments cleverly interwoven into the tissue of this fanciful and somewhat uneven achievement,—such, for instance, as the symbolic foreshadowing of the triumph of eugenics, in the birth of a son superior to his father, a son with wings. And yet some instinct tells us that, with all its cleverness, the volume has its weakest point. And that point would seem to lie in an over-insistence upon concrete, realistic details. One may accept the imagery of Cupid's bow, but it would be spoiled if antiseptic surgery were invoked to remove his arrow from a lady's heart; and so, when Mrs. Gillmore shows us man in the act of shearing the wings from the super-woman by means of an ordinary pair of scissors, and incidentally wiping the drops of blood from his hand, we feel that she is suddenly very far off the key. And this is only one of fifty little touches,—and bigger touches too,—that are sad blemishes on what came near to being a rather fine achievement. And the fault, we suspect, lies in a deficient sense of humour.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA"

The Children of the Sea, by H. de Vere Stacpoole, is a story with a theme

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so grim and so repellent that it ought to haunt the memory like a hideous nightmare. The discovery that it fails to do anything of the kind is in itself sufficient to show that its weakest spot, whatever it may be, is a rather serious one. And this conviction is emphasised by the fact that barely a year ago another novel published in England and entitled, if memory is not at fault, *The Passion Flower,* handled the same theme, with the single difference that the victim was a woman instead of a man,—and handled with such unsparing frankness, such relentless insistence upon its physical ugliness that it haunted the reader's waking and sleeping hours alike. The present story is not one to be classed as immoral or unclean by any one with a broad outlook upon life: it is simply the story of a man who has enjoyed his life ruthlessly at the expense of many women, and who in the end pays a penalty so terrible that it might well serve to square accounts, not only for his own sins, but those of many another man besides. This is not an easy book to epitomise, chiefly because it is loosely constructed, a string of episodes held together like beads by a single slender thread. At the outset we are on board a vessel in Asiatic waters. It is manned by a very special crew and staff of experts, Scandinavian almost all of them, whose business it is to locate and repair breaks in submarine cables. In the course of half a dozen chapters we imbibe a vast amount of specialised instruction regarding this branch of electrical engineering,—only to discover that it has no structural importance, no direct bearing upon the specific story which Mr. Stacpoole has to tell. Among the cable experts is one giant, Ericsson by name, a man notorious for his almost hypnotic influence over women, and for the multitude of his conquests. Now, the particular Japanese island near which the latest break of submarine cable has occurred, is inhabited by a strange race, which the Japanese themselves regard as aliens, perhaps the descendants of aboriginal tribes. At all events, according to sailor gossip, the women of this tribe are amazons, big, finely formed, physically perfect women, who do a man's work in the sea, catching fish and diving for pearls, —while the under-sized little husbands remain at home, doing the cooking and family wash. Gossip adds that the husband who shirks his duties receives a proper spanking when the indignant wife returns home. Ericsson, hearing this yarn, is amused throughout the whole length of his six feet, six inches of bone and muscle; and he promptly makes a bet with one of his mates that if an opportunity occurs to go ashore, he will pick out the strongest, finest young woman of the tribe and publicly spank her, just to square accounts with her sex, and teach her what a real man is. This boastful purpose he carries out, to the vast entertainment of his shipmates and little group of Japanese telegraphic experts who receive them, and to the correspondingly great humiliation of the native women. Ericsson, however, relying on his past experience with women, all over the world, is happy in the conviction that his violent wooing must have made a deep impression; so he makes an appointment with his island Amazon to meet her that evening in her cottage. The meeting occurs in utter darkness, and it is not until he is leaving that some instinct of danger causes Ericsson to strike a match, and thus discover that the woman in the cottage is not the object of his pursuit, but a stranger whose disfigured face tells him that she is a leper. From this point forward, it is easy to build up in advance the inevitable sequence: Ericsson, of course, after having for years won the love of women, only to fling it carelessly aside, is foredoomed at last to fall victim in his turn, to know the one great, imperishable passion of his life. And on the very eve of the fulfilment of his hopes he is destined to discover, on hand, or wrist, or arm, a few small, tell-tale, greyish spots that will turn him numb with impotent horror, knowing that they mean a condemnation to the most frightful of human deaths. Unfortunately, Mr. Stacpoole digresses so far from the expected path,

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chats along so comfortably about his hero's abandonment of the sea and settling down to a home life in Iceland, his establishment of a prosperous fishery and a paying canning factory, that we practically forget that he has ever been in Japan at all. And so, when the blow falls, we look upon it, not as a deserved and inevitable nemesis, but as a sort of impertinence on the part of destiny, a breach of good faith, in raking up what author and reader have tacitly agreed to regard as a dead issue. The weakest spot in *Children of the Sea* is its looseness of construction, its failure to follow up the advantage gained.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE"

The Witness for the Defence, by A. E. W. Mason, offers an entirely different problem in the art of construction. Imagine the familiar, so-called triangle situation; a highly successful English barrister summoned professionally to India, runs across the love of his youth, whom in those old days he was too poor and too selfish to marry. She is now the wife of a middle-aged and somewhat apoplectic official in the civil service, a secret drunkard who not infrequently beats her in a jealous rage. The English barrister passes one evening with them, at the temporary encampment necessitated by the husband's official rounds. The wife, with finger-mark bruises still livid on her throat, is distinctly pathetic in the brief moments of private reminiscence with her former lover. The husband, left alone with his guest at the close of dinner, betrays a cowardly, half maudlin fear of the natives, who happen to know that he has evidence which will send one of their leaders to jail. A highly dramatic incident, intensified by the husband's alcoholism, hastens his guest's departure; but, returning for his pipe, purposely left behind, he has a final word with the woman, whom he realises that he still loves,—and he finds her cleaning and loading a rook-rifle. The next day, just as he is preparing to sail for England, the newspapers inform him that his host of the night before is dead, shot with a bullet which happens to fit the rook-rifle. The wife is accused of the murder. He postpones his sailing, and it is his testimony which saves her. He tells, under oath, of the fear that the deceased man had of the natives, due to his possession of dangerous evidence against a certain notorious Hindoo bandit, in the form of a tell-tale photograph which the witness now has in his possession. He further describes how, during that evening his host had suddenly sprung up and violently struck with a whip at the side hangings of the tent, because a long, brown arm and hand had crept in, snake-like, toward the desk where the photograph lay. Of course, the widow simply had to be acquitted on this evidence, for it furnished a motive; while the prosecution had no logical motive to offer,—a woman who has borne unspeakable indignities for eight years seldom turns, like the proverbial worm, in the ninth. At this point Mr. Mason is guilty of the same fault that we have just charged against Mr. Stacpoole, namely, he shifts the scene back to England, introduces us to an entirely new set of people and, after a considerable lapse of time, shows us the widow, ostracised in the home of her childhood, because public opinion is still sceptical of the verdict of the Indian court. Being still young and attractive, she quite naturally encounters a young man who correctly estimates her value as a woman and wishes to marry her. But his family, of the typically conservative British sort, interested first and foremost in preserving their social standing, insist upon making private inquiries; and while the manner of these inquiries would consume too much space in a brief review, the resultant facts may be summarised as follows: first, the lady did shoot her husband, not by accident, but quite deliberately, because she was goaded beyond the point of endurance; and secondly, the barrister perjured himself in giving his evidence; the deceased, indeed, had spoken of a brown arm; but it had existed only as a figment of his imagination, born of a whiskey-heated brain. And at this juncture, in the

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family council, which has met to decide whether or not the acquitted widow is fit to marry the son and heir, it turns out that the family council has had its trouble for nothing; first, because the pair are secretly married already, and secondly, because the young husband has had the miraculous shrewdness to guess the truth, although the wife has not mustered up the courage to confess. Now, this sort of story is good enough sport where the cards, so to speak, are all fairly dealt. But Mr. Mason is in the position of a gambler who has kept most of the trump cards up his sleeve. His delineation of character has been deliberately superficial; he has introduced us quite casually, and without a hint of warning, to a heroine who turns out to be a murderess; to a correct and amiable gentleman who is suddenly revealed as a self-confessed perjurer, and to a sadly uninteresting hero, who at the crucial moment manifests a degree of insight that ought to be the peculiar privilege of Omniscience. The Weakest Spot in this volume by Mr. Mason is unquestionably his failure to make us sufficiently acquainted with the personalities of his characters. He does not play the game fairly. It is as though he had given certificates of character to a choice selection from the Rogues' Gallery. And this is only one of the book's weak spots.

"OLD MOLE"

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, although a comparatively new author, with few novels behind him, is one of those enviable authors who are not handicapped by any very obvious weak points. His books are, all of them, quite frankly, studies of character, in each case the character of just one man. In his new volume now before us, we have the study of a man with latent possibilities for realising the joy of living, who nevertheless, up to the threshold of middle age has been sidetracked, in a seemingly hopeless rut as a teacher in an English preparatory school for boys. And then, one day, the liberating miracle occurs in the form of apparent disgrace. In an English railway coach, Herbert Jocelyn Beenham, of the Thrigsby Grammar School, familiarly known as "Old Mole," encounters a damsel in distress, is strangely stirred to pity and eagerly comes to her relief. His intentions, however, are misunderstood, and in a surprisingly brief interval he finds himself in jail, charged with an attempted assault. The subsequent career of Mr. Beenham is, of course, exceptional. There are thousands of men, and even this is an understatement of the case, who are more or less hopelessly in a rut and who stay in a rut to the end of their lives. The lucky few whom fate, in the shape of an earthquake, or a brain storm, or even an ignominious arrest, as in the case of Mr. Beenham, jostles out of their rut, are too exceptional to appeal to the large majority of readers; and consequently, this volume by Mr. Cannan is foredoomed to be caviar for the general. But there is sure to be a certain select and limited audience which will extract from the chronicle of Mr. Beenham's subsequent career, from the explosion born of his unconscious repression, his stagnation, his pent up energy, a keen and exuberant joy that is enjoyed very seldom in the course of a decade.

"THE NEW DAWN"

The New Dawn, by Agnes C. Laut, is an attempt, often made before, with varying degrees of success, to bring up for judgment the clash between the domestic and business interests of the American financial bandit. It traces the career of an American boy from the moment when he first attracts the attention of his employer, the head of a gigantic ship-building corporation, through all the ensuing steps of his career, the marriage with his employer's daughter, his own rise to supreme control, his mad dream of a vast consolidation, international and world-wide,—and then his slow enlightenment, the final dawning upon him that it had all really not been worth while, that he had missed the essentials of the joy of living and that, with fortune and

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wife, both deserting him, he might throw his life away just as well as not, to save a mere errand boy, amid the excitement of a strike, a riot, and a huge conflagration. The author chooses, as her own private touch of irony, to save the life of her hero, in spite of a twelve-story blaze, only to let him die of heart failure a few weeks later, with his truant wife racing homeward on a belated ocean greyhound. All of which goes to show that the weak point of the book is its divided interest. The author started to expound broadly the problem of American industry, commerce, and finance;—and she ended with the anti-climax of an individual destiny.

"FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN"

Mr. Phillpotts is, among contemporary novelists, a conspicuous sinner in regard to the nicely balanced elements of fiction. In fact, he largely owes his reputation to his utterly irrelevant portrayal of Devonshire landscape,—just as Mr. Willam Black largely owed his to those inimitable accounts of struggles to the death with dour, tenacious salmon in the far-off lochs of Scotland. Throughout a long and deservedly successful career Mr. Phillpotts has for the most part adhered tenaciously to Dartmoor, and its familiar types,—and incidentally has rather overdone the local stage-setting,—the crags, the gorse, the mist and slanting lane. But, in the present volume Mr. Phillpotts seems to have reverted to the days of his youth. There is no reason,—or rather there are no valid grounds for assuming that the diary kept by his hero, Corkey,—a lad of seventeen, has anything to do with the author's own life, yet the fact remains that this entertaining and informing narrative of the daily drudgery of an under-paid clerk in a big London insurance office, dates back to the days when Mr. Phillpotts himself, if not actually in the office of his story, might well have been some one of his hero's intimate cronies. The whole thing is exceedingly well done. In fact, the technique of it is rather better than usual, for Mr. Phillpotts is quite apt to take liberties with technique, falling back upon the admitted license of the successful writer. At all events, in the volume entitled *From the Angle of Seventeen* he has done an admirable piece of work. Regardless of its supposed date and stage-setting, it is an admirable bit of psychology, depicting quite ruthlessly the blunders, the disappointments, and the absurdities of an insignificant, underpaid clerk in a big firm, utterly ignorant of proportionate values.

"ALL MEN ARE GHOSTS"

It is hard to decide whether this new volume by Mr. L. P. Jacks belongs to the realm of fiction or not. Strictly speaking, it is a borderline volume. Consequently there would be an obvious unkindness in dwelling upon its weakest spots. But its strongest spot is unquestionably its delightful indulgence in paradox. Take, for example, the initial episode, out of this collection of more or less independent recitals,—for why should a reviewer be required to discuss more than the title story, whether he has read the remainder or not?—we are transported, inch by inch, across that imaginary boundary which divides our prosaic lives from the spirit world. And forthwith the author proceeds to spin a most diverting series of paradoxes, all of which go to prove that the traditional ghost has quite as much right as we to complain; and that logically he has as much reason to doubt our existence, to be sceptical of our achievements, as we have to question his. Under the guise of light raillery, the author has some rather serious views to put forth. And the result is a volume so full of whimsical fancies, blended with wise philosophy, that it will bring to the chosen few a brief hour or two of very genuine enjoyment.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Henry Labouchere*

No one, perhaps, not even himself, ever quite understood Henry Labouchere. This biography by his nephew is entertaining, often illuminating; it touches skilfully upon the various aspects of his character and career; but it leaves him a riddle. He was honest and disinterested; he was faithful to the last to the Radical principles he adopted early in life. Yet the British public never took him quite seriously. Humour of the subtler kind is not appreciated by the middle classes, and cynicism is to them an eighth deadly sin. It may be said, of course, that Palmerston was popular. But he had the gift of seeming to be in earnest. Labouchere could better be compared with Melbourne. There is no occasion, however, to compare him with any one. He would not have been a phenomenon in French politics, but he was in English. He was French by birth, and Mr. Thorold says truly that he remained French until the day of his death. He was intellectual, not emotional; he had strong convictions, but he held them without enthusiasm. Furthermore, he was not a party man, and he constantly said and did things which party men resented. Nor could they comprehend his attitude of detachment. How could a man without strong feelings, a mocker of cherished beliefs and conventions, be sincere?

Doubtless Labouchere's cynicism was in part a pose, as cynicism usually is. He was capable of great generosity; he often displayed real kindness of heart; and he bore no grudges. When he attacked a man, in the House or in the pages of *Truth,* it was all a part of the day's work—an impersonal duty which left no bitterness. His own hatred of pretence made the pangs of wounded vanity ridiculous in his eyes, though these may outlast the pangs of disprized love. Yet it must not be supposed that he was without the power of inspiring affection and confidence. He had great charm, unflagging good spirits and sincere loyalty to a friend or a cause. When he retired from the House of Commons he had become, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor said, an almost essential part of it. Those who had differed with him most strenuously felt that it would not be the same place without him.

Labouchere's life was many-sided, and this is not the place to view it as a whole. His early years were passed in the diplomatic service, a part of the time at Washington; he always expressed the greatest admiration for American political institutions and cited them as examples to Englishmen. He was more or less of an elegant trifler in those days; gambling was about his only passion. Later he took an interest in journalism and the stage. But as member for Northampton he first revealed his capacity as a born fighter. His connection with *Truth,* the weekly journal which he founded and nominally edited, was coincident with his parliamentary labours. Nevertheless, although he succeeded in impressing his personality upon the pages of *Truth* in an extraordinary degree, and made it a potent instrument in the exposure of humbug and rascality, his greatest work was done in the House. In a sense he was not a journalist. He had scant love of work or regard for detail. He was a good reporter, when he was in the mood, as his letters from Paris during the siege showed; and he could write a stinging article certain to penetrate the thickest armour. But it is difficult to think of him in the daily grind of journalism. *Truth* has wrought much good by its exposure of abuses, and it was this possi-

*The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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bility which its proprietor valued most. He cared nothing for the money it brought him.

His interest in politics was quite another matter. In the House his cynical indifference was superficial; he was a zealous supporter of the Radical cause. And he exercised a greater influence behind the scenes than the public realised at the time. Indeed, the letters to Mr. Chamberlain in these pages, written at the time when Gladstone's Home Rule bill split the Liberal party, give a totally new impression of the extent and power of his influence. He had never really liked Gladstone—though it was he who first called him the Grand Old Man—and he had long regarded Mr. Chamberlain as the destined leader of a Liberal party thoroughly radicalised and the future Prime Minister of England. Now Mr. Chamberlain had been a constant friend of Ireland, and Labouchere could not believe that he would vote against the Home Rule bill. These letters show how fully the objections to the measure were discussed between them, and how earnestly Labouchere endeavoured to change Mr. Chamberlain's opinions. In the end there was a complete break between them, and Labouchere bitterly attacked his old-time friend, especially at the time of the Boer War. Yet Mr. Chamberlain's point of view was obvious. He was an imperialist as well as a friend of Ireland, and he could not support any scheme which conferred self-government on Irishmen at the cost of imperial unity. If any man could have convinced him it would have been Labouchere. It is curious to note in this correspondence how generally Parnell was disliked, even by his own followers. Labouchere disliked him as much as any one, but he played a large part in the exposure of the Pigott conspiracy.

Labouchere's Radicalism was consistent. He opposed Gladstone's Egyptian policy as sharply as Mr. Balfour's coercion policy. He flouted the House of Lords and professed no regard for the royal family as such. Perhaps it was inevitable that he should have been excluded from the Gladstone Ministry of 1892; but the slight was deeply felt, despite his professed indifference. In this case, as in many others, the Grand Old Man did not play fair. In the end Labouchere lost nothing by remaining outside of office; his temper was essentially critical, and as a critic his greatest opportunities came to him. He mellowed a little, no doubt, with the passage of the years. So far as that goes, he had never borne malice, no matter how hard he might hit. The impression left by Mr. Thorold's volume is, on the whole, that of a man naturally kindly, though impatient of human weakness and incapable of profound emotion. At all events he did well a work which no other man was precisely fitted to do. Is not this praise enough?

Edward Fuller.

II

John Morley's "On Politics and History"*

Few men now writing can speak with such authority on public questions as John Morley. His background of personal experience as an executive added to his ripe scholarship makes important any utterance. Gifted also with an unusual literary style, his thought gains in cogency because of his lucid phrase. Readers of his *Voltaire, Rousseau* and *The Encyclopædists* will not easily forget the calm philosophic spirit with which he discussed and interpreted these disputed figures in history; especially, when one recalls his own vigourous opinions uttered in *Compromise*. His *Burke* and *Gladstone* are, of course, the classic biographies of his own countrymen. The long list of critical essays, too, upon miscellaneous subjects indicate a catholic reading which is bound to give colour to the wide themes discussed in his latest volume.

Originally delivered at the University of Manchester, where he is Chancellor, *On Politics and History* has now, two

*On Politics and History. By John Morley. New York: Macmillan Company.

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years later, been expanded into a little volume, which reveals once more the grasp and insight of a masterful mind. It is not so closely knit a volume as one has come to expect from his pen, but he himself frankly admits that it does not aim at a rigid thesis on a single theme. Rather has he preferred to use this method to indulge in some comments more or less germane to politics in relation to history. Summary is therefore difficult, since the book itself is so finely pared and phrased.

He pleads throughout for an open mind and argues that to understand human feeling one must look at its varying motives not as vices but as properties of human nature, like heat and cold belong to the air. Politics is, of course, this feeling in action as regards government. We are to-day in process of change, but we must keep "a cautious sense of proportion." The old ideas and words are having new meanings, since national ideals are never the same. We must constantly bear in mind that "deeper than mere opinions are the sentiments and circumstances by which opinion is predetermined." It is the timeliness of a political book, for example, which makes it important; and so with many of the accidents which Morley calls "the fortuitous variations of history." This leads him to a comment on the "historical method" which is one of the most illuminating we have come across:

> Its sway is now universal in the field of social judgment and investigation. It warns us that we cannot explain or understand, without allowing for origins and the genetical side of the agents and conditions with which we have to deal. It substitutes for dogmas deduced from abstract regions, search for two things. The first, the correlation of leading facts and social ideas with one another in a given community at a given time. The second, the evolution of order succeeding to order in common beliefs, tastes, customs, diffusion of wealth, laws, and all the arts of life. Stripped of formality, this only expands the familiar truth that laws and institutions are not made, but grow, and what is true of them is true of ideas, language, manners, which are in effect their source and touchstone.
>
> It is easy to see that the ascendancy of the historic method has its drawbacks. Study of all the successive stages in beliefs, institutions, laws, forms of art, only too soon grows into a substitute for direct criticism of all these things upon their merits and in themselves. Inquiry what the event actually was, vital and indispensable as that of course must be, and what its significance and interpretation, becomes secondary to inquiry how it came about. Too exclusive attention to dynamic aspects weakens the energetic duties of the static. . . . It means, veto of the absolute, persistent substitution of the relative. . . . Even figures of high mark turn out political somnambulists.

A question which comes to all students of history is whether history has shown that progress is upward or whether there has been progress at all. As Mill has pointed out, progress may mean many things: certain it is that talent and strength of mind are equally to be found in an ignorant age as in a cultivated age, but that progress has been evident in feelings and opinions. Morley is inclined to disagree with this broad statement. He is struck with the decline of the Latin races in South America, along with the sustained vigour of the English, Scotch and Irish stocks. He thus thinks decay and progress are the hand-maidens of history. The thought of progress, too, has not permeated all literatures: the thought of retrogression is ever present. But "angles and distances make all the difference to the eagles and falcons who survey history." The great curse of the present is the insecurity of industrial life, though the tragedy of toil is lessened by the heroic efforts made to soften the hardships of mechanical invention. Morley's view of this broad question of progress is somewhat detached and suggestive, a balancing of the pros and cons, as to whether "the light burns ever upward." He calls Mommsen, Gibbon, Taine and Hatch to speak for the darker side. He is con-

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vinced, however, in picturing the Mohammedan conquests in the middle of the fifteenth century, that it was an "awkward reproof that civilised communities are necessarily bound somehow or another to be progressive." He questions very seriously in this connection, whether to-day the contact of Western races on those of the East will increase the sum of happiness. For, just as Christianity went through slavery, intolerance and "the degrading incidents connected with the seclusion of women," so the religion of Mahomet may work its way into the higher and purer light.

On one thing, at any rate, optimist and pessimist agree, that progress is no automaton, spontaneous and self-propelling. It depends on the play of forces within the community and external to it. It depends on the room left by the State for the enterprise, energy, and initiative of the individual. It depends on the absence from the general mind at a given time, of the sombre feeling, how small a fraction is a man's share in the huge universe of unfathomable things. It depends on no single element in social being, but on the confluence of many tributaries in a great tidal stream of history; and those tides, like the ocean itself, ebbing and flowing in obedience to the motions of an inconstant moon.

To keep a constant open-mindedness, then, seems to be the real message of this book; possibly even a gentle scepticism toward all the posturers and pretensions of schools and doctrines. Basically it is hopeful, since Morley believes that while men have been conscious of the ironies of history, the underlying motive of all law givers has approximated some belief in mankind. At least he should love and respect mankind. We must not make the mistake of believing that factions are necessarily petty; for the jargon of political divisions frequently, beneath the surface, "mark broad eternal elements in human nature; sides taken in the standing quarrels of the world; persistent types of sympathy, passion, faith and principle, that constitute the fascination, instruction, and power of command in history." *George Middleton.*

III

Clayton Hamilton's "Studies in Stagecraft"*

It is especially interesting to readers of The Bookman to see in consecutive form the valuable papers of Mr. Hamilton which they have read from month to month. In putting them together, the author has wisely discarded the recapitulation of individual plays which in a monthly review has pertinence; though at the same time their absence reveals that his prefatory theme was occasionally not of such importance or truth in itself as that it afforded a convenient blanket for the strange bedfellows it was designed to cover. It is inevitable, of course, that papers so prepared should contain much repetition and some inconsistencies not smoothed out. But far from quarrelling with paste pot and shears, one wishes there had been more of both; and that there had been displayed in the making of the book the seriousness of purpose manifested chapter by chapter. To articulate the scattered bones of the body of Mr. Hamilton's doctrine of the contemporary play is somewhat difficult; and it is a job no one can do as well as he himself could have done for us.

The technique of the drama, Mr. Hamilton tells us, has changed before our very eyes and we are confronted with an entirely new art of making plays. Every year or so the open-minded commentator is forced by some new playwright to alter his definition of the Drama; and every attempt to limit the content of the term "dramatic" has been rebutted by experiment—an evidence that we are living in a very vigorous period of dramatic art. The purpose of most of the experimenters has been to carry the drama more nearly into accord with actuality, by ignoring the traditions of the "well-made" play.

The chief reason why it is impossible

*Studies in Stagecraft. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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to measure the contemporary play by the critical standards of other ages, is that it possesses an element utterly new. This is setting. We derive from Greek and Elizabethan and classic French play no more definite sense of time and place than from the *Venus de Melos*. Now when an actor leaves the stage he goes somewhere and we know exactly where he is going, and when he comes back he must account for the time he has been away. The portion of the stage which we see occupies an exact locality in space. Thus, the modern theatre makes the setting tell as much of the story as it can be made to tell. Not only for this reason has the stage-director become of late so important, but also because there must be some one to harmonise the various arts which are assembled in the modern play. The arts of writing, acting, dancing, painting, sculpture, decoration, music, and illustrative illumination must all be coördinated by a dominant and central intelligence. The most obvious errors of this new business of stage-direction arise from the prodigality of the material at its disposal—the unnecessary cost which it imposes on the management, the dispersion of the attention of the audience, and its over-concreteness which limits their imagination.

This over-concreteness, he goes on to say, has indeed limited the imagination of all concerned. As the drama became less literary it became more pictorial. But its ambition has overleaped itself, and in giving up literary effects it has relinquished romance and poetry also. To bring them back again will require a freer handling of the categories of time and place, and less reliance upon the visual. Yet Mr. Hamilton appears to say at the same time that the very concreteness of the drama which intends illusion is better endowed than the drama of any other age to symbolise ideas essentially abstract—and if this is not the liveliest of stimuli to the imagination of the audience, one wonders what is. "Ten years ago our playwrights strove only to make their spectators believe what they saw, now they strive by visual suggestion to make them imagine much more than they see." This seems to be what the Elizabethans tried to do by aural suggestion; and as Shakespeare must constantly have failed to make most of his hearers understand by words the abstract ideas which now in our theatres none of the spectators can fail to see, it is difficult to be convinced by Mr. Hamilton's argument that our medium of expression deadens the imagination of the audience. Indeed, one may fear, rather, that the newest playwrights in returning to literature and placing less reliance upon visualisation in order to express psychology will return again to the explicitness of the novel, which leaves nothing whatever to the imagination of the reader except the childish exercise of granting the antecedent conditions he is asked to grant in order that the story may be told—an exercise which, though daily exhibited in every kindergarten, we are to believe made demi-gods of the Elizabethan audience.

Gazing upon the flux of things, Mr. Hamilton realises it is unsafe to dogmatise. Yet he cannot resist laying down the law even when he is laying down the law that there is no law. No one ever mixed up moods and styles more than Shakespeare, for instance, and yet no playwright has ever more secured a totality of artistic effect—thus to demand that a modern playwright keep emotion out of farce or farce out of tragedy or high comedy out of melodrama is to be quite hopelessly academic, though at the same time reckless of the models which have furnished the theories. He exhibits a similar recklessness when he announces that no play can be considered an important contribution to dramatic literature unless it proves itself to have been conceived and conducted in accordance with the admitted laws of life. What play of Sophocles or Shakespeare or Racine or Sheridan has by a strict analysis done this; and, with a similar looseness of interpretation, what poorest of contemporary plays has not? Yet these playwrights, Mr. Hamilton says, stimulated in their audiences a keener

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sense of truth than our own minute and timorous imitation of the actual. Since custom had as great an influence then as now, it would be interesting to know the grounds upon which so large an assumption can be based. As a matter of fact few people in the audience ask of a popular play, "Is it plausible?" and no critic asks of a classic "Is it true?" Many plays have deservedly survived as classics which are not in the least plausible or true. The old plays have survived for the same reason that the new ones are popular—because they are interesting and actable. Mr. Hamilton has much to say of truth, and that it is the purpose of every artistic endeavour to tell it. If so, artists have been willing from time immemorial to admit much for the sake of interest that is destructive of their purpose. People went to the theatre in Shakespeare's day no less than in Mr. William Winter's youth to be told lies about life—it merely happens that the liars of Mr. Winter's youth are no longer interesting. Shakespeare's plays, no less than Lester Wallack's, teach us that women are lovable in proportion to their ignorance and their capacity to forgive and forget, that every heroine or even marriageable woman is beautiful, that villainy always overleaps itself, and "other innumerable doctrines devastating to the mind." If any one has overlooked this in Shakespeare, it is because Shakespeare made him more interested in other things; granting similar compensations, it would be the same with any modern playwright.

Mr. Hamilton is at his best when he stops trying to measure the present by the past (the thing which he says is the purpose of this volume not to do) or by the future; and when he brings his stimulating mind down from its lofty Procrustean labours of fitting artistic history snugly into a moral generalisation, to the task (only apparently humbler) of beholding old things at new angles. His plea for melodrama, a brilliant and suggestive essay, is a case in point. "Since most of our life is casual rather than causal, the theatres must rely on farce and melodrama to complete its comment on humanity." He might even have gone further (did it not endanger moral generalisations!) and admit that this being the case, it is even more truthful to present the influence of action on character than the influence of character on action. Tragic characters are too clearly drawn to admit our putting ourselves in their place, and hence we lose in seeing a tragedy one of the great sources of interest. Furthermore, since we know that things will turn out well in the lucky world of melodrama, we permit ourselves to take the hero's place without reservation. *Graham Berry.*

IV

G. K. Chesterton's "The Flying Inn"*

The Flying Inn may be briefly characterised as a narrative comic opera. It follows the Gilbertian formula of satirising actual anomalies by carrying them out quite logically to burlesque extremes; and the resemblance is heightened by the serio-comic songs with which the characters regale one another throughout the story. Mr. Chesterton takes Prohibition for his point of attack, as it might have been Chancery or Æstheticism or the Admiralty; and his fantasy develops out of the ridiculous facts with the same methodical madness, the same wild precision of logic, which make *Patience* and *Iolanthe* and *Pinafore* a dithering delight. The aristocrat of the hour, becoming fanatical upon the subject of the Higher Orientalism, enacts that no alcohol shall be sold except under the sign of a licensed inn: which license is, of course, refused except to a few highly expensive establishments. But, just as the last inn of old England is about to be torn down, along comes a wild Irish captain who is a friend of the innkeeper; plucks up the sign, and away they go, taking with them a cheese and a keg of rum and a delectable bull-pup who rejoices in the name of Quoodle. They

*The Flying Inn. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

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scour the country, planting the sign momentarily in various embarrassing places; and where the sign is, there shall the drinks be also. At last, after most contemporary fads from Cubism to the Simple Life have come in for their share of satire, a democratic revolution restores the balance of things.

Now, the point of the whole caricature lies in its precise fidelity to the facts. Not one of them but is exaggerated in degree; not one but in quality and in essence is reproduced with literal accuracy. Prohibition is, in fact, a Mohammedan and not a Christian doctrine; our actual religion is taking an increasingly Oriental cast; the British Government is practically a family oligarchy, just as our own is practically an oligarchy of business; the left-handed legislation which decrees not the effect actually desired, but some incidental detail intended to result in that effect, and which, therefore, lends itself grotesquely to evasion, is perfectly characteristic of both nations. As in the case of Gilbert, the fun depends upon the wild sanity of the satirist; his vision has the grotesque actuality of an instantaneous photograph. But the trouble is that Mr. Chesterton is continually uneven in the scale and tone of his extravagance. Lord Ivywood is a serious caricature, Captain Dalroy a huge burlesque; and Lady Joan a wholly sober and realistic figure. And, as with the characters, so even more with the incidents, and with the style and manner of the writing. You may turn a page from capering extravaganza to profound and even passionate realism, from low comedy to high tragedy. And, however excellent either one may be, we do not take our oysters and ice-cream together, nor mix our Worcestershire and wine. Mr. Chesterton himself points out that no man is artistically justified in writing a tale which begins in the style of *The Rivals* and ends in the style of the *Iliad*. But he himself has done worse: he has written a tale wherein style, episode, and character fluctuate between these extremes continually and at will. Gilbert never makes that mistake. His every work is conceived upon an even plane of extravagance, written in one consistent key of absurdity: he changes all the signs of his equation, raises both terms to the same humourous power, so that its original value remains. Bunthorne and Patience are a proper pair, and the envy of Dick Deadeye is of a piece with Ralph Rackstraw's ambition. But *The Flying Inn* is as if Patience were constantly changing into Miranda and Rackstraw into Romeo. The same fault has appeared before in Mr. Chesterton's hyperbolic fiction: *Manalive* and *The Ball and the Cross* are both marred by it; but never to such an extent as here, where it almost spoils a better book than either. For the burlesque makes the romance sound merely sentimental, and the romance makes the burlesque appear merely untrue.

It is indeed worth questioning whether Mr. Chesterton's vein of philosophic comedy is not, for the present at least, worked out. *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* and *The Man Who Was Thursday* set a standard of real importance from which his later fiction has steadily retrogressed. There is much admirable fooling in *The Flying Inn,* and much human and divine wisdom; but of this last there is nothing that Mr. Chesterton has not already told us. And we know that he has more to tell, that may be better told directly than in parables. He is not a great artist: he is not even a very good artist; and he is the last man in the world to regret this particular limitation. He is a great humourist and a great philosopher; of whom we may not unjustly demand not merely a form of work that we find pleasant, but the form of work which he himself does best.

Brian Hooker.

V

W. L. George's "The Making of an Englishman"*

There are two ways of looking at Mr. George's novel. First, as a criticism of

*The Making of an Englishman. By W. L. George. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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the English people, and incidentally an arraignment of the French, and then as a simple love story; and in both ways his book deserves attention. A novel with so obvious a purpose as the criticism of a national life is likely to tell a tiresome story. Yet Mr. George has woven his "purpose" into his plot and made it an essential of the latter's development. With the first chapter we are plunged into a vital incident of England's life—a London mob celebrating the relief of Mafeking. Lucien Cadoresse, the young French hero, is getting his first experience of London life. He has just come from France to take a position in the London branch of his father's old firm, now the centre of the business. With all a Frenchman's traditions *behind him* and with a Frenchman's sensitiveness and also irritability, Cadoresse is continually in trouble, yet all the while making interesting discoveries into the lives and ideals of the people about him. We are taken into his boarding-house, where bourgeois England comes up for examination, and we are introduced to the landlady's daughter, soon to be Lucien's first love, and again to appear later in the story as "Mordedee" of the music halls. Then, because of his family, Lucien is taken into his employer's home and here upper-middle-class England is exploited and found to be a repetition of bourgeois England on a little grander scale—a difference in degree but not in kind. And here again is another daughter whose love affair with Lucien forms the main theme of the story. Edith is a type of the best that England has to offer, as her brother Hugh is a type of the best among its men. These people are an enigma to Cadoresse; of Hugh he writes: "The mystery of Hugh Lawton is the mystery of England, and it is insoluble. . . . I felt this English mystery as a reserve of power. I knew that Hugh Lawton would never give himself away, never lay himself open to attack. . . . I admire him impersonally as a statue, an opera or a principle . . . a western civilisation has made of him a finished product, and it may be that his existence is a presage of defeat; breeding cannot go higher, but it can go lower . . . he is the finest product of the average of his race, the apogee of the commonplace, and with him England stands in apotheosis." So our French hero goes on prying into the heart of England's life, misunderstanding her, quarrelling, getting into unfortunate situations, but ever grasping better and criticising the more keenly the significance of his adopted people. When catastrophe overwhelms his hopes for Edith, Maud, now "Mordedee," opportunely appears, and Cadoresse is dragged through London's disreputable Bohemia—a phase that Mr. George has handled with the more skill in that he has resorted less to didactic analysis and more to simple description. A return to France proves to Lucien that he is now more English than French and that France no longer wants him; and it is a chastened hero that goes back to England once more to plunge into the amalgamating process to come out eventually into fortune and happiness as a naturalised Englishman.

Something of the political campaign is treated that seems a little unnecessary; somewhat too much of feminine characterisation is delved into, and analysis, however keen and illuminating, has its limits with most novel readers. Mr. George, too, is inclined to labour over his canvases; he approaches them with some hesitation and uncertainty and makes many little dabs, trying from one side and then from another to get his result where a more experienced artist with a few well-directed strokes, would quickly obtain his effect. Maud and Edith, and in fact, all of the characters are distinct, living pictures when we finish the book, but our mental concept of them has been built up gradually and at some little trouble to ourselves. And this author seems also to have the knack of casting over his novels an atmosphere of sombre, serious thought anent the struggle for existence with little enough of the joy and exuberant hope there is in just being alive. He hears the grinding and gritting of the wheels of our com-

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plex civilisation above the music of their whirr and the hum of their latent promise. One cannot help but feel that the author has in some measure over-reached his "purpose." To criticise the life of a people is a tall undertaking and necessarily admits of but partial fulfilment. Yet Mr. George shows skill at his work and his criticisms and analyses seem as convincing as they are keen and well-founded. So that at the close, though all that stands for England triumphs in the story, yet the balance of criticism is *against* her and the inconsistency is fairly felt. For there is little doubt that Mr. George really premises that somehow the English are divinely fitted to be the dominant race—he is a true Britisher not only in that, but also—oh, for a little real humour to season this meaty dish withal!

Rex Glendining.

VI

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Italian Yesterdays"*

The two handsome volumes which bear this fragrant title will hardly bear out the author's hope that the reader will find the title justified. In them she says she has assembled her memories and her own experiences side by side with the stories of saints and sinners long passed away from the land where they played their part. But the great bulk of the work is unfortunately occupied by the last-named; and one fears that Mrs. Fraser will scarcely pardon the statement that of the three she is the better company.

Yet in her gentle way she herself is to blame for calling forth this defiant spirit. For a more aggressive controversial temper never spoke in softer accents. She deplores that no Catholic guide-book exists and even such valuable sweet-minded works as Augustus Hare's *Walks In Rome* seem anxious to be exonerated from the suspicion of sharing the pious beliefs of devout persons in miracles and relics. The world at large, she thinks, is recovering somewhat from the prolonged epidemic of materialism from which it suffered during the greater part of the nineteenth century, and many of the strongest scientific intellects are recognising supernatural "possession" as the only possible and rational explanation of certain cases of mental perversity. The real and serious study of history, she continues elsewhere, has become for all save a few a thing of the past. Legend and fact, faith and inspiration, are so intermingled that to separate them is impossible to any intelligence not directly inspired. She warns against taking Ruskin seriously in any other capacity than as a student of the beautiful; as philosopher and theologian he wrote appalling lies with complacency and assurance—as do all without the Church, even scientists, who venture to speak of Her. The few stories she tells which are not religious afford her a firm foundation of moralising; and the stories of the saints and popes she narrates not only with the sympathy but with the particularity of an eye-witness. For the rest, she tells them with good narrative effect; and neutralises her zeal with a sweet naïveté and with loving-kindness.

It is indeed unfortunate, however, on the positive as well as the negative side, that so little of the book is devoted to her personal experiences. These are charming and tender, and clad in rhythmic, eloquent prose accomplished yet spontaneous. The landscape in which they are set is a delight, as are also the peasant and rural figures that people it. Rome from the hour of her first hut has been loved with a personal passion that has not its like in the world's history; and Rome excepted, Verona is the world's most richly endowed city, with stirring memories of men and their deeds both good and bad. And all she sees through the rosy mist of her own memory—even the beggars at the church doors were in the days of her youth devout.

A. de Vivier.

*Italian Yesterdays. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART III—MARRIAGE

THE Queen and Prince Albert, as we know, much wished to keep the fact of the Princess's engagement a secret from the public. But rumour was naturally busy with the visit of the Prussian Prince to Balmoral, and on the day after his departure, that is on October 3d, there appeared in the *Times* a leading article, in which the proposed alliance of the Princess Royal was alluded to with anything but approval—indeed, in Germany the article was considered grossly insulting both to the King of Prussia and to Germany. Prince Albert was very much angered at the terms in which it was written, which he described as "foolish and degrading to this country."

But the article was really inspired by a consciousness of the violent dislike of England entertained by the Court of Prussia, and especially by the camarilla surrounding the then sovereign and his consort, and this was better realised by publicists than by Royal circles in England.

Amazing as it may seem to us now, it is nevertheless abundantly clear that neither Queen Victoria nor Prince Albert, well served as they were in some respects by the faithful Stockmar, had any idea of the real situation at the Prussian Court. The extreme youth of their daughter made them wish to postpone the marriage for a while, but there is no hint in any of the many letters and documents which have now come to light of the slightest fear that she would lack a good reception in that new country which she already loved as part of Prince Albert's fatherland. On the contrary, the Prince had evidently persuaded himself that his daughter's marriage would be very popular in Germany—more popular than it happened to be just then in England. Like most men of high, strong, narrow character, Prince Albert never allowed himself to perceive what at the moment he did not wish to see.

This view is entirely borne out by the letters which Prince Albert wrote then and later to the Prince of Prussia. Even when addressing one who was far older than himself, and already in the position of a ruler, he always assumed the attitude of mentor rather than of adviser; and as one glances over the immensely long epistles, dealing with a state of things of which the writer could know but very little, one wonders if the future Emperor William had the patience always to read them to the very end. Even were there no other evidence existing, these letters remain to show how curiously lacking Prince Albert was in that knowledge of elementary human nature which belongs to so many commoner types of mind.

The Prince Consort's misapprehension is the more extraordinary when we consider that his brother, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, judged the situation with accuracy. In a letter published in his memoirs the Duke says:

"The family events at Balmoral and Stolzenfels [King Frederick William IV was staying at Stolzenfels when he received the news of the engagement of his nephew to the Princess Royal and of his niece, Princess Louise, to the Prince Regent of Baden] gave rise to all kinds of dissatisfaction in many reactionary circles of the Prussian capital. The more the Liberal papers of Germany applauded, the more disagreeably was the other side affected by the unpopularity of the circumstances which threatened to strengthen, at the Court of Berlin, the influence of the Royal relations whose sentiments were not regarded with favour. One of the peculiarities of Frederick William IV was that, with reference to his personal sympathies, he

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would not submit to any coercion from those who were familiar with politics and affairs of State, so that the secret opponents had to beware of expressing their displeasure at the new family connections."

As we have seen, the King of Prussia had kept his own counsel in the affair of his nephew's engagement, which he had only sanctioned in consequence of Prince Frederick William's strong personal appeal. His Queen was intensely pro-Russian, and as a result of the Crimean War had conceived a positive hatred for England and the English.

As for the Princess of Prussia, afterward the Empress Augusta, she was a woman of the highest cultivation, the old cultivation of Weimar and of the French eighteenth century, but she had not much influence in Berlin, where even then she was said to be strongly inclined to Roman Catholicism. The Prince of Prussia was himself not really popular. It was inevitable therefore, in all the circumstances, that the prospect of an English alliance should become a fresh cause of contention and division, in which the voices of disapproval decidedly prevailed.

Even after the engagement had been actually announced, Prince Frederick William told Lady Bloomfield, the wife of the British Minister in Berlin, that, though he was very much disappointed that the Queen and Prince Albert wished the marriage to be postponed as the Princess Royal was so young, it was perhaps a good thing, for by that time party spirit in Prussia would run less high. The strength of that party spirit was ominously shown on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince's sister, Princess Louise, when the great nobility of Prussia ostentatiously absented themselves from the festivities.

General von Gerlach, who as we have seen, extracted from the King of Prussia that dry admission that the rumours of the English engagement were well-founded, drew also a more interesting comment on the news from a very different personage. Bismarck, who was already regarded as a man with a future, and at the time held an important diplomatic post at the Diet at Frankfort, wrote to the General on April 8, 1856, a commentary which was in some ways extraordinarily prophetic:

"You ask me in your letter what I think of the English marriage. I must separate the two words to give you my opinion. The 'English' in it does not please me, the 'marriage' may be quite good, for the Princess has the reputation of a lady of brain and heart. If the Princess can leave the Englishwoman at home and become a Prussian, then she may be a blessing to the country. If our future Queen on the Prussian throne remains the least bit English, then I see our Court surrounded by English influence, and yet us, and the many other future sons-in-law of her gracious Majesty, receiving no notice in England save when the Opposition in Parliament runs down our Royal family and country. On the other hand, with us, British influence will find a fruitful soil in the noted admiration of the German 'Michael' for lords and guineas, in the Anglomania of papers, sportsmen, country gentlemen, etc. Every Berliner feels exalted when a real English jockey from Hart or Lichtwald speaks to him and gives him an opportunity of breaking the Queen's English on a wheel. What will it be like when the first lady in the land is an Englishwoman?"

Not less interesting in their way are the comments which Prince Albert's brother, Duke Ernest, made on his niece's betrothal:

"The Royal House of Prussia has long afforded in its genealogical history a singular spectacle of waverings between the West and East of Europe. While family alliances between Orthodox Russia and Catholic Austria were almost wholly excluded, the Protestant faith did not at all prevent the Hohenzollerns from having a strong leaning toward the family of the Tsars, and the connections which were thus made undoubtedly exerted their influence upon Germany. The Crimean War may be regarded as a political lesson on this con-

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catenation of circumstances. Was it not most extraordinary that, even before peace had been concluded with Russia, the Royal House of Prussia was, in its matrimonial aims, on the point of exhibiting a marked tendency toward the West of Europe? The union of a Prussian heir-apparent with a Princess of my House, with its numerous branches, was an event which at the time unquestionably seemed opposed to the Russian tradition.

"If we remember how at the end of the war every one looked upon my brother as the active force against Russia, though at the beginning this was by no means clear, the marriage of a Prussian Prince who was destined to the succession with a daughter of the Queen of England necessarily possessed a decided political character. My brother, however, loved his eldest daughter too well to be influenced entirely by political considerations in respect of her marriage; and I often had an opportunity of observing that the chief wish of his heart for many years had been to see his favourite child occupy some exalted position. With paternal ambition, he was wont to picture to himself his promising daughter, whose abilities had been early developed, upon a lofty throne, but, more than all, I know that he was anxious to make her also truly happy. The Prince of Prussia, above all other scions of reigning Houses, afforded the greatest hopes for the future."

There was another Court at which the news of the engagement was regarded with mixed feelings. The Emperor Napoleon at first received the Anglo-Prussian alliance almost with dismay. He feared that, by strengthening Prussian influence, it would have the effect of weakening, and possibly destroying, the French understanding with England. But he allowed himself to be reassured by Lord Clarendon, who declared that Queen Victoria's affection for the House of Prussia was private and personal, and had nothing to do with politics. Prince Frederick William, returning by way of Paris as a successful suitor, had brought the Emperor a letter from the Queen, and to it Napoleon replied, rather coldly:

"We like the Prince very much, and I do not doubt that he will make the Princess happy, for he seems to me to possess every characteristic quality belonging to his age and rank. We endeavoured to make his stay here as pleasant as possible, but I found his thoughts were always either at Osborne or at Windsor."

It was on this visit of the Prince's that the Empress Eugénie made the following comments in a letter to an intimate friend, which, in view of those later events in which Moltke played so great a part, possess a pathetic significance:

"The Prince is a tall, handsome man, almost a head taller than the Emperor; he is slim and fair, with a light yellow moustache—in fact, a Teuton such as Tacitus described, chivalrously polite, and not without a resemblance to Hamlet. His companion, Herr von Moltke (or some such name), is a man of few words, but nothing less than a dreamer, always on the alert, and surprising one by the most telling remarks. The Germans are an imposing race. Louis says it is the race of the future. Bah! Nous n'en sommes pas encore là."

There was also a neighbouring sovereign to whose opinion all those who appreciate the complex dynastic relations of that period will be inclined to attach importance. This was the King of the Belgians.

Though he was in no sense the noble, selfless human being Queen Victoria took him to be, King Leopold was nevertheless a very shrewd judge of human nature, and had evidently seen enough of the Princess Royal to note certain peculiarities in her character which had escaped the loving, partial eyes of her parents. This is clearly shown in a letter written by Queen Victoria in the December of 1856. In this letter there is a passage, prefaced by "Now one word about Vicky," in which the Queen protests that she has never seen her daughter

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take any predilection to a person which was not *motive* by a certain amiability, goodness, or distinction of some kind or other. She goes on to say: "You need be under no apprehension whatever on this subject; and she has moreover great tact and *esprit de conduite.*"

This surely makes it clear that King Leopold was aware of the sudden fancies which the Princess Royal, even at that early age, often showed to those who attracted her, and that for no sufficient reason. Probably in this case he was thinking of the Princess Royal's passionate attachment to the Empress Eugénie—an attachment which lasted all through her youth, and which perhaps had more justification for it than some other of her enthusiasms for individuals.

In England, at any rate at first, the news of the engagement was received rather coldly, almost as if it was a *mésalliance,* though the knowledge that it was really a love-match did much to reconcile public opinion. The following passage from a letter written by Mr. Cobden, at this time the triumphant protagonist of the Anti-Corn Law League, reflects as well as anything the general feeling that the bridegroom was indeed "a lucky fellow":

"It is generally thought that the young Prince Frederick William of Prussia is to be married to our Princess Royal. I was dining *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, a few days ago, who had dined the day before at the Queen's table, and sat next to the Princess Royal. He was in raptures about her, and said she was the most charming girl he had ever met: 'All life and spirit, full of frolic and fun, with an excellent head, and a *heart as big as a mountain*'—those were his words. Another friend of mine, Colonel Fitzmayer, dined with the Queen last week, and, in writing to me a description of the company, he says that when the Princess Royal smiles, 'it makes one feel as if additional light were thrown upon the scene.' So I should judge that this said Prince is a lucky fellow, and I trust he will make a good husband. If not, although a man of peace, I shall consider it a *casus belli!*"

To the bride's parents, if not to herself and her betrothed, the fact that the marriage negotiations were not quite pleasantly conducted must have been not only painful but astonishing. It was actually suggested that the ceremony should take place in Berlin, but Queen Victoria very properly scouted the proposal, which was really in the circumstances disagreeably like an insult. She wrote in her emphatic, italicising way to Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary:

"The Queen *never* could consent to it, both for public and private reasons, and the assumption of its being *too much* for a Prince Royal of Prussia to *come* over to marry *the Princess Royal of Great Britain* IN England is too *absurd,* to say the least. The Queen must say that there never was even the *shadow* of a *doubt* on *Prince Frederick William's* part as to *where* the marriage should take place, and she suspects this to be the mere gossip of the Berliners. Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian Princes, it is not *every* day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The question therefore must be considered as settled and closed."

In view of all this and of what was to befall the Princess Royal in the land for which she even then cherished so fond an affection, and of which she had already formed so high an ideal, there is something intensely pathetic in the blindness of her parents to the real conditions of her future life. This blindness is shown with amazing clearness in the sentence, certainly inspired and very likely written by Queen Victoria herself, which concludes the chapter, in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort,* dealing with the betrothal of the Princess Royal:

"No consideration, public or private, would have induced the Queen or himself [*i.e.* Prince Albert] to imperil the happiness of their child by a marriage in which she could not have found scope to practise the constitutional principles in which she had been reared."

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The idea that the Prussia of that day, or indeed of any day, would have amiably afforded a foreign princess scope to practise constitutional principles of any sort seems extraordinary, and yet, as we shall see, there was some little justification for it at the time, though it was quickly swept away by the course of events.

The confirmation of the Princess Royal took place on March 20, 1856, in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. The Princess was led in by her father, followed by her godfather, the King of the Belgians, who had come to England on purpose, and the Royal children and most of the members of the Royal family were present, as were also the Ministers, the great officers of State, and many of those whom Disraeli was wont to describe as the "high nobility."

In fact, everything was done to make the rite a State ceremony—a striking contrast to the more recent practice by which the princes and princesses of England have all been confirmed privately, in the presence of their near relatives only.

The second Lord Granville, the statesman who shared with the Princess Royal the flattering nickname of "Pussy," wrote to Lord Canning this lively account of the confirmation. The inaudible Archbishop was J. B. Sumner; his Lordship of Oxford was the Samuel Wilberforce, called by his enemies "Soapy Sam," who played a conspicuous part in the Court and social life of the period:

"Had a slight spasm in bed; sent for Meryon. It was well before he came. He desired me not to go to Windsor for the confirmation of the Princess Royal. I went, and am none the worse; my complexion beautiful. It was an interesting sight. As Pam observed, 'Ah, ah! a touching ceremony; ah, ah!' The King of the Belgians the same as I remember him when I was a boy, and he used to live for weeks at the Embassy, using my father's horses, and boring my mother to death. The Princess Royal went through her part well. The Princess Alice cried violently. The Archbishop read what seemed a dull address; luckily it was inaudible. The Bishop of Oxford rolled out a short prayer with conscious superiority. Pam reminded Lord Aberdeen of their being confirmed at Cambridge, as if it was yesterday. I must go to bed, so excuse haste and bad pens, as the sheep said to the farmer when it jumped out of the fold."

There was certainly too much pomp about the Princess Royal's confirmation for the taste of another spectator, Princess Mary of Cambridge, afterward Duchess of Teck. She succeeds in drawing in a few words a remarkably vivid picture of what happened:

"The ceremony was very short (the service for the day being omitted) and not solemn enough for my feeling, although the anthems were fine and well-chosen. It was followed by a great deal of standing in the Green Drawing-room, where the Queen held a kind of tournée in honour of the Ministers, who had come down for the confirmation; after which dear Victoria, who looked particularly nice, and was very much impressed with the solemnity of the rite, received our presents on the occasion, and about half-past one we sat down to lunch *en famille* as usual."

It was on April 29, 1856, that the betrothal was publicly announced on the conclusion of the Crimean War, and in the following month the Princess appeared as a débutante at a Court ball at Buckingham Palace.

This spring "Fritz of Prussia," as his future father-in-law called him, came to pay a long visit to his fiancée. It is curious that Queen Victoria, in spite of her strong belief in love as the only right foundation for an engagement, had by no means the English notion of discreetly leaving the young people a good deal alone together. On the contrary, she seems to have entirely adopted the Continental practice of chaperonage; a passage in a letter written by her to King Leopold shows that she was always with them, and that she naturally found it very boring, but she endured it because she thought it was her duty.

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Prince Frederick William was still in England when in June the Princess Royal met with rather a terrifying accident, which is worthy of mention because it showed how strong was her character and how high her physical courage.

The Princess was sealing a letter at her writing-table, when suddenly the sealing-wax flamed out and the flames caught her muslin sleeve. Her English governess, Miss Hildyard, was fortunately seated close to her, and her music mistress, Mrs. Anderson, was also in the room, giving Princess Alice a lesson. They sprang at once to the Princess's assistance and beat out the flames with a hearthrug; but not before her right arm had been severely burned from below the elbow to the shoulder. She showed the greatest self-possession and presence of mind, her first words being: "Send for Papa, and do not tell Mamma till he has been told."

The Princess Royal had a long engagement, probably the longest that any lady of her rank has had, at least in modern times, but the months as they went by were fully occupied with her father's sedulous preparation of her intellect, as well as with the more frivolous preparations of her trousseau.

In May, 1857, Parliament voted for the Princess a dowry of £40,000 and an annuity of £4,000—a provision which does not now seem to have erred on the side of generosity. But it must be remembered that what economists call "the purchasing power of the sovereign" was considerably greater then than now, and to find the modern equivalent of these sums one would have to add probably as much as twenty-five per cent.

Prince Frederick William, attended by Count Moltke, paid another visit to England in June, and made his first public appearance with the Princess at the Manchester Art Exhibition. The young couple seem to have corresponded on quite the old-fashioned voluminous scale. After the Prince had gone home again in August, Moltke writes to his wife that the Princess had written a letter of forty pages to the Prince, and he adds the sarcastic comment: "How the news must have accumulated!"

Whatever the aide-de-camp may have thought, the Prince himself was certainly a happy lover in his own characteristically serious way. We find him a few months later writing to his French tutor, the Swiss Pastor Godet, a long and moving letter, in which he alludes very frankly to the difficulties which even then surrounded his position. Then, going on to speak of his coming marriage, he says:

"Yes, if you knew my betrothed you would, I am sure, thoroughly understand my choice, and you would realise that I am truly happy. I can but bless and thank God to have given me the happiness of finding in her everything which ensures the true union of hearts, and repose and calm in home life, for I do not care, as you know, for the world, which I find empty and with very little happiness in it."

The seventeenth birthday of the Princess Royal, the last she was to spend with her family before her marriage, was saddened by the death of Queen Victoria's half-brother, Prince Leiningen. The Royal family were all extremely fond of him, especially the Princess Royal, to whom he had ever shown himself a most affectionate and kindly uncle. This was the first time the Princess had come in close contact with death, and it made the more impression on her owing to the passionate grief which her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent, showed at the loss of her only son.

The wedding had now been fixed for January 25, 1858, and already in October the bride had taken leave of those places in Balmoral which were dear to her. Of this Prince Albert writes to the widowed Duchess of Gotha:

"Vicky suffers from the feeling that all those places she visits she must look upon for the last time as her home. The Maid of Orleans with her 'Joan says to you an everlasting farewell,' often comes into my mind." And in another letter: "The departure from here will be heavy

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for all of us, particularly for Vicky, who is going away for good, and the good Highland people who love her so much say: 'I suppose we shall never see you again,' which naturally upsets her."

These rather sentimental farewells had been going on for a long time. Queen Victoria, in a letter a fortnight before the wedding, says that her daughter had had ever since January, 1857, a succession of emotions and leave-takings which would be most trying to any one, but particularly so to so young a girl with such powerful feelings. The loving mother goes on to say that she is much improved in self-control, and is so clever and sensible that her parents can talk to her of anything.

Her other parent, in a letter to his grandmother, spoke of the frightful gap which the separation for ever of this dear daughter would make in the family circle, and then, with his characteristic optimism, he adds that in Germany people seem ready to welcome her with the greatest friendliness.

Here perhaps is the place to consider what sort of a country was the "Germany" whither Prince Albert was sending his cherished daughter as future Queen.

To begin with, it was not yet "Germany" at all; it was Prussia. We are well accustomed in the twentieth century to regard Germany as one of the Great Powers of Europe, with her enormous army and her expanding navy and mercantile marine, with all else for which the Fatherland stands in science, letters, and industry. It is necessary, however, to realise that the Princess Royal's marriage was to bring her to what was then a very different country. Prussia was, in fact, not to be compared in power, wealth, or security with the Princess's native land. Including Silesia, Brandenburg, and Westphalia, the country only had a population of some seventeen millions in 1858, or about that of England alone. The revenue was comparatively insignificant, but the army numbered 160,000 officers and men; the navy had 55 ships, 3,500 officers and men, and 265 guns; while the mercantile marine is given as 826 ships of 268,000 tons.

The Germanic Confederation had superseded the Confederation of the Rhine formed by Napoleon. It included Austria, as well as Prussia and the various German States, and by the nature of its constitution it was weak where it should have been strong. The jealousy felt by Austria for the hegemony of Prussia among the smaller German States, and the internal jealousies of those States among themselves, almost doomed the Confederation to impotence. Indeed, the primary object of the Confederation, namely, the maintenance of the external security of the States, was in constant danger, owing partly to the complicated regulations for voting in the Diet, partly to a military system which was full of compromises and certain to produce, on the outbreak of war, a maximum of confusion and a minimum of efficiency.

The constitutional liberties of the individual States had been gravely menaced by a series of feudal decrees passed between 1830 and 1840; while in 1850 the Confederation had actually suppressed the constitution of Hesse-Cassel. In Prussia itself the Manteuffel Ministry had been working, beneath the cloak of the constitutional reforms granted in 1850, to establish a centralised police State on the model of the French préfet system combined with typical Prussian mediævalism.

It was in 1847 that King Frederick William IV uttered the famous words that he would never allow a piece of written parchment to be placed, like a second Providence, between God in heaven and his country. Now the constitution of only two years later did seem to be such a piece of written parchment, but this was only in appearance, because it did not settle by organic laws the crucial questions of political liberty, but left them in practice to the Chambers which it called into existence. The task of Baron Manteuffel's Ministry, therefore, resolved itself into obtaining a sufficiently reactionary Parliament which

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could be trusted to remove the foundations of political liberty laid by the great constitutional lawgiver, Stein, and his follower, Hardenburg.

It was not till 1855, three years before the Princess Royal's marriage, that a thoroughly servile Chamber was obtained. The two principal reforms effected by Stein, namely, the localising of the administration and the independence of officials, were abolished, and the administration was carefully centralised on the French model, and the whole official class was made dependent upon the Government. This latter object was effected by an ingenious theory—that any opposition to a constitutional Ministry which enjoyed the confidence of the sovereign became constructively an offence against the Crown, and therefore punishable.

It is significant that it took five years before a really servile Chamber was obtained, even by these methods. The Prussian mediævalists did not altogether like the police supremacy established by the Manteuffel Ministry; but, on the other hand, by their alliance with the Ministry they had the satisfaction of staving off certain reforms which they especially dreaded, notably the equalisation of the land tax, the removal of the rural police from the control of the lord of the manor, and the liberal organisation of the rural communes. Moreover, they were given practical freedom to do what they liked in ecclesiastical and educational administration.

It must be remembered that, while England has had from time to time her mediævalists, they have, on the whole, failed to make any real impression on politics, and have exerted their influence only in the province of religious belief and in that of art. It was different in Prussia, where feudalism as a practical system had a much longer life.

Numerous small States within the kingdom of Prussia, with their feudal powers and rights, had to be broken up by the Great Elector as a first step toward a Prussian nationality. It was really by continuing the Great Elector's work in this respect that Stein had aroused that national movement which eventually threw off the French yoke. But Frederick William III had set himself to reorganise the provincial States on the basis of a strict observance of their historical rights. This reorganisation did not satisfy the mediævalists, because it failed to provide any real check upon the bureaucratic character of the remaining part of the King's administration.

At the time of the Princess Royal's marriage there still survived an extraordinary number of little States, each with its ruling family, and for the most part as poor as they were proud.

II

It is the universal testimony that at the time of her wedding the Princess Royal was at the height of her youthful beauty and charm. This is not the mere flattery of courtiers, to whom all Royal ladies are beautiful as a matter of course; it is the opinion expressed by a multitude of observers in contemporary private letters, diaries, and reminiscences. And of all the descriptions of her at this time in existence the most lifelike we owe to a German lady of rank, one of the Princess's future ladies-in-waiting, Countess Walpurga de Hohenthal, who afterward married Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, British Ambassador in Rome and Vienna. This lady gives in her book of reminiscences, *Scenes and Memories,* this vivid vignette of her Royal mistress as she looked just before her marriage:

"The Princess appeared extraordinarily young. All the childish roundness still clung to her and made her look shorter than she really was. She was dressed in a fashion long disused on the Continent, in a plum-coloured silk dress fastened at the back. Her hair was drawn off her forehead. Her eyes were what struck me most; the iris was green like the sea on a sunny day, and the white had a peculiar shimmer which gave them the fascination that, together with a smile showing her small and beautiful

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teeth, bewitched those who approached her. The nose was unusually small and turned up slightly, and the complexion was ruddy, perhaps too much so for one thing, but it gave the idea of perfect health and strength. The fault of the face lay in the squareness of the lower features, and there was even a look of determination about the chin, but the very gentle and almost timid manner prevented one realising this at first. The voice was very delightful, never going up to high tones, but lending a peculiar charm to the slight foreign accent with which the Princess spoke both English and German."

As we have already seen, Queen Victoria felt strongly that it was not every day that even a future King married the daughter of a Queen of England, and she was resolved to surround the ceremony with all possible pomp and circumstance. The reader may for the most part be spared the details of these functions. What is interesting to us, looking back on that age which seems so remote from our own, is the curious note of tearful sentiment, which some would now call by a harsher name, yet mingled with high hopes and pathetic confidence in the future.

The Court spent the early part of January, 1858, at Windsor Castle, and on the 15th, the day of the departure for London, the Queen wrote in her diary:

"Went to look at the rooms prepared for Vicky's 'Honeymoon.' Very pretty. It quite agitated me to look at them. Poor, poor child! We took a short walk with Vicky, who was dreadfully upset at this real break in her life; the real separation from her childhood! She slept for the last time in the same room with Alice. Now all this is cut off."

And we may quote, too, a characteristic passage from a letter written to the Queen by her sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, with reference to another young Royal bride:

"Poor little wife now! I have quite the same feeling as you have on these dear young creatures entering the new life of duties, privations, and trials, on their marrying so young. Alas! the sweet blossoms coming in contact with rude life and all its realities so soon, are changed into mature and less lovely persons, so painful to a mother's eye and feeling; and yet we must be happy to see them fulfil their *Bestimmung* (destiny); but it is a happiness not unmixed with many a bitter drop of anguish and pain."

By the 19th all the Royal guests had arrived in London, among them the King of the Belgians with his sons, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and Princes and Princesses in such numbers that the accommodation of Buckingham Palace was taxed to the uttermost. "Such a house-full," said the Queen in her diary. "Such bustle and excitement!" Between eighty and ninety sat down to dinner at the Royal table daily. "After dinner," says the same record, "a party, and a very gay and pretty dance. It was very animated, all the Princes dancing."

The first of the public festivities was a performance at Her Majesty's Theatre of *Macbeth,* by Helen Faucit and Phelps, while Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared in a farce. This was the first of four representations, organised at the Queen's command in honour of the marriage, and each was made the occasion of an extraordinary popular demonstration. A great ball, at which over a thousand guests were present, was given at the Palace, and there was also a State performance of Balfe's opera, *The Rose of Castille.*

Prince Frederick William arrived on January 23d, and on the next day Queen Victoria writes:

"Poor dear Vicky's last unmarried day. An eventful one, reminding me so much of mine. After breakfast we arranged in the large drawing-room the gifts (splendid ones) for Vicky in two tables. Fritz's pearls are the largest I ever saw, one row. On a third table were three fine candelabra, our gift to Fritz. Vicky was in ecstasies, quite startled, and Fritz delighted."

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More magnificent presents kept on arriving, and the Queen goes on:

"Very busy—interrupted and disturbed every instant! Dear Vicky gave me a brooch (a very pretty one) before Church with her hair; and, clasping me in her arms, said: 'I hope to be worthy to be your child!'" At the end of the day the Queen and the Prince "accompanied Vicky to her room, kissed her and gave her our blessing, and she was much overcome. I pressed her in my arms, and she clung to her truly adored papa with much tenderness."

Of the wedding itself Queen Victoria made herself the historian for all time, and we cannot do better than quote her vividly emotional account of the scene:

"Monday, January 25th.—The second most eventful day in my life as regards feelings. I felt as if I were being married over again myself, only much more nervous, for I had not that blessed feeling which I had then, which raises and supports one, of giving myself up for life to him whom I loved and worshipped—then and ever! Got up, and, while dressing, dearest Vicky came to see me, looking well and composed, and in a fine quiet frame of mind. She had slept more soundly and better than before. This relieved me greatly. Gave her a pretty book called *The Bridal Offering*."

Before the procession started for the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, the Queen and the Princess were daguerreotyped together with Prince Albert, but, says the Queen, "I trembled so, my likeness has come out indistinct." Her Majesty continues:

"Then came the time to go. The sun was shining brightly; thousands had been out since very early, shouting, bells ringing, etc. Albert and Uncle, in Field Marshal's uniform, with bâtons, and the two eldest boys went first. Then the three girls in pink satin trimmed with Newport lace, Alice with a wreath, and the two others with only *bouquets* in their hair of cornflowers [the favourite flower of Queen Louise of Prussia and of all her children and descendants], and marguerites; next the four boys in Highland dress. The flourish of trumpets and cheering of thousands made my heart sink within me. Vicky was in the carriage with me, sitting opposite. At St. James's took her into a dressing-room prettily arranged, where were Uncle, Albert, and the eight bridesmaids, who looked charming in white tulle, with wreaths and bouquets of pink roses and white heather.

"Then the procession was formed, just as at my marriage, only how small the *old* Royal family has become! Mamma last before me—then Lord Palmerston with the Sword of State—then Bertie and Alfred. I with the two little boys on either side (which they say had a most touching effect) and the three girls behind. The effect was very solemn and impressive as we passed through the rooms, down the staircase, and across a covered-in court.

"The Chapel, though too small, looked extremely imposing and well,—full as it was of so many elegantly dressed ladies, uniforms, etc. The Archbishop, etc., at the altar, and on either side of it the Royal personages. Behind me Mamma and the Cambridges, the girls and little boys near me, and opposite me the dear Princess of Prussia, and the foreign Princes behind her. Bertie and Affie, not far from the Princess, a little before the others.

"The drums and trumpets played marches, and the organ played others as the procession approached and entered. There was a pause between each, but not a very long one, and the effect was thrilling and striking as you heard the music gradually coming nearer and nearer. Fritz looked pale and much agitated, but behaved with the greatest self-possession, bowing to us, and then kneeling down in a most devotional manner. Then came the bride's procession and our darling Flower looked very touching and lovely, with such an innocent, confident, and serious expression, her veil hanging back over her shoulders, walking between her beloved father and dearest Uncle Leopold, who had been at her christening and confirmation.

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"My last fear of being overcome vanished on seeing Vicky's quiet, calm, and composed manner. It was beautiful to see her kneeling with Fritz, their hands joined, and the train borne by eight young ladies, who looked like a cloud of maidens hovering round her, as they knelt near her. Dearest Albert took her by the hand to give her away. The music was very fine, the Archbishop very nervous; Fritz spoke very plainly, Vicky too. The Archbishop omitted some of the passages."

Sarah Lady Lyttelton, too, noted the calm and rather serious, though happy and loving, expression of the Princess's look and manner—"not a bit of bridal missiness and flutter."

Another eye-witness of the scene supplies a moving touch: "The light of happiness in the eyes of the bride appealed to the most reserved among the spectators, and an audible, 'God bless you!' passed from mouth to mouth along the line."

The Queen's description proceeds:

"When the ceremony was over, we both embraced Vicky tenderly, but she shed not one tear, and then she kissed her grandmamma, and I Fritz. She then went up to her new parents, and we crossed over to the dear Prince and Princess [of Prussia], who were both much moved, Albert shaking hands with them, and I kissing both and pressing their hands with a most happy feeling. My heart was so full. Then the bride and bridegroom left hand in hand, followed by the supporters, the 'Wedding March' by Mendelssohn being played, and we all went up to the Throne Room to sign the register. Here general congratulations, shaking hands with all the relations. I felt so moved, so overjoyed and relieved, that I could have embraced everybody."

The young couple drove off to Windsor for a honeymoon of only two days, as was then the custom with Royal personages.

"We dined," says Queen Victoria, *"en famille,* but I felt so lost without Vicky." In the evening, however, there came a messenger from Windsor with a letter from the bride, containing the news that the Eton boys had dragged the carriage of the Prince and Princess from the railway station to the Castle, and that they had been welcomed by immense crowds and with the greatest enthusiasm. All London, too, was illuminated, and there were great rejoicings in the streets. The Duke of Buccleuch made it his business to mingle with the humblest people in the crowds, and he afterward greatly pleased the Queen with his account of their simple, hearty enthusiasm.

Of those two days at Windsor, the bride, thirty-six years later, when she was already a widow, spoke to her old friend, Bishop Boyd Carpenter. She received the Bishop in the red brocade drawing-room which overlooks the Long Walk, a room which awakened memories: "We spent," she said, "our honeymoon at Windsor. This room was one of those we occupied. It was our private sitting-room. I remember how we sat here—two young innocent things—almost too shy to talk to one another."

The Court moved to Windsor on the 27th, and on the following day the bridegroom was invested with the Order of the Garter. On the 29th the Court returned to town, and in the evening the Queen and Prince Albert, and the bridal pair, went in state to Her Majesty's Theatre. The audience demanded the National Anthem twice before and once after the play, two additional verses appropriate to the occasion being added. Prince Frederick William led his bride to the front of the Royal box, and they stood to receive the acclamations of the house.

On January 30th, the Queen held a Drawing-room, at which there were no presentations, "only congratulations," and the Princess wore her wedding dress and train. In the evening the eight bridesmaids, with their respective parents, came, but though there were no young men, they all danced till midnight.

The dreaded separation was fast approaching. Those were days in which people of all classes seemed to give freer

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play to their natural emotions than they do now, and the actual parting at Buckingham Palace may almost be described as agonising. "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear Papa!" were the words of the Princess to her mother. "A dreadful moment, and a dreadful day," wrote the Queen. "Such sickness came over me, real heartache, when I thought of our dearest child being gone, and for so long—all, all being over! It began to snow before Vicky went, and continued to do so without intermission all day. At times I could be quite cheerful, but my tears began to flow afresh frequently, and I could not go near Vicky's corridor."

Even the less emotional but not less warmhearted Princess Mary of Cambridge writes in her diary of February 2d:

"A very gloomy, tearful day! At eleven-thirty we drove to the palace to see poor dear Vicky off. It was our intention to wait downstairs; but we were sent for, and found dear Victoria [the Queen] surrounded by a number of crying relations in the Queen's Closet. It was a sad, a trying scene. We all accompanied her to the carriage, and, after bidding her adieu, Mamma and I hurried to one of the front rooms to see her drive up the Mall."

There exists a private photograph, or rather a daguerreotype, taken of the Princess Royal that morning, her face unrecognisable, swollen with tears.

It may be imagined how delighted the populace were when they saw that, though it was snowing hard, their Princess had chosen an open carriage for her drive through the London she even then loved so well, and went on loving to the very end. The route taken was through the Mall, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and over London Bridge, and in spite of the terrible weather, enormous crowds gathered to see the last of the bride. The stalwart draymen of Barclay and Perkins's brewery shouted out to the bridegroom in menacing tones, "Be kind to her—or we'll have her back!"

The Princess was accompanied by her father and her two elder brothers; and at Gravesend, where the Royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert,* was waiting to take her and her bridegroom across the Channel, the scene was again most affecting. The Prince Consort was deeply moved, but he was determined to appear composed, and he kept his look of serenity. Not so the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred; they wept openly, and their example was followed by many, for there was something profoundly moving in this departure of the Daughter of England—as Cobden had called her—for a country of which the great majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen at that time knew little or nothing.

Perhaps the general feeling among the educated classes of the England of that day is best reflected in a leading article in the *Times,* which said:

"We only trust and pray that the policy of England and of Prussia may never present any painful alternatives to the Princess now about to leave our shores; that she will never be called on to forget the land of her birth, education, and religion; and that, should the occasion ever occur, she may have the wisdom to render what is due both to her new and her old country. There is no European State but what changes and is still susceptible of change, nor is this change wholly by any internal law of development. We influence one another. England, indeed, has ever been jealous of foreign influence, and she would be the last to repudiate the honour of influencing her neighbours. For our part, we are confident enough of our country to think an English Princess a gain to a Prussian Court, but not so confident to deny that we may be mutually benefited, and Europe through us, by a greater cordiality and better acquaintance than has hitherto been between the two countries."

III

The bridal journey to Berlin was in the nature of a triumphal progress, and it was well that the Prince and Princess were both young and full of healthy vi-

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tality. At Brussels they were present at a great Court ball given in their honour, but early the next morning they were again on their route, and all the way there were receptions, addresses of congratulations, etc., to be received and answered.

It was probably at Brussels that the Princess received a touching letter from her father, written on the day after her departure from England:

"My heart was very full when yesterday you leaned your forehead on my breast to give free vent to your tears. I am not of a demonstrative nature, and therefore you can hardly know how dear you have always been to me, and what a void you have left behind in my heart: yet not in my heart, for there assuredly you will abide henceforth, as till now you have done, but in my daily life, which is evermore reminding my heart of your absence."

Three days later Prince Albert again wrote to her:

"Thank God, everything apparently goes on to a wish, and you seem to gain 'golden opinions' in your favour; which naturally gives us extreme pleasure, both because we love you, and because this touches our parental pride. But what has given us most pleasure of all was the letter, so overflowing with affection, which you wrote while yet on board the yacht. Poor child! well did I feel the bitterness of your sorrow, and would so fain have soothed it. But, excepting my own sorrow, I had nothing to give; and that would only have had the effect of augmenting yours."

To Stockmar, whose son, Baron Ernest Stockmar, was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Royal on her marriage, he wrote:

"Throughout all this agitated, serious and very trying time, the good child has behaved quite admirably, and to the mingled admiration and surprise of every one. She was so natural, so childlike, so dignified and firm in her whole bearing and demeanour, that one might well believe in a higher inspiration. I shall not forget that your son has proved himself in all ways extremely useful, and takes and holds his ground, which, among the Berliners, is no easy matter."

The progress to Berlin was, at any rate, by no means dull; it was marked by plenty of incident, sometimes not of a pleasant nature. For instance, when the bridal pair were entertained at a great Court banquet at Hanover, whether by malice, or more probably by sheer stupidity, the feast was spread on the very gold dinner-service which had been a subject of dispute between Queen Victoria and King Ernest, a dispute which had been decided by the English law officers of the Crown in favour of Hanover. The Princess Royal, who knew all about the affair, felt deeply hurt, but she did not allow this to be noticed except by her intimate entourage.

In Magdeburg Cathedral the crowd became so obstreperous in their eager desire to see the Princess that shreds of her gown, a dress of tartan velvet, were actually torn off her back.

Just before Potsdam was reached, the famous Field-Marshal Wrangel, who had played so great a part in the Revolution of 1848, jumped into the train. After he had complimented the Royal bride, he sat down on a seat on which had been placed an enormous apple-tart which had just been presented to the Princess at Wittenberg, a town noted for its pastry. Fortunately the old soldier took the accident in good part, and joined in the hearty laughter which accompanied the efforts of the Princess and her ladies to clean his uniform.

The whole of the Prussian Royal family assembled at Potsdam to greet the bride and bridegroom, who made their State entry into Berlin on February 8th. It was a fine day, but the cold was of an intensity never before experienced by the Princess. Nevertheless, she and her ladies were all in low Court dresses, and, by her express wish, the windows of the State carriages were kept down, so that the eager populace might be the better able to see inside.

The drive lasted two hours and ended at the Old Schloss, where the Prince

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and Princess found once more the whole of the Prussian Royal family assembled, headed by the then King and his Queen. As the Queen embraced the bride, she observed coldly: "Are you not frozen?" The Princess replied with a smile: "I have only one warm place, and that is my heart!"

It is a curious fact that on that night of the State entry into Berlin, when every house, and especially every palace and embassy, was brilliantly illuminated, the English Legation alone remained in darkness. This was simply because the gas company had undertaken to do more than it could accomplish, for gas had never been used in Berlin before that night for public illumination. Still, the circumstance was long remembered by the more superstitious of the Berliners.

The youthful bride made a very favourable impression on those who saw her on that first day in Berlin. Her manner was singularly quiet and self-possessed, and she found a kind and suitable word to say to every one. Yet, even so, feeling ran so high in Prussian society, and especially at the Court, that Lord and Lady Bloomfield, the then English Minister and his wife, made a point of avoiding the Princess Royal, so desirous were they of giving no cause of offence to the King and Queen.

Meanwhile, the loving parents in London were kept busy in reading the accounts, which poured in on them from every quarter, of their daughter's reception in her new home. Thus, Queen Victoria's sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, writes from Berlin on February 17th:

"You know of everything that is going on, and how much she [the Princess Royal] is admired, and deserves so to be. The enthusiasm and interest shown are beyond everything. Never was a Princess in this country received as she is. That shows where the sympathies turn to, certainly not toward the North Pole."

This was perhaps a little too *couleur de rose,* and when Prince Frederick William telegraphed to his parents-in-law, "The whole Royal family is enchanted with my wife," Prince Albert's dry comment, in writing to his daughter, was that the telegraph must have been amazed at the message. Nor did the anxious father fail to seize the opportunity for a little sermon. In this same letter, dated February 11th, he writes to the Princess:

"You have now entered upon your new home, and been received and welcomed on all sides with the greatest friendship and cordiality. This kindly and trustful advance of a whole nation toward an entire stranger must have kindled and confirmed within you the determination to show yourself in every way worthy of such feelings, and to reciprocate and requite them by the steadfast resolution to dedicate the whole energies of your life to this people of your new home. And you have received from Heaven the happy task of effecting this object by making your husband truly happy, and of doing him at the same time the best service, by aiding him to maintain and to increase the love of his countrymen.

"That you have everywhere made so favourable an impression has given intense happiness to me as a father. Let me express my fullest admiration of the way in which, possessed exclusively by the duty which you had to fulfil, you have kept down and overcome your own little personal troubles, perhaps also many feelings of sorrow not yet healed. This is the way to success, and the *only* way. If you have succeeded in winning people's hearts by friendliness, simplicity, and courtesy, the secret lay in this, that you were not thinking of yourself. Hold fast this mystic power; it is a spark from Heaven."

Admirable advice in a sense, but unfortunately too general to be of much service to the warm-hearted, impulsive Princess, before whom lay so many unsuspected pitfalls. Prince Albert believed, as he had said to his son-in-law, that his daughter possessed "a man's head and a child's heart," an allusion to the poet's words, "In wit a man, sim-

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plicity a child." But Prussia was not Coburg, and even from Coburg Prince Albert had now been away for nearly twenty years. He does not appear at all to have appreciated either the situation which now confronted the Princess Royal, or how little adapted she was by her temperament and her training to meet it.

In the Princess of Prussia (afterward the Empress Augusta) her English daughter-in-law ever had a true friend and ally, and during the forty years which followed, the two ladies were on far better terms than any one could have expected, considering how entirely different had been their upbringing and outlook on life.

For example, Princess Augusta had been taught as a child to *tenir cercle* in the gardens of the Palace at Weimar—that is to say, she had to make the round of the bushes and trees, each of which represented for the moment a lady or gentleman of the Court, and say something pleasant and suitable to each! In this curious but extremely practical fashion was inculcated one of the most fundamentally important duties of Royal personages, and it may be suggested with all respect that the future Empress Frederick would have benefited if she had had some similar training.

The Princess who was to become Queen of Prussia and the first German Empress had been brought up at Goethe's knee. She belonged, in an intellectual sense, to the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century. She knew French as well as she knew German—indeed, it is said that she often thought in French, and perhaps her chief friend, at the time of her son's marriage to the Princess Royal, was Monsieur de Bacourt, the French diplomatist to whom the Duchesse de Dino's diary-letters were for the most part addressed. Among her intimates were many Catholics, and for many years it was believed in Berlin that she had been secretly received into the Roman Church. As a young woman she was full of heart and warmth of feeling, but she soon learned, what her daughter-in-law never succeeded in mastering, the wisdom of circumspection and the painful necessity for prudence. She early made up her mind to remain on the whole in shadow. While never concealing her point of view from those about her, she yet never took any public part in the affairs of State.

During the Crimean War, when the whole of the Prussian Court was pro-Russian, the Princess of Prussia had been pro-English—a fact which naturally endeared her to Queen Victoria, but which had made her Prussian relatives very sore and angry. When the Princess Royal arrived in Berlin as the bride of the King of Prussia's heir-presumptive, the Crimean War was already being forgotten. Among the Liberals there was what may be called a pro-English party, and the joyous simplicity and youthful charm of the Princess silenced criticism, at any rate for a time.

It must be remembered that the Princess Royal had left a young Court. At the time of her marriage her parents were still young people—she made them grandparents when they were only thirty-eight. But the Court in which she now became an important personage was composed of middle-aged men and women, with some very old people. There was still living in the Court circle a lady who was said to remember Frederick the Great. This was the Countess Pauline Neale, who had been one of Queen Louise's ladies-in-waiting. She could recollect with vivid intensity every detail and episode associated with Napoleon's treatment of the King and Queen.

Of great age, too, was the gigantic Field-Marshal Wrangel, who had actually carried the colours of his regiment at the battle of Leipzig.

Another interesting personality in the Princess Royal's new family circle was her husband's aunt, Princess Charles, sister of the Princess of Prussia, who afterward became the grandmother of the Duchess of Connaught. She still bore traces of the wonderful beauty for which she had been famed in the 'twen-

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ties, but was, of course, no longer a young woman.

Not long after the Princess Royal's arrival in Berlin, a German observer wrote to the Prince Consort: "She sees more clearly and more correctly than many a man of commanding intellect, because, while possessing an acute mind and the purest heart, she does not know the word 'prejudice.' "

Less than a month after her marriage, on February 17th, the Prince Consort sent his daughter a letter full of wise warning:

"Your festival time, if not your honeymoon, comes to an end to-day; and on this I take leave to congratulate you, unfeeling though it may sound, for I wish for you the necessary time and tranquillity to digest the many impressions you have received, and which otherwise, like a wild revel, first inflame, and then stupefy, leaving a dull nerveless lassitude behind. Your exertions, and the demands which have been made upon you, have been quite immense; you have done your best, and have won the hearts, or what is called the hearts, of all. In the nature of things we may now expect a little reaction. The public, just because it was rapturous and enthusiastic, will now become minutely critical and take you to pieces anatomically. This is to be kept in view, although it need cause you no uneasiness, for you have only followed your natural bent, and have made no external demonstration which did not answer to the truth of your inner nature. It is only the man who presents an artificial demeanour to the world, who has to dread being unmasked.

"Your place is that of your husband's wife, and of your mother's daughter. You will desire nothing else, but you will also forego nothing of that which you owe to your husband and to your mother. Ultimately your mind will, from the over-excitement, fall back to a little lassitude and sadness. But this will make you feel a craving for activity, and you have much to do, in studying your new country, its tendencies and its people, and in overlooking your household as a good housewife, with punctuality, method, and vigilant care. To success in the affairs of life, apportionment of time is essential, and I hope you will make this your *first* care, so that you may always have some time over for the fulfilment of every duty."

Baron Stockmar had also been watching the details of the Princess's reception in her new country with anxious interest. He, too, saw the danger of a reaction, and he wrote a letter to the Prince Consort, in reply to which the father, after commending the Princess's tact, said:

"The enthusiasm with which she seems to have been everywhere received exceeds our utmost calculations and hopes, and proves that the people approved the idea of this alliance, and have found Vicky in herself answer to their expectations. It is only now, indeed, the difficulties of her life will begin, and after the excitement of the festivities a certain melancholy will come over the poor child, however happy she may feel with her husband. With marriage, a new life has opened for her, and you would have marvelled at the sudden change and development which even here became at once apparent.

"We, that is she and I, have, I think, remained, and I believe will remain, the same to one another. She continues to set great store by my advice and my confidence; I do not thrust them upon her, but I am always ready to give them. During this time of troubles she has written less to me, and communicated the details of her life, and what she is doing, more to her mother. I had arranged this with her, but I hold her promise to impart to me faithfully the progress of her inner life, and on the other hand have given her mine, to take a constantly active part in fostering it. You may be sure I will not fail in this, as I see in it merely the fulfilment of a sacred duty.

"What you say about an early visit had already been running in my head, and I will frankly explain what we think on this subject. Victoria and I

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are both desirous to have a meeting with the young couple, somewhere or other in the course of the year, having moreover given them a promise that we would. This could only be in the autumn. A *rendezvous* on the Rhine—for example, at Coblentz—would probably be the right thing. This does not exclude a flying visit by myself alone, which, if it is to be of any use, must be paid earlier in the year. How and where we could see each other I have naturally weighed, and am myself doubtful whether Berlin is the appropriate place for me. I have therefore come to the conclusion that I might go to Coburg, and give the young people a *rendezvous* there."

The Princess Royal spent her first winter in Berlin in the Old Schloss. The castle had not been lived in for a considerable time, and to one accustomed to the even then high standard of English living and hygiene, it must have seemed almost mediæval in its lack of comfort, and of what the Princess had been brought up to regard as the bare necessities of life—light, warmth, and plenty of hot water.

The young couple were allotted a suite of splendidly decorated but very dark and gloomy rooms; and none of the passages or staircases were heated. The Princess, who had always been encouraged to turn her quick mind to practical matters, and who delighted in creating and in making, found her way blocked at every turn, owing to the fact that nothing could be done in the Old Schloss without the direct permission of the King. Not only was Frederick William IV in a very bad and mentally peculiar state of health, but to him and to his Queen any attempt to change or modify anything in the ancient pile of buildings where his predecessor had lived savoured of sacrilege. To give one instance, King Frederick William III had died in the very suite of rooms allotted to the Prince and Princess, and his children had piously preserved the "death-chamber," as it was still called, in exactly the same state as it was on the day of his death. This room was situated next to the Princess's boudoir, and every time she went to her bedroom or dressing-room she was obliged to pass through it.

The Old Schloss was widely believed to be haunted, not only by the "White Lady," but by other ghosts, and the door between the Princess Royal's boudoir and the "death-chamber" would sometimes open by itself. One winter evening, the Princess and one of her ladies were sitting together in the boudoir. The lady, who was reading aloud, raised her eyes and suddenly saw the door of the death-chamber, which was covered, like the walls, with blue silk, open noiselessly, as if pushed by an invisible hand. She stopped reading abruptly. The Princess asked nervously, "What's happened? Do you see anything?" The lady answered, "Nothing, ma'am," and, getting up, shut the door.

But it would be absurd to suppose that the Princess allowed the ungraciousness of the King and the material discomforts which surrounded her at this time to cloud the beginning of a singularly happy married life. She threw herself with eager zest into her husband's interests, and for the time she seemed completely merged in him. Having regard to the mental equipment and demands of the Princess, it is obvious that she found in her husband great intellectual gifts. The theory that the Prince was wholly influenced by his wife, who took the lead in all, cannot be maintained. He was nine years older than the Princess, who was little more than a child when they married, and his character and outlook were formed long before. His uncle, Duke Ernest, testifies, on the contrary, to the influence which the Prince exerted over his wife.

It must, however, be acknowledged that Prince Frederick William, especially in these early days, agreed with the Princess in regarding England as a perfect country with a perfect constitution. He was deeply grateful to her for having left an ideally happy home to become his wife, and his entire devotion was shown in many ways. Indeed, the

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only thing in which the Prince Frederick William of these days seems to have ever withstood the Princess Royal was in his refusal to give up his solitary evening walk in the streets of Berlin. The Princess used to go to bed quite early, and then the Prince would go out and walk about quite unattended.

Years later, in reference to her domestic happiness, the Empress wrote feelingly to a friend: "The peace and blessed calm that I ever found in my home, by the side of my beloved husband, when powerful influences from outside were first distressing me, are blessings which I cannot describe."

Some of the conditions of the Princess Royal's new life were undoubtedly very irksome to her. The tone of the Prussian Court in matters, not only of religion and politics, but also of etiquette, was very much narrower than that of the English Court. She seems to have found it impossible to guard her tongue, to conceal her convictions, or to hold aloof from political discussion. At "home," as she soon very unwisely began to call England, she had been used to say everything she thought from childhood upwards, sure of not being misunderstood, and reticence would have seemed to her mean, if not absolutely dishonest.

It is difficult to say when the Prussian reactionary party first became aware that in the bride of Prince Frederick William they had a determined and a brilliant opponent. It must, however, have been fairly early, for it is on record that during that first winter in Berlin "the very approach of a Tory or a reactionary seemed to freeze her up."

Nor is it easy to see how much her father, watching anxiously from England, knew of this. She continued with unabated enthusiasm those historical and literary studies to which the Prince Consort had accustomed her, and she wrote him a weekly letter, asking his advice on political questions. She wrote to her mother daily, sometimes twice a day, but it was her father's influence which really counted with her, and that remained quite unimpaired. It is reasonable to suppose that he attributed whatever seemed to annoy and distress her in Prussian public life to the still paramount influence of the dying King. But he evidently did not at any time realise that, though factious persons might be ready enough to use her in their own interests, no one in Prussia really wanted to see a Princess dabbling in politics at all. Thus, we find the Prince writing to Stockmar in March, 1858:

"From Berlin the tenor of the news continues excellent. Vicky appears to go on pleasing, and being pleased. She is an extremely fortunate, animating, and tranquillising element in that region of conflict and indecision."

And again:

"Brunnow had reckoned upon Moustier from Berlin, whom he would have had in his pocket, and through him Walewski. Now he gets the Duke of Malakoff! He has not yet been able to realise the position, and is by way of being extremely confidential; it is he alone who has made Vicky's marriage popular in Berlin, where it was at first very unpopular, and he weeps tears of emotion when he speaks of her!"

To the Princess herself he wrote also in March:

"You seem to have taken up your position with much tact. The bandage has been torn from your eyes all at once as regards all the greatest mysteries of life, and you stand not only of a sudden before them, but are called upon to deal with them, and that too on the spur of the moment. 'Oh! It is indeed most hard to be a man,' was the constant cry of the old Würtemberg Minister, von Wangenheim, and he was right!"

The Prince was generally philosophising, but even so, the following, written a few days later, seems an extraordinary letter for any father to write to a girl not much over seventeen:

"That you should sometimes be oppressed by home-sickness is most natural. This feeling, which I know right well, will be sure to increase with the sadness which the reviving spring, and the quick-

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ening of all nature that comes with it, always develop in the heart. It is a painful yearning, which may exist quite independently of, and simultaneously with, complete contentment and complete happiness. I explain this hard-to-be-comprehended mental phenomenon thus. The identity of the individual is, so to speak, interrupted; and a kind of Dualism springs up by reason of this, that the *I which has been,* with all its impressions, remembrances, experiences, feelings, which were also those of youth, is attached to a particular spot, with its local and personal associations, and appears to what may be called *the new I* like a vestment of the soul which has been lost, from which nevertheless *the new I* cannot disconnect itself, because its identity is in fact continuous. Hence the painful struggle, I might almost say the spasm, of the soul."

To the faithful Stockmar the Prince confided his belief:

"As to Vicky, unquestionably she will turn out a very distinguished character, whom Prussia will have cause to bless."

The Prince's cherished scheme of a visit to Coburg began to take shape, and he writes:

"My whole stay in Coburg can only be for six days. To see you and Fritz together in a quiet homely way without visits of ceremony, etc.—I dare not picture it to myself too strongly. Talk it over with Fritz, and let me know if I can count on you, but do not let the plan get wind, otherwise people will be paying us visits, and our meeting will lose its pleasant private character."

Another letter, dated April 28th, is interesting as showing that the Prince was beginning to perceive some of the difficulties in his daughter's path:

"What you are now living through, observing, and doing, are the most important experiences, impressions and acts of your life, for they are the first of a life independent and responsible to itself. That outside of and in close proximity to your true and tranquillising happiness with dear Fritz your path of life is not wholly smooth, I regard as a most fortunate circumstance for you, inasmuch as it forces you to exercise and strengthen the powers of your mind."

Nothing that concerned her but was of moment to her father:

"I am delighted to see by your letter that you deliberate gravely upon your budget, and I shall be most happy to look through it, if you send it to me; this is the only way to have a clear idea to one's self of what one has, spends, and ought to spend. As this is a business of which I have had long and frequent experience, I will give you one rule for your guidance in it, namely, to set apart a considerable balance *pour l'imprévu.* This gentleman is the costliest of guests in life, and we shall look very blank if we have nothing to set before him."

During the first summer of their married life, the Prince and Princess set up quite a modest establishment at the Castle of Babelsberg, and this made the Princess very happy.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 15 of January and the 1st of February:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York, Downtown.	The Devil's Garden	Peg o' My Heart
New York, Uptown....	The Devil's Garden	The Witness for the Defence
Albany, N. Y.....	Light of Western Stars	It Happened in Egypt
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Baltimore, Md.....	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Birmingham, Ala.....	Pollyanna	Laddie
Boston, Mass.....	The Witness for the Defence	It Happened in Egypt
Boston, Mass.....	T. Tembarom	It Happened in Egypt
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Chicago, Ill.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Chicago, Ill.....	The Inside of the Cup	Peg o' My Heart
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	On the Seaboard	Light of Western Stars
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Dallas, Texas.....	Laddie	Pollyanna
Denver, Colo.....	It Happened in Egypt	The Broken Halo
Detroit, Mich.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Detroit, Mich.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Kansas City, Mo.....	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Door That Has No Key	The Witness for the Defence
Louisville, Ky.....	Light of Western Stars	A People's Man
Memphis, Tenn.....	Laddie	The Dark Flower
Milwaukee, Wis.....	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Minneapolis, Minn.....	A People's Man	It Happened in Egypt
Minneapolis, Minn.....	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
New Haven, Conn.....	It Happened in Egypt	The Light of Western Stars
New Orleans, La.....	Peg o' My Heart	T. Tembarom
Norfolk, Va.....	Laddie	The Custom of the Country.
Omaha, Neb.....	Vision of Joy	The Inside of the Cup
Philadelphia, Pa.....	It Happened in Egypt	T. Tembarom
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Witness for the Defence	The Devil's Garden
Portland, Me.....	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Portland, Ore.....	Laddie	The Inside of the Cup
Providence, R. I.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Richmond, Va.....	It Happened in Egypt	The Inside of the Cup
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Dark Flower
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Dark Flower	T. Tembarom
Seattle, Wash.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Spokane, Wash.....	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Toledo, Ohio.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Toronto, Canada.....	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Waco, Tex.....	Laddie	The Valley of the Moon
Washington, D. C.....	T. Tembarom	Laddie
Worcester, Mass.....	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Inside of the Cup

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Inside of the Cup	Garden Without Walls	The Iron Trail	The Way Home
It Happened in Egypt	T. Tembarom	Fortitude	Sale of Lady Daventry
The Devil's Garden	The After House	Home	Westways
The Dark Flower	T. Tembarom	The Iron Trail	The White Linen Nurse
T. Tembarom	Laddie	Garden Without Walls	Making Over Martha
Peg o' My Heart	Hagar	Call of the Cumberlands	The Inside of the Cup
A People's Man	Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	The After House
The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna	General John Regan	The Honourable Mr. Tawnish
Pollyanna	Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	The White Linen Nurse
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	It Happened in Egypt
A People's Man	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie	Eagle's Mate
A Fool and His Money	Custom of the Country	The White Linen Nurse	T. Tembarom
T. Tembarom	Westways	Making Over Martha	The Iron Trail
Hagar	The Dark Flower	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Hagar	The Coryston Family	A Person of Quality	
Pollyanna	It Happened in Egypt	T. Tembarom	Peg o' My Heart
Westways	Down Among Men	The Dark Flower	A People's Man
The Dark Flower	Light of Western Stars	Westways	T. Tembarom
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Light of Western Stars	It Happened in Egypt	A People's Man
V. V.'s Eyes	Laddie	Custom of the Country	Gold
The Dark Flower	It Happened in Egypt	Clutch of Circumstance	Van Cleve
T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup	The Dark Flower	Laddie
Pollyanna	Custom of the Country	The Tinder Box	The White Linen Nurse
Laddie	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Butterfly	The Dark Flower
The Inside of the Cup	The After House	Light of Western Stars	Story of Waitstill Baxter
Westways	The Dark Flower	The Passionate Friends	Behind the Beyond
Home	Witness for the Defence	A People's Man	The Inside of the Cup
The Dark Flower	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
The White Linen Nurse	The Dark Flower	Pedgin Island	The Broken Halo
Pollyanna	Laddie	T. Tembarom	Gold
The Inside of the Cup	Light of Western Stars	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	A People's Man
A People's Man	The Flying Inn	The Butterfly	Old Mole
Pollyanna	Westways	Laddie	Custom of the Country
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Garden Without Walls	The Iron Trail
Story of Waitstill Baxter	Westways	Witness for the Defence	The After House
Pollyanna	The Butterfly	T. Tembarom	Witness for the Defence
T. Tembarom	Laddie	Westways	Making Over Martha
Pollyanna	The Dark Flower	Peg o' My Heart	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
The Dark Flower	Custom of the Country	The Way Home	T. Tembarom
Custom of the Country	T. Tembarom	Gold	The Passionate Friends
The Inside of the Cup	The Iron Trail	The Way Home	Within the Law
The Iron Trail	The Valley of the Moon	Laddie	The White Linen Nurse
The Iron Trail	Story of Waitstill Baxter	The Dark Flower	Light of Western Stars
Light of Western Stars	T. Tembarom	Otherwise Phyllis	A People's Man
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie	The Broken Halo	Westways
Custom of the Country	In Search of a Husband	Hagar	The Way Home
The Inside of the Cup	The House of Happiness	Witness for the Defence	Pollyanna
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Laddie	It Happened in Egypt

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending January 7th:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. Story of My Life. Keller.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Plays. Ibsen.
6. Mexico. Baerlein.

For the week ending January 14th:

1. The Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.
2. Across Unknown South America. Landor.
3. Panama. Fraser.
4. Modern Gasoline Automobile. Page.
5. My Wanderings. Barnabee.
7. John Barleycorn. London.

For the week ending January 21st:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
3. Woman and Labour. Schreiner.
4. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto.
5. Plays. Wilde.
6. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
7. Poems. Noyes.

For the week ending January 28th:

1. Scott's Last Expedition.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett.
3. Crowds. Lee.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
5. Plays. Strindberg.
6. Poems. Tagore.
7. Cost Accounting. Nicholson.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLER' LISTS

Crowds. Lee.
Gitanjali. Tagore.
Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
The Promised Land. Antin.
Autobiography. Roosevelt.
Paris Nights. Bennett.
Memories. Li Hung Chang.
Spell of the Yukon. Service.
John Bright. Trevelyan.
Poems. Noyes.
Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells.
The Truth About Woman. Hartley.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

SEE HINTS FOR BUYERS
PAGE 40, ADVERTISING SECTION

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	312
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	246
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	172
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	122
5. It Happened in Egypt. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	104
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35	

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